

# The Police, 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