

Sting, Another Pyramid

Sad to say our mighty ruler
Is not really in the pink
Hopes could not be minuscular
That he'll come back from the brink
Not to beat around the bush
He looks like heading for his box
At the risk of seeming pushy
We must plan for future shocks

According to the hawk of horus
Our most regal invalid
Is not that much longer for us
Build another pyramid

Build it, build it
Another pyramid
Build it, build it

Though all doctors and physicians
Have been summoned to his bed
It'll soon be top morticians
We'll be calling for instead
With each wheeze the nation's humming
Egypt shakes with every cough
No two ways about what's coming

No discussion, bets are off

Soon our monarch will have filled the tomb
Just like his fathers did
Summon egypt's greatest builder
Need another pyramid

Build it, build it
Another pyramid
Build it, build it

We hate to depress the nation
But our leader has been told
He should scrub his next vacation
Even put tonight on hold
This is where his loyal priesthood
Has the chance to do him proud
Holy leaders at the least should
See him happy to his shroud

He must have a vault that's grand by
Any standards for to live
Put five thousand slaves on standby
Build another pyramid