

Heading South on the Great North Road

Sting

Many have gone before us now,
Many have tried and failed somehow,
Many a soul on the Queen's highway,
Where many a tail light glowed,
With the promise of a better life,
Heading South on the Great North Road,
South on the Great North Road.

Only the dark we left behind,
Will chase us as the road unwinds,
But out of sight is out of mind,
With many a debt still owed,
And the promise of a different life...
Heading South on the Great North Road,
South on the Great North Road.

Many a dog went wandering,
To sup on fortune's dregs,
And many a dog came straggling home,
His tail between his sorry legs.

Many a caged bird spread his wings,
Many a vain bird crowed,
And many a songbird lost her way,
Heading South on the Great North Road,
South on the Great North Road.

Many a band of brothers rode,
In many a painted wagon,
Many an unsecured load,
Whenever a climbing truck was slowed,
There was many a traveler's curse bestowed,
Heading South on the Great North Road,
South on the Great North Road.

Many a transport greasy spoon,
Many a wasted afternoon,
Where many a maiden gave her heart,
And many a gift bestowed,
But a gift is a yoke to a traveling man,
Heading South on the Great North Road,
South on the Great North Road.

If we get back home, we'll tell our tales
To all of those who'll listen,
The might have beens, the chances lost,
The monies that went missing...

All the memories we'll unload,
The wild oats that we'll claim we'd sowed,
The stages where we proudly strode,
As if our cups had over flowed,
With the promise of a different life...
Heading South on the Great North Road,
South on the Great North Road.