

## Sting

### The Reindeer Section

Breathing on my ear  
I want to push you off but can't  
Your every move's an itch  
And I can't move at all for fear  
That body language is  
A language you're fluent in dear  
And I say who's for tea  
And someone else offers to go  
And you hold on to me  
And say "let them" you always go