

# Sting, Ghost Story

I watch the Western sky  
The sun is sinking  
The geese are flying South  
It sets me thinking

I did not miss you much  
I did not suffer  
What did not kill me  
Just made me tougher

I feel the winter come  
His icy sinews  
Now in the fire light  
The case continues

Another night in court  
The same old trial  
The same old questions asked  
The same denial

The shadows closely run  
Like jury members  
I look for answers in  
The fire's embers

Why was I missing then  
That whole December  
I give my usual line:  
I don't remember

Another winter comes  
His icy fingers creep  
Into these bones of mine  
These memories never sleep

And all these differences  
A cloak I borrow  
We kept our distances  
Why should it follow I must have loved you

What is the force that binds the stars  
I wore this mask to hide my scars  
What is the power that pulls the tide  
I never could find a place to hide

What moves the Earth around the sun  
What could I do but run and run and run  
Afraid to love, afraid to fail  
A mast without a sail

The moon's a fingernail and slowly sinking  
Another day begins and now I'm thinking  
That this indifference was my invention  
When everything I did sought your attention

You were my compass star  
You were my measure  
You were a pirate's map  
A buried treasure

If this was all correct  
The last thing I'd expect  
The prosecution rests  
It's time that I confess: I must have loved you

