

Sting, 50,000

Another obituary in the paper today,
One more for the list of those who've already fallen.
Another one of our comrades is taken down,
Like so many others of our calling.

We tweet our anecdotes, our commentary,
Or we sing his songs in some sad tribute,
While the tabloids are holding a story of kiss and tell,
That he's no longer able to deny or refute.

50,000 voices rising every time he'd sing,
And every word he ever wrote reflecting back to him.

How well I remember the stadiums we played,
And the lights sweeping across a sea of 50,000 souls we'd face.
A serious drug that you could never kick,
Or one that you couldn't imagine you'd ever replace.

We flew like kites on the wings of amphetamine,
Secured only to a bass line and a snare drum beat.
But really what did any of it mean?
When there's a higher philosophy in reflection and defeat.

50,000 voices rising every time he'd sing,
And every word he ever wrote reflecting back to him.
Still believing that old lie, the one that your own face betrays,
Rock Stars don't ever die, they only fade away.

Reflecting now on my own past,
Inside this prison I've made of myself.
I'm feeling a little better today,
Although the bathroom mirror is telling me something else.

These lines of stress, one bloodshot eye,
The unhealthy pallor of a troubled ghost.
Where did I put my spectacle case?
I'm half blind and as deaf as any post.

50,000 hands are raised to a man that's just like you and me.
We create the gods we can and gift them immortality.
Still believing that old lie, the one that your own face betrays,
Rock Stars don't ever die, they only fade away.