

Practical Arrangement

Sting

Am I asking for the moon?
Is it really so implausible?
That you and I could soon
Come to some kind of arrangement?

I'm not asking for the moon
I've always been a realist
When it's really nothing more
Than a simple rearrangement

With one roof above our heads
A warm house to return to
We could start with separate beds
I could sleep alone or learn to
I'm not suggesting that we'd find
Some earthly paradise forever
I mean how often does that happen now
The answer's probably never
But we could come to an arrangement
A practical arrangement
And you could learn to love me
Given time

I'm not promising the moon
I'm not promising a rainbow
Just a practical solution
To a solitary life

I'd be a father to your boy
A shoulder you could lean on
How bad could it be
To be my wife?

With one roof above our heads
A warm house to return to
You wouldn't have to cook for me
You wouldn't have to learn to
I'm not suggesting that this proposition here
Could last forever
I've no intention of deceiving you
You're far too clever
But we could come to an arrangement
A practical arrangement
And perhaps you'd learn to love me
Given time

It may not be the romance
That you had in mind
But you could learn to love me
Given time