

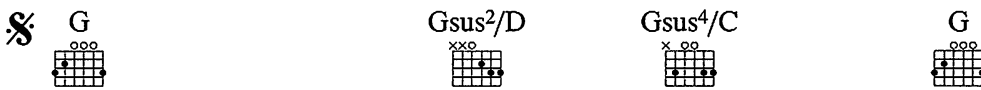
All This Time

Words & Music by Sting

♩ = 116



1. I looked out a - cross _



the ri - ver to - day, _

Gsus²/D Gsus⁴/C G Gsus²/D Gsus⁴/C

saw a ci - ty in the fog and an old church to - wer where the sea-gulls play.

G Gsus²/D Gsus⁴/C G

Saw the sad shire hor - ses walk -

Gsus²/D Gsus⁴/C G Gsus²/D Gsus⁴/C

- ing home in the so - dium light, two priests -

G Gsus²/D Gsus⁴/C G

on the fer - ry, Oc - to - ber geese on a cold win - ter's night.

Chorus

Gsus²/D



Em



All this time the

ri-ver flowed end-less-ly to the sea.

A⁷ C Dsus⁴ D Dsus⁴ D

1.

2, 3.

G



Gsus²/D



Gsus⁴/C



G



Em



2. Two priests If I had my way,

A⁷sus⁴



C



To Coda ♪

I'd take a boat from the ri-ver and I'd bu-ry

Dsus⁴ D Dsus⁴ D G Gsus²/D Gsus⁴/C *D.S. al Coda*

the old man, I'd bu-ry him at sea. 3. Bles-sed are the

Coda

Dsus⁴ D Dsus⁴ D G Bm⁷/E

Je - sus ex - ists, then how come He ne - ver lived here.

G/D C G Bm⁷/E G/D C G Bm⁷/E

Yeah, — yeah, — yeah, — yeah, —

G/D C Dsus⁴ G/B Dsus⁴ G/B

yeah, — yeah. — Teach-ers told_



— us the Ro - mans built this place,—



they built a wall and a tem - ple on the edge of the Em - pire gar - ri - son



town... They lived and they died,— they



prayed to their gods— but the stone gods did not make a sound,— and their emp-




- ire crum-bled till all that was left were the stones the work - men found.



All this time the








ri - ver flowed in the fall - ing light of a north-





- ern sun. If I had my way I'd take a






boat from the ri - ver, — men go cra - zy in con - gre - ga - tions, they on -







- ly get bet - ter one by one, — one by








one, one by one, by one, one by








one. I looked out a - cross — the ri - ver to - day —
 - shire hor - ses walk - ing home in the so - dium

light, saw a ci - ty in the fog and an old church
 two priests on the fer-ry, Oc - to - ber

to - wer where the sea-gulls play. geese on a cold win - ter's night. Saw the sad

To fade

Verse 2:

Two priests came round our house tonight
 One young, one old, to offer prayers for the dying,
 To serve the final rite
 One to learn, one to teach
 Which way the cold wind blows
 Fussing and flapping in priestly black
 Like a murder of crows

Chorus:

Verse 3:

Blessed are the poor, for they shall inherit the earth
 Better to be poor than be a fat man in the eye of the needle
 And as these words were spoken I swear I hear
 The old man laughing
 What good is a used up world,
 And how could it be worth having.

Chorus 3:

All this time the river flowed
 Endlessly like a silent tear
 And all this time the river flowed
 Father, if Jesus exists then how come He never lived here.