

Mark Knopfler

"All The Roadrunning"

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A million miles our vagabond
Wheels clogged up beneath the clouds
They're counting down to show time
When we do it for real with the crowds

Air miles are owing but they don't come for free
And they don't give you any for pain
But if it's all for nothing
All the road running has been in vain

The rim shots come down like cannon fire
And thunder off the wall
There's a man in every corner
And each one is giving his all

This is my piper, this is my drum
So you never will hear me complain
And if it's all for nothing
All the road running has been in vain

All the road running
All the road running

Well, if you're inclined to go up on the wall
It can only be fast and high
And those who don't like the danger
Soon find something different to try

And when there is only a ring in your ears
And an echo down memory lane
Then if it's all for nothing
All the road running has been in vain

All the road running
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All the road running
All the road running

The show's packing up, I sit and I watch
The carnival leaving town
There's no pretending, I'm not a fool
For riding around and around

Like the pictures you keep of your old wall of death
You showed me one time on the plane
But if it's all for nothing
All the road running, it's been in vain

I've a million miles of vagabond sky
Clocked up above the clouds
I'm still your man for the roaming
For as long as there's roaming allowed

There'll be a rider and there'll be a wall
As long as the dream remains
And if it's all for nothing
All the road running, it's been in vain

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