

Prelude To The End Of The Game

Sting

The fox has done running
And the beast is at bay
We'd run them in circles
By the end of the day
They chased him through brambles
They chased him through the fields
They'd chased him for ever
But the fox would not yield

And some saw her shadow
On the crest of a hill
When the hounds were distracted
Away from the kill

One day we'll reach a great ocean
At the end of a pale afternoon
And we'll lay down our heads just like we were sleeping
And be towed by the drag of the moon

We ran through the forest
We ran through the streams
We ran through the heather
'Til we ran in our dreams

You were my lover
And I was your beau
We ran like the river
For what else did we know?

One day we'll reach a great ocean
At the end of a pale afternoon

The dogs are all worn out
And the horses are lame
The hunters and hunted
At the end of the game

Our love was a river
A wild mountain stream
In a tumbling fury
On the edge of a dream

They chased us through brambles
They chased us through fields
They'd chased us forever
But the heart would not yield

When the fox had done running
At the end of the day
I'm ready to answer
I'm ready to pay

And this rivers still running
And time will come soon
Carried to the great ocean
By the drag of the moon