

The Hills on the Border

Sting

Oh, the hills on the border
'Bout this time of the year
When the mists seem to gather
In the valley of your fears

And you walk through that valley
As day turns to night
Is there something in the shadows
Or the failing of the light?

I was walking home last evening
When perhaps I should have ran
From a darkening of shadows
In the shape of a man

It said, "Talk to me, stranger
Or may I call you brother?
Let us make our way together
From this place to another

I don't carry any weapon
I don't carry any staff
But I'll carry half your burden
Till your journey's cut in half

Let me share of your burden
The lifetime you will carve
And the gravestone that you carry
Will be a burden halved"

He sat down by the roadside
As the mists they gathered 'round
Takes some cards from his pocket
That he spreads upon the ground

He said, "This card is a woman
You will love but not possess
And this card's a man you'll murder
But you'll never confess

I don't carry any weapon
I don't carry any staff
But I'll carry half your burden
Till your journey's cut in half

Let me share of your burden
This lifetime you will carve
And the gravestone that you carry
Will be a burden halved"

I said, "Why should I trust you?
Or the cards that you have thrown?
I don't know you from the Devil
And this burden is my own"

He said, "I have the gift of secrets
From our Father, little brother

Let us make our way together
From this world to another"

Oh, the hills on the border
'Bout this time of the year
When the mists seem to gather
In the valley of your fears

And you walk through that valley
Your coat around your ears
As you walk to the borders
From the valley of your fears

As you walk to the borders
From the valley of your fears
As you walk to the borders
From the valley of your fears