

Sting, O My God

Everyone I know is lonely
And god's so far away
And my heart belongs to no one,
So now sometimes I pray
Please take the space between us
And fill it up some way
Take the space between us
And fill it up some way

O my God you take the biscuit
Treating me this way
Expecting me to treat you well
No matter what you say
How can I turn the other cheek
It's black and bruised and torn
I've been waiting
Since the day that I was born

Take the space between us

And fill it up some way
Take the space between us
And fill it up some way

The fat man in his garden
The thin man at his gate
My God you must be sleeping
Wake up it's much too late

Take the space between us
And fill it up some way
Take the space between us
And fill it up some way

Do I have to tell the story
Of a thousand rainy days
Since we first met?
It's a big enough umbrella
But it's always me that ends up getting wet