

Practical Arrangement

Sting

Am I asking for the moon?
Is it really so implausible?
That you and I could soon
Come to some kind of arrangement?

Iâ€™m not asking for the moon
Of always be the realest
When is really nothing more
Than a simple real arrangement

With one roof above our heads
A warm house to return to
We could start with separate beds
I could sleep alone Iâ€™ll learn to
Iâ€™m not suggesting that be find some earthly paradise forever
I mean how often does that happen now
the answerâ€™s probably never
but be good come to an arrangement
a practical arrangement
and you could learn to love me given time

Iâ€™m not promising the moon
Iâ€™m not promising a rainbow
Just the practical solution
To a solitary life

Iâ€™d be a father to your boy
A shoulder you could lead on
How bad could it be
To be my wife?

With one roof above our heads
A warm house to return to
You wouldnâ€™t have to cook for me
You wouldnâ€™t have to learn to
Iâ€™m not suggesting that this proposition here could last forever
Iâ€™ve no intention of deceiving you if I too clever
But we could come to an arrangement
A practical arrangement

And perhaps youâ€™d learn to love me given time

Itâ€™d mean not be though roles that you had in mind

But you could learn to love me

Given time

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