

# 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