

# Sting, Deathwish

Written by Stewart Copeland, Andy Summers & Sting

Deathwish in the fading light  
Headlight pointing through the night  
Never thought I'd see the day  
Playing with my life this way

Gotta keep my foot right down  
If I had wings I'd leave the ground

Burning in the outside lane  
People think that I'm insane

The day I take a bend too fast  
Judgement that could be my last  
I'll be wiped right off the slate  
Don't wait up 'cause I'll be late  
I'll be late...