**Mad About You**

**Sting**

[**https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WTMqPi\_GVm0**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WTMqPi_GVm0)  
A stone's throw from Jerusalem  
I walked a lonely mile in the moonlight  
And though a million stars were shining  
My heart was lost on a distant planet  
That whirls around the April moon  
Whirling in an arc of sadness  
I'm lost without you I'm lost without you  
Though all my kingdoms turn to sand  
And fall into the sea  
I'm mad about you I'm mad about you  
  
And from the dark secluded valleys  
I heard the ancient songs of sadness  
But every step I thought of you  
Every footstep only you  
And every star a grain of sand  
The leavings of a dried up ocean  
Tell me, how much longer? How much longer?  
  
They say a city in the desert lies  
The vanity of an ancient king  
But the city lies in broken pieces  
Where the wind howls and the vultures sing  
These are the works of man  
This is the sum of our ambition  
It would make a prison of my life  
If you became another's wife  
With every prison blown to dust  
My enemies walk free  
I'm mad about you I'm mad about you  
  
And I have never in my life  
Felt more alone than I do now  
Although I claim dominions over all I see  
It means nothing to me  
There are no victories  
In all our histories, without love  
  
A stone's throw from Jerusalem  
Ι walked a lonely mile in the moonlight  
And though a million stars were shining  
My heart was lost on a distant planet  
That whirls around the April moon  
Whirling in an arc of sadness  
I'm lost without you I'm lost without you  
And though you hold the keys to ruin  
Of everything I see  
With every prison blown to dust,  
My enemies walk free  
Though all my kingdoms turn to sand  
And fall into the sea  
I'm mad about you I'm mad about you

**OZYMANDIAS**

a [sonnet](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sonnet) by [Percy Bysshe Shelley](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Percy_Bysshe_Shelley),

published in 1818

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

**Analysis**

The central theme of "Ozymandias" is the inevitable complete decline of all leaders, and of the empires they build, however mighty in their own time.



The '[Younger Memnon](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Younger_Memnon)' [statue](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Statue) of Ramesses II in the British Museum thought to have inspired the poem

Ozymandias was another name for [Ramesses the Great](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ramesses_II), [Pharaoh](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pharaoh) of the [nineteenth dynasty](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nineteenth_dynasty_of_Egypt) of ancient Egypt.[[4]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ozymandias#cite_note-3) Ozymandias represents a [transliteration](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Transliteration) into [Greek](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Greek_language) of a part of Ramesses' [throne name](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Throne_name), User-maat-re Setep-en-re. The sonnet paraphrases the inscription\* on the base of the [statue](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Statue), given by [Diodorus Siculus](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Diodorus_Siculus) in his [Bibliotheca historica](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bibliotheca_historica) as "[King of Kings](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/King_of_Kings) am I, Osymandias. If anyone would know how great I am and where I lie, let him surpass one of my works."

* Αll statues of Egyptian kings have a uniform expression of serene benevolence.
* Among the earlier senses of the verb "to mock" is "to fashion an imitation of reality" but by Shelley's day the current sense "to ridicule" (especially by mimicking) had come to the fore.

"[King of Kings](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/King_of_Kings) am I, Osymandias. If anyone would know how great I am and where I lie, let him surpass one of my works."\*