

Sting, I Been Down So Long

Written by j b lenoir/a atkins

The sun sets across the ocean
I'm a thousand mile from anywhere
And my pocketbook in my heart
Both just got stolen
And the sun act like she don't even care
The wind blows cold when you reach the top
Feels like somebody's face is stuck to the bottom of my shoe
Got a plastic jesus, a cordless telephone for every corner of my room
Got everybody but you tellin' me what to do

Well I've been down so long
It can't be that much longer still
And I've been down for so long
That the end must be drawing near

I looked to everybody but me
To answer my prayers
Until I found an angel in the bathroom
Who said she didn't see anybody who was saving anywhere
And the blind man said, "simple... like flipping a coin -
Don't matter what side it lands on
So long as it's somebody else's dime"
Cause if you're the top of the bottom
It all feels the same
We live out of fear if we're too rich or we're too poor

Guess all I can do is muster up some change
And a little bit of faith
And take some dignity when I walk through this door

Gonna take a trip
Catch a train
Got a ticket in my hand
And then a fat man takes my money
And like cattle we all stand
I'm just a faceless body lost in this vast and worthless sea
In a thousand people I do not know
But really they are no different from me
They all have passion
They all have fear
They all have intense confusion
And no sweet moments that are clear
They all have aspirations
High hopes and dreams
And are really that alone like me

We've been down so long
It can't be that much longer still
We've been down so long
That the end must be...
The end must be...
The end must be drawing near