

# Sting, O My God

Everyone I know is lonely  
And god's so far away  
And my heart belongs to no one,  
So now sometimes I pray  
Please take the space between us  
And fill it up some way  
Take the space between us  
And fill it up some way

O my God you take the biscuit  
Treating me this way  
Expecting me to treat you well  
No matter what you say  
How can I turn the other cheek  
It's black and bruised and torn  
I've been waiting  
Since the day that I was born

Take the space between us

And fill it up some way  
Take the space between us  
And fill it up some way

The fat man in his garden  
The thin man at his gate  
My God you must be sleeping  
Wake up it's much too late

Take the space between us  
And fill it up some way  
Take the space between us  
And fill it up some way

Do I have to tell the story  
Of a thousand rainy days  
Since we first met?  
It's a big enough umbrella  
But it's always me that ends up getting wet