

Sting, Consider Me Gone

There were rooms of forgiveness
In the house that we share
But the space has been emptied
Of whatever was there
There were cupboards of patience
There were shelfloads of care
But whoever came calling
Found nobody there

After today, consider me gone

Roses have thorns, and shining waters mud
And cancer lurks deep in the sweetest bud
Clouds and eclipses stain the moon and the sun
And history reeks of the wrongs we have done

After today, consider me gone

I've spent too many years at war with myself
The doctor has told me it's no good for my health
To search for perfection is all very well
But to look for Heaven is to live here in Hell

After today, consider me gone