

# Another Pyramid

## Sting

Sad to say our mighty ruler  
Is not really in the pink  
Hopes could not be minuscular  
That he'll come back from the brink  
Not to beat around the bush  
He looks like heading for his box  
At the risk of seeming pushy  
We must plan for future shocks  
According to the Hawk God Horus  
Our most regal invalid  
Is not that much longer for us  
Build another pyramid  
Build it, build it  
Another pyramid  
Build it, build it  
Though all doctors and physicians  
Have been summoned to his bed  
It'll soon be top morticians  
We'll be calling for instead  
With each wheeze the nation's humming  
Egypt shakes with every cough  
No two ways about what's coming  
No discussion, bets are off  
Soon our monarch will have filled the tomb  
Just like his fathers did  
Summon Egypt's greatest builder  
Another pyramid  
Build it, build it  
Another pyramid  
Build it, build it  
We hate to depress the nation  
But our leader has been told  
He should scrub his next vacation  
Even put tonight on hold  
This is where his loyal priesthood  
Has the chance to do him proud  
Holy leaders at the least should  
See him happy to his shroud  
He must have a vault that's grand by  
Any standards floor to lid  
Put five thousand slaves on standby  
Build another pyramid

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