

50,000

Sting

Another obituary in the paper today
One more for the list of those already fallen.
Another of our comrades is taken down
Like so many others of our calling. We tweet our anecdotes, our commentary
Or we sing our songs in some sad tribute
While the tabloids are holding a story of kiss and tell
he's no longer able to deny or refute 50,000 voices rising every time he sings
And every word he ever wrote
Reflecting back to you How well I remember
The stadiums we played
And the lights sweeping across
A sea of 50,000 souls we face
A serious drug you could never kick
One that you couldn't imagine
you'd ever replace We float like kites on the wings of amphetamine
succumbing only to a base line and a snare drum beat
But really what did any of it mean
if there is a higher philosophy in
Reflection and defeat? 50,000 voices rising every time he sings
And every word he ever wrote
Reflecting back to you Still believe in that old lie
The one last show our face betrays
Rock stars don't ever die
They only fade away Reflecting now on my own past
Inside this prison I've made of myself
I'm feeling a little better today
Although the bathroom mirror is telling me something else
These lines of stress, one blood shot eye
The unhealthy power of a troubled ghost
Where did I put my spectacle case
I'm half blind and as deaf as any post 50,000 hands are raised to
Memories just like you and me
We create the Gods we can
And give them immortality Still believe in that old lie
The one last show our face betrays
Rock stars don't ever die
They only fade away

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