Dali's Picture

The Chameleons

It's time to act like a man
It isn't part of my plan
To die in some foreign land
Just like the razor in Dali's picture
Well there won't be any blood on my hands

What do they want me to be?
Cowards or killers are we
What do I really believe?
Hobson's choice it seems I'm caught
Between the devil and the deep blue sea

And his only legacy
Was a death without a face
Whose hands were stained with blood
Whose eyes were filled with dirt
Ran to meet his fate
In someone else's war
Little consolation
For my little orphan boy
That's war, boy

Go out and give it your best
Go out and slaughter the pest
Go out and kill with the rest
If you excel yourself they'll give you
A tin star you can pin to your chest

And his only legacy
Was a death without a face
Whose hands were stained with blood
Whose eyes were filled with dirt
Ran to meet his fate
In someone else's war
Little consolation
For my little orphan boy
That's war, boy

You have a numbing aversion to dying

You have a numbing aversion to dying

Cowards or killers are we
Cowards or killers are we

Just like the razor in Dali's picture
Just like the razor in Dali's picture
Just like the razor in Dali's picture
Check out the razor in Dali's picture

Whoopsy daisy

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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