

# Let Your Soul Be Your Pilot

The Police

When you're down and they're counting  
When your secrets all found out  
When your troubles take to mounting  
When the map you have leads you to doubt  
When there's no information  
And the compass turns to nowhere that you know well  
Let your soul be your pilot  
Let your soul guide you  
He'll guide you well

When the doctors failed to heal you  
When no medicine chest can make you well  
When no counsel leads to comfort  
When there are no more lies they can tell  
No more useless information  
And the compass spins  
The compass spins between heaven and hell  
Let your soul be your pilot  
Let your soul guide you  
He'll guide you well

And your eyes turn towards the window pane  
To the lights upon the hill  
The distance seems so strange to you now  
And the dark room seems so still

Let your pain be my sorrow  
Let your tears be my tears too  
Let your courage be my model  
That the north you find will be true  
When there's no more useless information  
And the compass turns to nowhere that you know well  
Let your soul be your pilot  
Let your soul guide you  
Let your soul guide you  
Let your soul guide you upon your way