

Sting

"Almost There"

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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

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