

# Sting, All This Time

I looked out across  
The river today  
I saw a city in the fog and an old church tower  
Where the seagulls play  
I saw the sad shire horses walking home  
In the sodium light  
I saw two priests on the ferry  
October geese on a cold winter's night

And all this time, the river flowed  
Endlessly to the sea

Two priests came round our house tonight  
One young, one old, to offer prayers for the dying  
To serve the final rite  
One to learn, one to teach  
Which was the cold wind blows  
Fussing and flapping in priestly black  
Like a murder of crows

And all this time, the river flowed  
Endlessly to the sea  
If I had my way I'd take a boat from the river  
And I'd bury the old man,  
I'd bury him at sea

Blessed are the poor, for they shall inherit the earth  
Better to be poor than a fat man in the eye of a needle  
And as these words were spoken I swore I hear  
The old man laughing  
'What good is a used up world and how could it be  
Worth having'

And all this time the river flowed  
Endlessly like a silent tear  
And all this time the river flowed  
Father, if Jesus exists,  
Then how come he never lived here

The teachers told us, the Romans built this place  
They built a wall and a temple, an edge of the empire  
Garrison town,  
They lived and they died, they prayed to their gods  
But the stone gods did not make a sound  
And their empire crumbled, 'til all that was left  
Were the stones the workmen found

And all this time the river flowed  
In the falling light of a northern sun  
If I had my way I'd take a boat from the river  
Men go crazy in congregations  
But they only get better  
One by one  
One by one...