

Prelude To The End Of The Game

Sting

The fox is done running
And the beast is at bay
We've run them in circles
By the end of the day
We chased them through bramble
We chased them through the fields
We could chase them forever
But the fox would not heel
And some saw her shadow
On the crest of a hill
All the hounds are distracted
Away from the kill
One day we'll reach a great ocean
At the end of a pale afternoon
And we'd lay down our heads just like we were sleeping
Controlled by the drag of the moon
We ran through the forest
And we ran through the streams
And we ran through the heather
Though we ran in our dreams
And you were my lover
And I was your boy
We ran like the river
For what else did we know
One day we'll reach a great ocean
At the end of a pale afternoon
The dogs are all howling
And the horses are late
All the hunters have hunted
Through the end of the game
Our love was a river
A wild mountain stream
In a tumbling fury
On the edge of a dream
And they chased us through bramble
And they chased us through the fields
They could chase us forever
But our heart would not yield
And the fox is done running

At the end of the day
I'm ready to answer
I'm ready to pay
And this river's done running
And time will come soon
Carried to the great ocean
By the drag of the moon

Songwriters

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