

## **Knopfler "What It Is"**

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The drinking dens are spilling out  
There's staggering in the square  
There's lads and lasses falling about  
And a crackling in the air  
Down around the dungeon doors  
The shelters and the queues  
Everybody's looking for somebody's arms to fall into  
And it's what it is it's what it is now

There's frost on the graves and monuments  
But the taverns are warm in town  
People curse the government  
And shovel hot food down  
The lights are out in city hall  
The castle and the keep  
The moon shines down upon it all  
The legless and asleep

And it's cold on the tollgate with the wagons creeping  
through  
Cold on the tollgate God knows what I could do with  
you  
And it's what it is it's what it is now

The garrison sleeps in the citadel  
With the ghosts and the ancient stones  
High up on the parapet a Scottish piper stands alone  
And high on the wind the highland drums begin to roll  
And something from the past just comes and stares  
into my soul

And it's cold on the tollgate with the Caledonian blues  
Cold on the tollgate God knows what I could do with  
you  
And it's what it is...

There's a chink of light there's a burning wick  
There's a lantern in the tower  
Wee Willie Winkie with a candlestick  
Still writing songs in the wee wee hours  
On Charlotte Street I take a walking stick from my hotel  
The ghost of Dirty Dick is still in search of Little Nell

And it's what it is...

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