

# De Do Do Do, De Da Da Da [From "The Last American

## Sting

Don't think me unkind  
Words are hard to find  
They're only cheques I've left unsigned  
From the banks of chaos in my mind  
And when their eloquence escapes me  
Their logic ties me up and rapes me

De do do do, de da da da  
Is all i want to say to you  
De do do do, de da da da  
Their innocence will pull me through  
De do do do, de da da da  
Is all i want to say to you  
De do do do, de da da da  
They're meaningless and all that's true

Poets, priests and poiticians  
Have words to thank for their positions  
Words that scream for your submission  
And no-one's jamming their transmission  
And when their eloquence escapes you  
Their logic ties you up and rapes you

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