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