STING
TEN SUMMONER’S TALES

20... PROLOGUE (IF I EVER LOSE MY FAITH IN YOU)
34... LOVE IS STRONGER THAN JUSTICE (THE MUNIFICENT SEVEN)
16... HEAVY CLOUD NO RAIN
70... SHE'S TOO GOOD FOR ME
56... SEVEN DAYS
48... SAINT AUGUSTINE IN HELL
11... FIELDS OF GOLD
26... IT'S PROBABLY ME
65... SHAPE ON MY HEART
74... SOMETHING THE BOY SAID
42... EPILOGUE (NOTHING 'BOUT ME)
G    D    G/B    A    Bm7
jealous sky as we walk in fields of gold.
jealous sky as we lie in fields of gold.

So she
See the

Bsus2

G

took her love for to gaze a while up on the fields of barley.
west wind move like a lover so up on the fields of barley.

D    Bsus2    G    D

-
ley. In his arms she fell as her hair came down among.
-ley. Feel her body rise when you kiss her mouth among.
the fields of gold. Will you

I never made promises lightly and there have been

some that I've broken, but I swear in the days still left we'll walk

in fields of gold. We'll walk in fields of gold.
Many years have passed since those summer days among the fields of barley.
See the west wind moves upon the fields of barley.
You can
Children walk as the sun goes down
Among the fields of gold,
Tell the sun in his jealous sky
When we walked in fields of gold.

You'll remember when we walked in fields of gold,
When we walked in fields of gold.
HEAVY CLOUD NO RAIN

Words and Music by STING

Easy, relaxed groove

Am6

Bm7/A Am6 Bm7/A

Am6

Bm7/A Am6

Am6

Bm7/A Am6

Bm7/A Am6

Turned on the weather man just after the news.
I needed sweet rain to wash away the blues.
I asked my baby if there'd be some way.
She said she save her love for a rainy day.

He looked at the chart, but he looked in vain:
I look in the sky, but I look in vain:

Back in time with Louis X
land was cracking and the

Instrumental solo
V I, at the court of the people he was number one. He'd be the river was dry.

All the crops were dying when they ought to be high. So to

Bluest blood they'd ever seen when the king said, "Hi" to the

Save his farm from the banker's draft, the farmer took out a book on some old guillotine.

Witchcraft. He made a spell and a potion on a mid-summer's night. He thought that

The royal astrologer was run out of breath. He thought that maybe the rain would postpone his death.

Brindled calf in the pale moonlight. He prayed to the sky, but he
look in vain: heavy cloud, but no rain. Well, the

Heav - y cloud, but no rain. The sun won’t shine till the clouds are gone._

clouds won’t go till their work is done._ And ev - ’ry morn-ing you’ll hear me_
pray:  "If only it would rain to-day."

CODA

no rain.  Ow.

Repeat ad lib. and Fade
You could say I
Some would say I was a
I never saw no

lost my faith in science.
lost man in a lost miracle of science.

ence world. and progress.
Asus2

You could say I lost my belief in the holy church.

You could say I lost my faith in the people on T.V.

Dsus2(sus4)

that didn't go from a blessing to a curse.

D

You could say I

Dsus2(sus4)

You could say I lost my belief in our political leaders.

D

I never saw no

Dsus2(sus4)

lost my sense of direction.

Dsus2(sus4)

lie in our political solution.

To Coda

Asus2

You could say all of this and worse, but

A

They all seem like game show hosts to me.

F♯m7
If I ever lose my faith in you,
there'd be nothing left for me to do.

Hey, hey.
I could be lost inside their lies without a trace, but every time I close my eyes I see your face.

that didn’t always end up as something worse, but
let me say this first:

if I ever lose my faith in you, if I ever lose

my faith in you there'd be nothing left for me to do,

there'd be nothing left for me to do. If I ever lose_
ground, you wake the morning in a stranger's
steal, you search the city for your on-

coat. No-one would you see. No-one would you see.
friend. You ask your-

self, "Who'd watch for me?" My only
self, "Who could it be?"

friend, who could it be? It's hard to
solitary voice to speak out and set me free; I hate to
say it, 
I hate to say it,
but it's probably

me. 
me.
When your belly's emp-

You're not the easiest person I ever got to know, and it's

hard for us both to let our feelings show. Some would say I should let
you go your way, you’ll only make me cry.

If there’s one guy, just one guy who’d

lay down his life for you and die, it’s hard to

say it, I hate to say, but it’s probably
Em(maj9)  Em6/9  Em(maj9)  Em6/9

Instrumental solo

Em(maj9)  Em6/9  Em(maj9)  Em6/9

Solo ends  When the world's gone

Em(maj9)  Em6/9  Em6  Em(maj9)  Em6/9

crazy,  and it makes no sense,  and there's only one
Em(maj9) voice that comes to your defense, and the jury's

Em6/9

out, and your eyes search the room and one friendly face is all you

Am7 need to see.

Bm7 If there's one guy,

Em7

Bm7#9 B7#5

just one guy who'd
lay down his life for you and die, it's hard to
say it, I hate to say, but it's probably me.
I hate to say it, I hate to say, but it's probably me.
me.
I hate to say it, I hate to
say, but it's probably me...

say it, I hate to say, but it's probably me.

me.

Repeat and Fade

Instrumental solo - ad lib.
LOVE IS STRONGER THAN JUSTICE
(THE MUNIFICENT SEVEN)

Words and Music by STING

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This is a story of seven brothers. We had the same father but different mothers.

We keep together like a family should, roaming the country for the common good.

It came to pass one fateful day, we found ourselves down Mexico way; the

town, the mayor, the P.T.A. pleading on their knees with us all to stay.
We'd only stopped for a few burritos, but they told us of the trouble with los banditos. A outcome was predictable. Our banditos were despicable. Of Mother told me I was the clever one, the seventh son of a seventh son.

poor little town in need of aid, my brothers and me had never been afraid. blood we lost a dozen litres, a small price to pay for las señoras. The It all ended so happily. I settled down with the family.

The age of chivalry is not dead, lonely nights in a cowboy bed. town may-or was happy, but his face was glum. The maids numbered only one. There I look forward to a better day, but ethical stuff never got in my way.
There'd be a bride for every man
weren't seven brides for seven brothers.

And though there used to be brothers seven,
who chased away the evil gang for I knew I had to get rid of the others for love
the other six are singing in heaven.

is stronger than justice.
Love

is thicker than blood.
Love, love, love
is stronger than justice. Love is a

big, fat river in flood.

Bright rock

The
D.S. al Coda

CODA

Love is stronger than justice.
Love is thicker than blood.

Love, love, love is stronger than justice.

Love is a big, fat river in flood.

Love is a big, fat river in flood.
Relaxed funk shuffle (played as \( \frac{7}{8} \n\)  

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Eb6/9} & \text{Abmaj6/9} & \text{Eb6/9} \\
&\text{Abmaj6/9} & \text{Ebmaj9} & \text{Ab6/9} & \text{Eb6/9} \\
&\text{Ab6/9} & \text{Ebmaj9} & \text{Abmaj9} \\
&\text{Eb6/9} & \text{Abmaj9} \\
\end{align*}
\]

Lay my head on a surgeon's table.
Run my name through your computer.

Take my fingerprints if you are able.
Mention me in passing to your college tutor.
Pick my brains, check my records, check my facts.

Steal my eyeballs and come back for the pockets. Run

Every kind of test from A to Z, but you'll

Pore over every thing in my C. V., but you'll

Still know nothin' 'bout me. (Still know nothin' 'bout me.)
(Still know noth-in' 'bout me.) Still know noth-in' 'bout me._

You don't need to read no books on my his-to-ry._

I'm a sim-ple man, it's no big mys-ter-y._ In the cold weather, a

hand needs a glove._ And at times like this a lone-
ly man like me needs love.

Search my house with a fine tooth comb.

Turn o-ver ev'-ry-thing 'cause
I won’t be home. 

Set up your microscope and

tell me what you see. 

But you’ll still know nothin’ ’bout me. 

Still know nothin’ ’bout me. 

(Still know nothin’ ’bout me.) 

(Still know nothin’ ’bout me.) 

(Still know nothin’ ’bout me.) 

(Still know nothin’ ’bout me.) 

'Bout me.)
'bout me;
(Still know noth-in' 'bout me.)

me.
Still know noth-in' a-bout me.

Still know noth-in' a-

Ddim7   Ebdim7   Edim7   Fdim7   Gbdim7   Gdim7   Abdim7   Adim7

bout me.   Still know noth-in' a-bout me.

Repeat and Fade

Eb/Bb   Fm7b5/B  Cdim7   Eb/G
SAINT AUGUSTINE IN HELL

Words and Music by
STING

Bluesy rock groove

Am

Eb13#11

Dm7(add4)

Eb13#11

Am7

If

some-bod-y up there likes me, if some-bod-y up there cares,
dewalked into the room, on the arm of my best friend...

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liv - er me from e - vil,  
save me from these wick - ed snares._

Dm7(add4)  

knew what ev - er hap - pened,  
our friend - ship would _ end.

Not in - to temp - ta - tion,  
Chem - i - cal re - ac - tion, de - sire at _ first sight,_

A7sus  
on to rev - e - la - tion,  
and les - sons for _ us all._

myst - ti - cal at - trac - tion,  
She

Cm7  

turned out all _ my lights._  
The min-ute I saw _ her face,_
the
Second I caught her eye, the minute I touched the flame, I knew it would never die. The minute I saw her face, the second I caught her eye, the minute I touched the flame, I knew it would never die.
Don't know if it's pain or
Blessed Saint Theresa, the
pleasure that I seek,
whore of Babylon,
My flesh was all too willing, my
Madonna and my mother,
spirit guide was weak,
all rolled into one;
I was dead-ly cer-tain his
you've got to un-der-stand me, I'm
thoughts for me weren't kind,
not a piece of wood,
a switch-blade in his pocket,
Francis of Assisi could
murder on his mind, never be this good. (Bkgd. Vcl.) The

minute I saw her face, the second I caught her eye, the

less I need the more I get.

Fm11  Gm7(add4)  Cm7

Make me chaste but I knew it would never die. The

minute I touched the flame, I knew it would never die.

not just yet.

Abmaj9

minute I saw her face, the second I caught her eye, the

It's a promise or a lie.
Fm11  Gm7(add4)  Abmaj9

min-ute I touched the flame, I knew it would nev-er die._
I’ll rep-ent be-fore I die.

Light swing (played as ♪♩ ♪♩)

(Spoken:) Relax, have a cigar, make yourself at home. Hell is full of high court judges failed saints. We’ve got Cardinals, Archbishops, barristers, certified accountants, music critics. They’re all here. You’re not alone. You’re never
alone; not here, you’re not.

O.K., break’s over.

Instrumental solo
SEVEN DAYS

Words and Music by STING

Smoothly, in a fast Latin groove

C6/9

"Seven days" was
The fact he's over

all she wrote,
a kind of ultimate

six foot ten
might instill fear in other
tum note, she gave to me, she the
- er men, but not in me, the

F(add9) gave to me. mighty flea. When I thought the field

F6/9

C6/9

Ask if I am mouse

Eb6/9(#11)

had cleared, or man, or

it seems another

the mirror squeaked, a

Bb6/9

G(add9)
suit appeared to challenge me, in

way I ran. He'll murder me
woe is me.

Though I hate to make time for his tea.

Does it bother me —

— a choice, my options are decreasing most likely at all? My rival is Neanderthal. It

rapidly, makes me think, well, we'll see. Perhaps I need a drink

I don't think she'd bluff this time, I

I Q is no problem here, we
really have to make her mine. It's plain to see,
won't be playing Scrabble for her hand, I fear.

it's him or me.
I need that beer.

Monday I could wait till Tuesday,

I make up my mind. Wed'n'sday would be
fine, Thursday's on my mind.
Friday'd give me time, Saturday could wait, but Sunday'd be too late.

To Coda
Seven days, will quickly go.

The fact remains, I love her so.

Seven days, so
man-y ways,

but I can't run away,

I can't run away.

D.S. al Coda

CODA
Sun·day’d be too late
Do I have to tell a story
of a thousand rainy days since we first met?
It's a big enough umbrella, but it's always me that ends up getting wet, yeah.
He doesn't play for the money he wins.
I'm not a man of too many faces.

He doesn't play for respect.
The mask I wear is one.

He deals the cards to find the answer,
He may play the jack of diamonds.
Well, those who speak know nothin',

the sacred geometry of chance,
He may lay the queen of spades and find out to their cost.
the hidden law
He may conceal
like those who curse their luck

of a probable outcome
the king in his hand,
in too many places,

The numbers lead a dance,
while the memory of it fades,
and those who fear are lost.

I know that the spades are the swords of a soldier.
I know that the clubs are weapons of

war.

I know that diamonds mean money for this art, but
that's not the shape of my heart.
that's not the shape of my heart,

the shape of my heart.
She's too good for me

Driving rock and roll shuffle (played as)

Cm7

She don't like to hear
She don't like the jokes
She don't want to meet

me sing._
I make._
my folks._

She don't want no diamond ring.
She don't like the drugs I take.
She don't want to hear my jokes.

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She don't want to drive my car. She won't let me go.
She don't like the friends I got. She don't like my friends.
She don't want to fix my tie. She don't even want —

that far. She don't like the way I look.
a lot. She don't like the clothes I wear.
to try. She don't like the books I read.

She don't like the things I cook. She don't like the way I cook. She don't like the way I stare.
She don't like the way I feed. She don't want to see me feed.

I play. She don't like the things I say, but, oh
I tell. She don't like the way I smell, my life. She don't want to be my wife.
Am7
---
oh,
the games we play.

G7#5 Cm7
---
She's too good for me.

Half-time (♩ = ♩)

Gm/Bb A7 Eb7 D7sus D7

Would she prefer it if I washed myself more often than I do?
When we set out on this jour-ney__
In the cir-cles we made with our fires.
there were no doubts in our minds.
We talked of the pale af-ter-noon.

We set our eyes to the dis-tance,
The clouds were like dark rid-ers
we would fly-ing

find what we would find.
on the face of the moon.
We took cour-age from our num-bers
But our thoughts kept re-turn-ing
We spoke our fear to the cap-tain,
What we sought, we did not fear,
to some-thing the boy said as we turned to go,
and asked what his son could know,

Some-times we’d glimpse a shad-ow fall - ing,
He said, “you’ll nev-er see our fac-es a-gain,
for we would nev-er have marched so far
then the shad-ow would dis-ap-pear.

you’ll be food for a car-ri-on crow.”
to be food for a crow.

Ev-ry step we took to-day,

our thoughts would al-ways stray from the wind.
on the moor so wild to the words of the captain's child.

Some-thing the boy said; some-thing the boy said; some-thing the boy said; some-thing the boy said.

D.S. (no repeat)
the sun's eye was as red as blood,  
I'm too afraid to care, I'm too afraid to know.  

the stench of burning corpses,  
I'm too afraid to look behind.
me fac-es in the mud.
at the feast of a crow.

We spoke our fears to the cap-tain. And asked what his son could know,

for we would nev-er have marched so far to be

food, food for a crow,
food for a crow, (Something the boy said;)

(Something the boy said;)

food for a crow.

Repeat and Fade