

Sting, Almost There

As their wings go dark - up against the sun
And their shadows pass - over everyone
And time unfolds - to a beating drum

I throw my clothes on a burning chair
I paint my eyes with the cold night air
The dreamer shouts - to an empty room

And the sun will shine
And the rain will pour
We radiate for evermore
And the world will turn

Falling rain
In the end
There's a silence

And the TV set doesn't show the fall
The light is fast the world is small
And in the end there's a silence

And the sun will shine
And the rain will pour
We radiate for evermore
And the world will turn