

All This Time

Sting

I looked out across the river today.
Saw a city in the fog and an old church town where the seagulls play.
Saw the sad shire horses walking home in the sodium light,
Two priests on the ferry.
October geese on a cold winter's night.
All this time the river flowed endlessly to the sea.

Two priests came 'round our house tonight,
One young, one old, to offer prayers for the dying to serve the final rite.
One to learn, one to teach which way the cold wind blows.
And fussing and flapping in priestly black like a murder of crows.
All this time the river flowed endlessly to the sea.

If I had my way, take a boat from the river and I'd bury the old man.
I'd bury him at sea.

Blessed are the poor, for they shall inherit the earth.
Better to be poor than a fat man in the eye of the needle.
As these words were spoken I swear I hear the old man laughing.
What good is a used up world and how could it be worth having?
All this time the river flowed endlessly like a silent tear.

All this time the river flowed.
Father, if Jesus exists then how come he never lives here?
Yeah yeah. Yeah yeah. Yeah yeah.

Teachers told the Romans built this place.
They built a wall and a temple and an edge of the empire garrison town.
They lived and they died.
They prayed to their gods, but the stone gods did not make a sound.
And their empire crumbles 'till all that was left
Were the stones the workmen found.
All this time the river flowed in the falling light of a Northern sun.
If I had my way, take a boat from the river.
Men go crazy in the congregations, they only get better one by one.
One by one. One by one by one. One by one.

(I looked out across)
Sad shire horses walking home in the sodium light.
(the river today)

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