

# Sting, Saint Augustine In Hell

If somebody up there likes me somebody up there cares  
Deliver me from evil save me from these wicked snares  
Not into temptation, not to cliffs to fall  
On to revelation, and lesson for us all  
She walked into the room on the arm of my best friend  
I knew whatever happened our friendship would end  
Chemical reaction, desire at first sight  
Mystical attraction, turned out all my lights

The minute I saw her face the second I caught her eye  
The minute I touched the flame I knew it would never die  
The minute I saw her face the second I caught her eye  
The minute I touched the flame I knew it would never die

I don't know if it's pain or pleasure that I seek  
My flesh was all too willing, my spirit guide was weak  
I was deadly certain thoughts for me weren't kind  
A switchblade in his pocket, murder on his mind  
Blessed St. Theresa the whore of Babylon  
Madonna and my mother all rolled into one  
You've got to understand me, I'm not a piece of wood  
Francis of Assisi could never be this good

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Relax, have a cigar, make yourself at home. Hell is full of high court  
judges, failed saints. We've got Cardinals, Archbishops, barristers,  
certified accountants, music critics, they're all here. You're not alone.  
You're never alone, not here you're not. OK break's over.

The less I need the more I get  
Make me chaste but not just yet  
It's a promise or a lie I'll repent before I die

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