

## Mark Knopfler "In The Gallery"

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Harry made a bareback rider proud and free upon a horse  
And a fine coalminer for the ncb that was  
A fallen angel and jesus on the cross  
A skating ballerina you should have seen her do the skater's waltz

Some people have got to paint and draw  
Harry had to work in clay and stone  
Like the waves coming to the shore  
It was in his blood and in his bones  
Ignored by all the trendy boys in london and in leeds  
He might as well have been making toys or strings of beads  
He could not be in the gallery

And then you get an artist says he doesn't want to paint at all  
He takes an empty canvas and sticks it on the wall

The birds of a feather all the phonies and all of the fakes  
While the dealers they get together  
And they decide who gets the breaks  
And who's going to be in the gallery

No lies he wouldn't compromise  
No junk no bits of string  
And all the lies we subsidise  
That just don't mean a thing  
I've got to say he passed away in obscurity  
And now all the vultures are coming down from the tree  
So he's going to be in the gallery

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