The Fan And The Bellows

The Chameleons

A Beecher's Brook is love
A hurdle at which greater men have fallen
She manipulates
Steals my mind and hides it in her garden
But now, only love can bring me down
Somehow, somehow love must bring me down
I become the fan and the bellows
The cupid masturbates
Absent of all thought and of all reason
Shoots me in the back
I think perhaps it must be shooting season
But now, only love can bring me down
Somehow, somehow love must bring me down
I become the fan and the bellows
Not me, not me!
But now, only love can bring me down
I become the fan and the bellows
Somehow love must bring me down
I become the fan and the bellows

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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