

Chameleons, Singing Rule Britannia (While The Walls Close In)

Chameleons
What Does Anything Mean Basically
Singing Rule Britannia (While The Walls Close In)
A prisoner of my paradox
Heaven or hell
Pacing up and down my cage
Too soon to tell
What a suffocating state to be

Working class heroes
Mean nothing to me
I'm a working class zero
Chained to the tree of life
A dangerous thing to be

And now the baby needs to grow
But the mother is crazy

What lies behind the mask
Behind the wave and the smile
Your appearance is deceptive
Sweet crocodile
What a fascinating thing to see

Revealing all your secrets
You'd better beware
Revealing all your secrets
You wouldn't dare
Reveal yourself to me
Would you?

It must have been like this before
But my memory's hazy

So I'll stand in line
Three million desperados
There's hope for me
But for some the story's different
They'll stand in line
They'll bide their time
Waiting for a sign
Counting out the time

Clever clever creatures
Death in your kiss
Playing with the future
In innocent bliss
What a suffocating state to be
But what a fascinating thing to see