

You always change your colors
when you find yourself in a fix
And when you get yourself
in trouble
You just pack your bags and split
And your off to find a new love
Who doesn't know you
Like some do
Put on a smile like it's make up
Protection from the truth
If they don't have what you need
You won't need them right back
And if they gave you the world
You'd find something wrong with that

CHORUS

You better find out which road
Your on
You can't change who you are
By the colors you put on
You better find somebody
To lean on
Make up your mind Chameleon