

Sting & Police

"Something The Boy Said"

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When we set out on this journey
There were no doubts in our minds
We set our eyes to the distance
We would find what we would find

We took courage from our numbers
What we sought, we did not fear
Sometimes we'd glimpse a shadow falling
Then the shadow would disappear

But our thoughts kept returning
To something the boy said as we turned to go
He said 'You'll never see our faces again,
You'll be food for a carrion crow'.

Every step we took today
Our thoughts would always stray
From the wind on the moor so wild
To the words of the captain's child
Something the boy said
Something the boy said
Something the boy said
Something the boy said

In the circles we made with our fires
We talked of the pale afternoon
The clouds were like dark riders
Flying on the face of the moon
We spoke our fears to the captain
And asked what his son could know
For we would never have marched so far
To be food for a crow

Every step we took today
Our thoughts would always stray
From the wind on the moor so wild
To the words of the captain's child
Something the boy said
Something the boy said
Something the boy said
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When I awoke this morning
The sun's eye was red as blood
The stench of burning corpses
Faces in the mud

Am I dead or am I living?
I'm too afraid to care, I'm too afraid to know
I'm too afraid to look behind me
At the feast of the crow

We spoke our fears to the captain
And asked what his son could know
For we would never have marched so far
To be food, for a crow
Something the boy said...

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