

# The Chameleons UK, Intrigue In Tangiers

Oh when it's summer and the skies are glass  
Oh when it's summer and the skies are glass  
I just have to make the evenings last they're always flying past  
Oh when it's raining and the skies are black  
Oh when it's raining and the skies are black  
I just have to hear the thunder roll and hear the lightning crack

With fading powers, we sit for hours by a television screen  
With funny cigarettes and talk for hours of the places that we've seen

Oh brother can you hear my voice?  
Oh brother can you hear my voice?  
Every second that you cling to life you have to feel alive  
Well it's an easy thing to sell your skin  
It's an easy thing to sell your skin  
With the devil banging on the door , you always let him in.

With fading powers, we dream of hours that'll never come again  
Old defenders are themselves defenceless when the mad attack the sane

What can you do, when you see no future in front of you?  
Food for the few  
So many it seems, stand in front of you  
I see my face reflected there in a sweating brow.  
You hate what you see, but what can be done when there's no way out  
No way out

Now brother can you hear my voice  
Brother can you hear my voice  
Every second that you cling to life you have to feel alive  
And now it's summer and the skies are glass  
When it's summer and the skies are glass  
I just have to make the evenings last, they're always flashing past

So there we cower  
We sit for hours by a television screen  
With funny cigarettes and talk for hours of the places that we've seen

But when you sleep  
But when you sleep  
Where do you go?  
Where do you go?

But when you sleep  
But when you sleep  
Where do you go?  
Where do you go?

I don't know  
I don't know