

# Sting, Synchronicity II

Another suburban family morning  
Grandmother screaming at the wall  
We have to shout above the din of our rice crispies  
We can't hear anything at all  
Mother chants her litany of boredom and frustration  
But we know all her suicides are fake  
Daddy only stares into the distance  
There's only so much more that he can take  
Many miles away  
Something crawls from the slime  
At the bottom of a dark scottish lake

Another industrial ugly morning  
The factory belches filth into the sky  
He walks unhindered through the picket lines today  
He doesn't think to wonder why  
The secretaries pout and preen like  
Cheap tarts in a red light street  
But all he ever thinks to do is watch

And every single meeting with his so-called superior  
Is a humiliating kick in the crotch  
Many miles away  
Something crawls to the surface  
Of a dark scottish lake

Another working day has ended  
Only the rush hour hell to face  
Packed like lemmings into shiny metal boxes  
Contestants in a suicidal race  
Daddy grips the wheel and stares alone into the distance  
He knows that something somewhere has to break  
He sees the family home now looming in the headlights  
The pain upstairs that makes his eyeballs ache  
Many miles away  
There's a shadow on the door  
Of a cottage on the shore  
Of a dark scottish lake  
Many miles away, many miles away