

# End Of The Game

## Sting

The fox had done running  
And the beast is at bay  
He'd run them in circles  
By the end of the day They chased him through bramble  
They chased him through the fields  
They could chase him forever  
But the fox would not yield And some saw her shadow  
On the crest of a hill  
And the hounds were distracted  
Away from the kill One day we'll reach a great ocean  
At the end of a pale afternoon  
And we lay down our heads just like we were sleeping  
Controlled by the drag of the moon We ran through the forests  
And we ran through the streams  
We ran through the heather  
Though we ran in our dreams And you were my lover  
And I was your beau  
We ran like the river  
What else did we know? One day we'll reach a great ocean  
At the end of a pale afternoon And the dogs are all worn out  
And the horses all lame  
Oh the hunters they're hunted  
At 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 the brambles  
And they chased us through the fields  
They'd chased us forever  
But the heart would not yield When the fox has 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 my time will come soon  
Carried to the great ocean  
By the drag of the moon

Songwriters

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