

Sting, A Sermon

Written by Stewart Copeland

When you reach number ten
And think the struggle ends
But it ain't the end
It's only a trend

You have to unbend
'cause it's only a trend
Don't lose all your friends
Don't make your heroes end

When you reach number eight
It ain't no pearly gate
'cause it won't satiate
Your growing appetite
You can ply your trade
And push your crusade
Emancipate or indoctrinate, but the
Traps are all laid for any honest crusade
Your old values will fade
As you struggle to make the grade
As you struggle to make the grade
You needn't bother!
When you hit number four

You're almost through the door
But there's a whole lot
More you just can't ignore
The telephone's sure, you know the score
But don't let this uproar
Dissipate your encore
It's written in the news
How you paid your dues
But you've no excuse
For the people you abuse

When you reach number one
You can beat your drum
You can sack your roadies in Birmingham
When your record is platinum
You can stick it to the [band]
To the wall like you've always planned
It's written in the news how you paid your dues
But you've no excuse for the people you abuse
When you reach number ten
The people you abuse
No excuse
For the people you abuse
You've got no excuse
For the people you abuse