

The Police, A Sermon

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 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 and honest crusade
Your old values will fade as you struggle to make the grade
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 bath,
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