

Sting, Every Day's The Same

Every day's
Just the same
Nothing seems to
Happen in this life of mine
Everything's so grey...

In the past
I been down
Now I've got a future
To look forward to
What's there left to say?...

All my thoughts and fantasies
Dreams where I pretend I'm free
Soarin' like an eagle, high and wide...

After birth, nothing's changed
All I get's frustrated
With the way things are
Nothing seems to work...

Pull me here,
Push me there,
Take me 'round the corner
Beat me up, I lose
Nothing but my face...

Maybe I should
Stay in debt
Think of something
In my hat
All been through

This face that's all my own...

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[repeat to fade]

