

Sting, Someone To Talk To

Words & music by andy summers

Though it's me that's on fire not this cigarette
I was stabbed in the back by that young suffragette
And what do I care if she leaves me alone
If I need somebody I'll pick up the phone
I'll put on my good face, clean up the flat
I'm starting all over good bye to all that
Put on some music and pour out a drink
I'll go back to bed and I'll try not to think

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She was a person I just couldn't see
And I tried to make her what she couldn't be
We tried and we tried, but of course in the end
I drove her crazy and right 'round the bend
Now it's too much to just sit here and cry
I can't be seen with a tear in my eye

Why am I standing right next to the phone?
When I kept on saying I must be alone

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I love you, why didn't I say that before
I guess that it's safe now she's walked through the door
It's hard when you know that you've got to go on
Feeling so weak and pretending your strong
I didn't see her I only felt me
And one day I'll learn just which part of me bleeds
Now that she's gone I know she was great
But I f**ked it up and now it's too late

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