

The Book of Numbers

Sting

Bring me a glass of water
To wash the dirt from my throat
I've been wandering my whole life out there
Help me out of my coat

This water's as clear as crystal
We should thank the Lord for that
Sit you down and hear my story
Find somewhere for my hat

A barkeep takes a stranger's hat
And finds a vacant hook
Turns back towards the traveller
His right hand on an old black book

The holy Book of Numbers
I take it's something that you've read?
The long search in the wilderness
For a place to lay my head

So many parables in the scriptures
But this one I'm doomed to tell
For I stormed the gates of Heaven
To find myself in Hell

This is my lonely mission
To wake the world up to its fate
To dismantle my own invention
For the hour is getting late

This holy Book of Numbers
As we walk through the shadow of death
Tell me, are you listening, boy
Or am I just wasting my breath?

There are fools in the courts of power
While I've walked through this vale of bitter tears
At the mercy of recording angels
For three score and twenty-five years

The barkeep gets up from the table
To fill up another glass
He turns around to find an empty chair
All that's left is the name in his hat