

Sting & Police

"Fields of gold"

Visit "[Fields of gold](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I looked out across
The river today
I saw a city in the fog
And an old church tower
Where the seagulls play
Saw the sad shire horses
Walking home in the sodium light
Saw two priests on the ferry
October geese on a cold winter's night

And all this time
The river flowed
Endlessly,
To the sea.

Two priests came round
Our house tonight
One young, one old,
To offer prayers for the dying,
To serve the final rite
One to learn, one to teach
Which way the cold wind blows
Fussing and flapping in priestly black
Like a murder of crows

And all this time
The river flowed
Endlessly,
To the sea.

If I had my way
I'd take a boat from the river
And I'd bury the old man
I'd bury him at sea

Blessed are the poor
For they shall inherit the earth
One is better to be poor
Than a fat man in the eye of a needle
As these words were spoken
I swear I hear the old man laughing

What good is a used up world,
And how could it be worth having?

And all this time
The river flowed
Endlessly,
To the sea.

All this time
The river flowed
Father, if Jesus exists,
Then how come he never lived here?
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah

Teachers told us
The Romans built this place
They built a wall and a temple on the edge of the
Empire garrison town
They lived and they died
They prayed to their gods
But the stone gods did not make a sound
And their empire crumbled
Till all that was left
Were the stones the workmen found

And all this time the river flowed
In the falling light of a northern sun
If I had my way
I'd take a boat from the river
Men go crazy in congregations
They only get better one by one
One by one
One by one, by one
One by one

I looked out across
The river today
I saw a city in the fog
And an old church tower
Where the seagulls play
Saw the sad shire horses
Walking home in the sodium light
Two priests on the ferry
October geese on a cold winter's night

Visit [Sting & Police](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

