

## Sting & Police

### "Never Coming Home"

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Well it's five in the morning and the light's already  
broken  
And the rainy streets are empty for nobody else has  
woken  
Yet you turn towards the window as he sleeps beneath  
the covers  
And you wonder what he's dreaming in his slumbers

There's a clock upon the table and it's burning up the  
hour  
And you feel your life is shrinking like the petals of a  
flower  
As you creep towards the closet you're so careful not to  
wake him  
And you choose the cotton dress you bought last  
summer

There's a time of indecision between the bedroom and  
the door  
But the part of you that knows that you can't take it any  
more  
There's the promise of the future in the creaking of the  
floor  
And you're torn if you should leave him with a number

And in your imagination you're a thousand miles away  
Because too many of his promises got broken on the  
way  
So you write it in a letter all the things you couldn't say  
And you tell him that you're never coming home

She starts running for the railway station praying that  
her calculation's right  
And there's a train just waiting there to get her to the  
city before night  
A place to sleep a place to stay will get her through  
another day  
She'll take a job she'll find a friend she'll make a life  
that's better

The passengers ignore her just a girl with an umbrella

And there's nothing they can do for her, there's  
nothing they can tell her  
There's nothing they could ever say would change the  
way she feels today  
She'd live the life she'd always dreamed if he had only  
let her

Now in her imagination she's a million miles away  
When too many of his promises got broken on the way  
So she wrote it in a letter all the things she couldn't say  
And she told him she was never coming home  
She told him she was never coming home

I wake up in an empty bed a road drill hammers in my  
head  
I call her name there's no reply it's not like her to let me  
lie  
It's time for work it's time to go but something's  
different I don't know  
I need a cup of coffee I'll feel better

I stumble to the bathroom door, her make up bag is on  
the floor  
It really is a mess this place it takes some time to shave  
my face  
I'm not really thinking straight she never lets me sleep  
this late  
I'm almost done and then I see the letter

In his imagination she's a universe away  
Too many of his promises got broken on the way  
So she wrote it in a letter all things she couldn't say  
And she told him she was never coming home,  
She told him she was never coming home,  
She told him she was never coming home

I'm gonna live my life  
And she told him she was never coming home  
I'm gonna live my life in my own way

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