Sting, Saint Augustine In Hell

If somebody up there likes me somebody up there cares
Deliver me from evil save me from these wicked snares
Not into temptation, not to cliffs to fall
On to revelation, and lesson for us all
She walked into the room on the arm of my best friend
I knew whatever happened our friendship would end
Chemical reaction, desire at first sight
Mystical attraction, turned out all my lights

The minute I saw her face the second I caught her eye
The minute I touched the flame I knew it would never die
The minute I saw her face the second I caught her eye
The minute I touched the flame I knew it would never die

I don't know if it's pain or pleasure that I seek
My flesh was all too willing, my spirit guide was weak
I was deadly certain thoughts for me weren't kind
A switchblade in his pocket, murder on his mind
Blessed St. Theresa the whore of Babylon
Madonna and my mother all rolled into one
You've got to understand me, I'm not a piece of wood
Francis of Assisi could never be this good

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Relax, have a cigar, make yourself at home. Hell is full of high court judges, failed saints. We've got Cardinals, Archbishops, barristers, certified accountants, music critics, they're all here. You're not alone. You're never alone, not here you're not. OK break's over.

The less I need the more I get
Make me chaste but not just yet
It's a promise or a lie I'll repent before I die

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