

# Sting, Practical Arrangement

Am I asking for the moon?  
Is it really so implausible?  
That you and I could soon  
Come to some kind of arrangement?

I'm not asking for the moon  
Of always be the realest  
When is really nothing more  
Than a simple real arrangement  
With one roof above our heads  
A warm house to return to  
We could start with separate beds  
I could sleep alone I'll learn to  
I'm not suggesting that be find some earthly paradise forever  
I mean how often does that happen now  
the answer's probably never  
but be good come to an arrangement  
a practical arrangement  
and you could learn to love me given time

I'm not promising the moon  
I'm not promising a rainbow  
Just the practical solution  
To a solitary life

I'd be a father to your boy  
A shoulder you could lead on  
How bad could it be  
To be my wife?

With one roof above our heads  
A warm house to return to  
You wouldn't have to cook for me  
You wouldn't have to learn to  
I'm not suggesting that this proposition here could last forever  
I've no intention of deceiving you if I too clever  
But we could come to an arrangement  
A practical arrangement  
And perhaps you'd learn to love me given time

It'd mean not be though roles that you had in mind  
But you could learn to love me  
Given time