

So to Speak

Sting

They're seriously saying it's prolonging me life,
If I'll only submit to the surgical knife?
But what are the odds on a month or a week?
When the betting shop's closing its doors, so to speak.
When you're tied to a pump and a breathing machine,
With their X-rays and probes and their monitor screens,
And they'll wake ye up hungry, saying "How do ye feel?"
And then you're stuffed full of pills and a barium meal.

Prolonging me life? Now that's some kind of joke!
I'd be laughing me head off and I'd probably choke.
The spirit's still willing but the rest of me's weak,
Now the bets are all off and the prospects look bleak,
When you're laid like a piece of old meat on the slab,
And they'll cut and they'll slice, and they'll poke and they'll jab,
And they'll grill ye and burn ye, and they'll wish ye good health,
With their radium, chemo and God knows what else?

Well ye can't fault the science, though the logic is weak,
Is it really an eternal life we should seek?
That ship has sailed,
That ship has sailed,
That ship has already sailed...So to speak.

Our mission is more than a struggle for breath,
For a few extra rounds in a fight to the death.
When our mission is love, and compassion and grace,
It's not a test of endurance, or a marathon race.
For love is the sabre, and love is the shield,
Love is the only true power we wield,
An eternal love is all ye should seek,
That ship will be ready to sail...So to speak.

I hear what you're saying 'cos I've heard it before,
But I'm afraid if I let what is past through my door,
How long would he stay, a month or a week,
When that ship has already sailed, so to speak?
Should I settle for something that's safe on this Earth?
What would it profit me, what is it worth?
If I lose something precious, completely unique?

When it's only eternity's love we should seek,

For when that ship sails, and the course has been set,
And the wind's in the offing and the sails have been let,
And the hatches are full, and the hull doesn't leak,
And the ship is all ready to sail...So to speak.

I'm tired and fading and losing the light,
And I've no way to tell if it's day or it's night,

Follow your heart, it's the harbour ye seek,

And this ship is ready to sail,
This ship is ready to sail,

Tištěno z www.txp.cz
This ship is ready to sail...So to speak.

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