

Mark Knopfler

"Let It All Go"

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When it's pop goes the weasel
let go of the easel
You don't want
this rickety rickety life.
It's seat of the trousers
It's all sink or swim, son
I'd kill to get crimson
on this palette knife.
And I'd steal in a minute
I'm up to here in it
You here behaving
as though I'm a saint
Get a job with a pension
Don't ever mention
you once had a craving
for the brushes and paint.

So go, forget it, let it all go
let it all go.
Go, forget it, let it all go
Go, forget it, let it all go
let it all go.
Go, forget it, let it all go
let it all go.

A hack writer judges
my swipes and my smudges
he doesn't like pictures
with blotches and blots.
The drawing room tea set
wants horses, sunsets
sweet nothing -
the seaside with yachts.
Here's the end of the thirties
no time for arties
over in Poland
a right old to-do
So go join the navy
the air force or the army
They'll all be enrolling
young fellows like you.

So go, forget it, let it all go
let it all go.
Go, forget it, let it all go
Go, forget it, let it all go
let it all go.
Go, forget it, let it all go
let it all go.

These are not my decisions
flaming visions
ringing expression
the clamouring voice.
It's volcanic desire
the unquenchable fire
It isn't a question
of having the choice.
Anyway, now i'm old
but if you won't be told
if you've been created
to answer the call
all passion and lust
is going to end in the dust
but you'll hang on some
government gallery wall.

So go, forget it, let it all go
let it all go.
Go, forget it, let it all go
Go, forget it, let it all go
let it all go.
Go, forget it, let it all go
let it all go.

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