

Sting, End Of The Game

The fox had done running
And the beast is at bay
He'd run them in circles
By the end of the day

They chased him through bramble
They chased him through the fields
They could chase him forever
But the fox would not yield

And some saw her shadow
On the crest of a hill
And the hounds were distracted
Away from the kill

One day we'll reach a great ocean
At the end of a pale afternoon
And we lay down our heads just like we were sleeping
Controlled by the drag of the moon

We ran through the forests
And we ran through the streams
We ran through the heather
Though we ran in our dreams

And you were my lover
And I was your beau
We ran like the river
What else did we know?

One day we'll reach a great ocean
At the end of a pale afternoon

And the dogs are all worn out
And the horses all lame
Oh the hunters they're hunted
At the end of the game

Our love was a river
A wild mountain stream
In a tumbling fury
On the edge of a dream

And they chased us through the brambles
And they chased us through the fields
They'd chased us forever
But the heart would not yield

When the fox has done running
At the end of the day
I'm ready to answer
I'm ready to pay

And this river's done running
And my time will come soon
Carried to the great ocean
By the drag of the moon