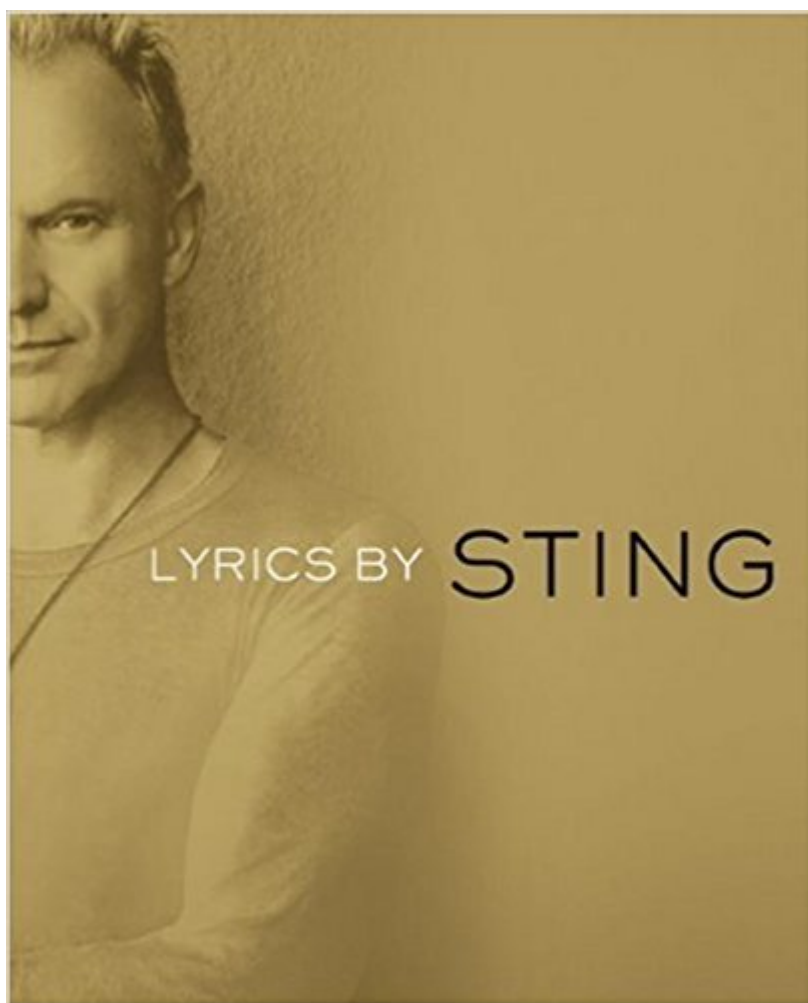


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Lyrics



Synopsis

From the first Police album, Outlandos D'Amour, through Sacred Love, here are the collected lyrics written by Sting, along with his commentary.

Book Information

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Customer Reviews

Sting is an award-winning singer, songwriter and human rights activist. --This text refers to an out of print or unavailable edition of this title.

Publishing my lyrics separately from their musical accompaniment is something that I've studiously avoided until now. The two, lyrics and music, have always been mutually dependent, in much the same way as a mannequin and a set of clothes are dependent on each other; separate them, and what remains is a naked dummy and a pile of cloth. Nevertheless, the exercise has been an interesting one, seeing, perhaps for the first time, how successfully the lyrics survive on their own and inviting the question as to whether song lyrics are in fact poetry or something else entirely. And while I've never seriously described myself as a poet, the book in your hands, devoid as it is of any musical notation, looks suspiciously like a book of poems. So it seems I am entering, with some trepidation, the unadorned realm of the poet. I have set out my compositions in the sequence they were written and provided a little background when I thought it might be illuminating. My wares have neither been sorted nor dressed in clothes that do not belong to them; indeed, they have been shorn of the very garments that gave them their shape in the first place. No doubt some of them will

perish in the cold cruelty of this new environment, and yet others may prove more resilient and become perhaps more beautiful in their naked state. I can't predict the outcome, but I have taken this risk knowingly and, while no one in their right mind should ever attempt to set "The Waste Land" to music, in the hopeful words of T. S. Eliot, "These fragments I have shored against my ruins."

•Sting OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR (1978) Next to You So Lonely Roxanne Hole in My Life Peanuts Can't Stand Losing You Truth Hits Everybody Born in the '50s *Visions of the Night Our first album as the Police was recorded piecemeal in a rundown studio above a dairy in Leatherhead. We had been together as a band for roughly a year by then. Some of the songs had been written for my previous band, Last Exit, and adapted for the new one. Others had been composed while touring, and some were created during rehearsals or while recording. We weren't signed to a record company yet, and none of us had any money, so we used some secondhand tapes that we found in our manager's garage and recorded very late at night, for an even cheaper studio rate: moonlighting only after another band had left. We'd work until the coffee ran out and we were bleary-eyed and delirious with exhaustion and the absurdity of our arguments. I'd drive back to London in my battered old Citroën in a kind of euphoria, with these tunes thundering in my head, yelling improvised lyrics at the top of my voice to the empty road and the stars twinkling sceptically above the rooftops. I'd get back to my flat in Bayswater just as the sun was coming up through the trees in Hyde Park, thinking that these were some of the best days and weeks of my life. I'd try to scribble down whatever I'd been declaiming in the car and then go to sleep for the rest of the morning. The afternoon would be spent trying to make sense of these fragments and working on them until early evening so that I would have something presentable that night. I was happy because I'd dreamed about this, this making of an album, for as long as I'd owned a guitar, strummed my first chord, and rhymed my first couplet. It was almost too much to absorb. There's no grand concept at work in this album, just a loose collection of dreams, fragments and fantasies, low doggerel and high dudgeon, sense and nonsense, anger and romance, all welded together by the bluff and bluster of a new band. We were insane in our optimism, and we were never happier.

Next to You I can't stand it for another day When you live so many miles away Nothing here is gonna make me stay You took me over, let me find a way I sold my house I sold my motor, too All I want is to be next to you I'd rob a bank Maybe steal a plane You took me over Think I'm goin' insane What can I do All I want is to be next to you What can I do All I want is to be next to you I've had a thousand girls or maybe more But I've never felt like this before But I just don't know what's come over me You took me over, take a look at me What can I do All I want is to be next to you What can I do All I want is to be next to you All I want is to be next to you All I want is to be next to you All I want is to be next to you

you
So many times I used to give a sign
Got this feeling, gonna lose my mind
When all it is is just a
love affair
You took me over, baby, take me there
What can I do
All I want is to be next to you
What
can I do
All I want is to be next to you
What can I do
All I want is to be next to you
What can I do
All I want is to be next to you
All I want is to be next to you . . .*****
I wrote these lyrics while I was in Last Exit and then grafted them shamelessly onto the chords from Bob Marley's "No Woman, No Cry."
This kind of musical juxtaposition—the lilting rhythm of the verses separated by monolithic slabs of straight rock and roll—pleased the hell out of me. That we could achieve it effortlessly just added to the irony of a song about misery being sung so joyously.
It was something of a coup when someone pointed out to BBC television that, because of my poor diction, I seemed to be singing the name of a popular TV presenter, Sue Lawley, and not "So lonely." It was played on national television as an homage to Sue, but we didn't complain. Blessings are often unexpected.
So
Lonely
Well, someone told me yesterday
That when you throw your love away
You act as if you don't care
You look as if you're going somewhere
But I just can't convince myself I couldn't live with no one else
And I can only play that part
And sit and nurse my broken heart
So lonely
So lonely
So lonely
So lonely
So lonely
So lonely
So lonely
So lonely . . .
Now no one's knocked upon my door
For a thousand years or more
All made up and nowhere to go
Welcome to this one-man show
Just take a seat they're always free
No surprise no mystery
In this theatre that I call my soul always play the starring role
So lonely
So lonely
So lonely
So lonely
So lonely
So lonely
So lonely
So lonely . . .
A friend of mine bought a sheet of lyrics for "Roxanne" that had turned up in a collection of memorabilia, and he asked me to verify if it was genuine. "Well, that's my handwriting," I said, "and those are my doodles": three clocks—one at five to four, another at ten past six, and one sidelong that looks to be showing eight o'clock—a sundial, an hourglass, five sets of five-bar gates that prisoners use to mark the passing of the days, some kind of whirlwind vortex spinning in the top right-hand corner, and a spear or an arrowhead. I imagine I was drawing these as I was listening back to various takes of the vocals, but I don't know what they mean.
I wrote "Roxanne" in Paris in 1977. The band was staying in a seedy hotel near the Gare Saint-Lazare. I had a set of descending chords starting in G minor and a melancholy frame of mind. Inspired by the romance and sadness of Edmond Rostand's great play *Cyrano de Bergerac* and the prostitutes on the street below my window, "Roxanne" came to life. I've sung this song on most of the nights of my life since then, and it's my job to sing it with the same freshness and enthusiasm as if I'd written it that afternoon and not thirty years previously. I always manage to find something new in it and I'm still grateful.
Roxanne
Roxanne
You don't have to put on the red light
Those days are over
You don't have to sell your body to the night
Roxanne
You don't have to wear that dress tonight
Walk the streets for money
You don't care if it's wrong or if it's

rightRoxanneYou don't have to put on the red lightRoxanneYou don't have to put on the red
lightRoxanne (Put on the red light)Roxanne (Put on the red light)Roxanne (Put on the red
light)Roxanne (Put on the red light)Roxanne (Put on the red light)RoxanneI loved you since I knew
youI wouldn't talk down to youI have you to tell just how I feelI won't share you with another boyI
know my mind is made upSo put away your makeupTold you once I won't tell you againIt's a bad
wayRoxanneYou don't have to put on the red lightRoxanneYou don't have to put on the red
lightRoxanne (Put on the red light)Roxanne (Put on the red light)Roxanne (Put on the red light)
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I love all things Sting and couldn't wait to get this book. I didn't realize that it also includes notes made by Sting about what inspired him, what his meaning was about various lyrics and what was going on in/with the band(s) at the time. It covers his songs from the first Police album thru his Sacred Love album, 25 years of amazing lyrics! I'm so happy to have this treasure!

The book is excellent and from Sting's own words, is poetry in your hands at the moment you acquire it and not only that, the design of the cover is amazing, a delicate and transparent photo of Sting over his own words printed on the cover, for me a perfect combination of delicacy, elegance and sensitivity that comes with the inspired lyrics of his songs. I have to say that is very interesting to know why and how a song is inspired, how it became a reality and how it is considered by his own author then and now. Furthermore as Sting is my favourite artist this book increase my sense of admiration to him. However it is a pity not having all these stories for all the songs, just some of them, indeed some of my favourites don't have one ... However I don't regret having bought this book and can read it whenever my soul needs to be fed.

Give him credit. The man knows music and lyrics. The product is excellent. Of particular entertainment value are the insightful introductions. I would have given the collection five stars had there been more. Sometimes the introductions come off a little too articulate. I appreciate Sting's command of language, but I am more interested in his personal thoughts than in his doctorate dissertation. There are other great lyricists, one who may be more creative than Sting is Ian Anderson for example. But as far as addressing so many social issues with a mature and yet captivating "voice" there are none to compare. Keep writing Sting. Please.

Lyrics is a good read for die-hard Sting fans. Reading his lyrics as more of a poem created a new

way of hearing the words in your head. The background surrounding the songs that he chose to add was interesting and fun, but would have been nice if he had taken the time to add background for all the songs. There were a few songs that I was very disappointed he did not include for background. Overall, a nice addition to a Sting collection, but lacking because it did not discuss all songs included in the book.

This is what song writing used to be. This is also what song writing needs to get back to! If you listen to "Shape of My Heart" and then read the lyrics and are still not moved...well, my friend, you have no soul and don't know real music when you hear it!

Beautiful book with Sting's lyrics and a bit of background behind the stories/inspiration. Recommended for any fan of Sting or songwriting in general.

Whether or not this book can stand on its own is a question of personal preference, but knowing Sting's/Police's music certainly adds to the lyrics, in much the same way having the written lyrics in front of you will add to your appreciation of the music. This is of no great consequence as I assume practically everybody buying this book will be quite familiar with at least Sting's great hits. The anecdotes surrounding the lyrics are extremely interesting to read and Sting's modesty and irony (not least the irony on his own part) adds a lot to the pleasure of reading these prefaces to the actual lyrics. I hope I'm not breaking any copyright laws quoting his intro to "So lonely", which proves my point perfectly: I wrote these lyrics while I was in Last Exit and then grafted them shamelessly onto the chords from Bob Marley's "No Woman, No Cry." This kind of musical juxtaposition - the lilting rhythm of the verses separated by monolithic slabs of straight rock and roll - pleased the hell out of me. That we could achieve it effortlessly just added to the irony of a song about misery being sung so joyously. It was something of a coup when someone pointed out to BBC television that, because of my poor diction, I seemed to be singing the name of a popular TV presenter, Sue Lawley, and not "So lonely." It was played on national television as an homage to Sue, but we didn't complain. Blessings are often unexpected. The humanity of this great artist shines through every page of this book. Verdict: This book is a must for anybody who've been moved by Sting's/Police's music.

Great book! Includes the stories behind the lyrics and photographs.

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