

# Sting, A Sermon

Written by Stewart Copeland

When you reach number ten  
And think the struggle ends  
But it ain't the end  
It's only a trend

You have to unbend  
'cause it's only a trend  
Don't lose all your friends  
Don't make your heroes end

When you reach number eight  
It ain't no pearly gate  
'cause it won't satiate  
Your growing appetite  
You can ply your trade  
And push your crusade  
Emancipate or indoctrinate, but the  
Traps are all laid for any honest crusade  
Your old values will fade  
As you struggle to make the grade  
As you struggle to make the grade  
You needn't bother!  
When you hit number four

You're almost through the door  
But there's a whole lot  
More you just can't ignore  
The telephone's sure, you know the score  
But don't let this uproar  
Dissipate your encore  
It's written in the news  
How you paid your dues  
But you've no excuse  
For the people you abuse

When you reach number one  
You can beat your drum  
You can sack your roadies in Birmingham  
When your record is platinum  
You can stick it to the [band]  
To the wall like you've always planned  
It's written in the news how you paid your dues  
But you've no excuse for the people you abuse  
When you reach number ten  
The people you abuse  
No excuse  
For the people you abuse  
You've got no excuse  
For the people you abuse