

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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