

The Last Ship

Sting

It's all there in the gospels, the Magdalene girl
Comes to pay her respects, but her mind is awirl.
When she finds the tomb empty, the stone had been rolled,
Not a sign of a corpse in the dark and the cold.
When she reaches the door, sees an unholy sight,
There's this solitary figure in a halo of light.
He just carries on floating past Calvary Hill,
In an almighty hurry, aye but she might catch him still.

"Tell me where are ye going Lord, and why in such haste?"
"Now don't hinder me woman, I've no time to waste!
For they're launching a boat on the morrow at noon,
And I have to be there before daybreak.
Oh I canna be missing, the lads'll expect me,
Why else would the good Lord himself resurrect me?
For nothing will stop me, I have to prevail,
Through the teeth of this tempest, in the mouth of a gale,
May the angels protect me if all else should fail,
When the last ship sails."

Oh the roar of the chains and the cracking of timbers,
The noise at the end of the world in your ears,
As a mountain of steel makes its way to the sea,
And the last ship sails.

It's a strange kind of beauty,
It's cold and austere,
And whatever it was that ye've done to be here,
It's the sum of yr hopes yr despairs and yr fears,
When the last ship sails.

Well the first to arrive saw these signs in the east,
Like that strange moving finger at Balthazar's Feast,
Where they asked the advice of some wandering priest,
And the sad ghosts of men whom they'd thought long deceased,
And whatever got said, they'd be counted at least,
When the last ship sails.

Oh the roar of the chains and the cracking of timbers,
The noise at the end of the world in your ears,
As a mountain of steel makes its way to the sea,
And the last ship sails.
And whatever you'd promised, whatever you've done,
And whatever the station in life you've become.
In the name of the Father, in the name of the Son,
And whatever the weave of this life that you've spun,
On the Earth or in Heaven or under the Sun,
When the last ship sails.