

## Epilogue (Nothing 'Bout Me)

Sting

Lay my head on the surgeon's table  
Take my fingerprints if you are able  
Pick my brains pick my pockets  
Steal my eyeballs and come back for the sockets  
Run every kind of test from A to Z  
And you'll still know nothing 'bout me

Run my name though your computer  
Mention me in passing to your college tutor  
Check my records check my facts  
Check if I paid my income tax  
Pore over everything in my C.V.  
But you'll still know nothing 'bout me  
You'll still know nothing 'bout me

You don't need to read no books on my history  
I'm a simple man, it's no big mystery  
In the cold weather, a hand needs a glove  
At times like this, a lonely man like me needs love

Search my house with a fine tooth comb  
Turn over everything 'cause I won't be at home  
Set up your microscope and tell me what you see  
You'll still know nothing 'bout me