

# 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