

## Mark Knopfler "Madame Geneva's"

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I'm a maker of ballads right pretty  
I write 'em right here in the street  
You can buy them all over the city  
Yours for a penny a sheet

I'm a word pecker out of the printers  
Out of the dens of Gin Lane  
I'll write up a scene on a counter  
Confessions and sins in the main  
Boys, confession and sins in the main

Then you'll find me in Madame Geneva's  
Keepin' the demons at bay  
There's nothin' like gin for drownin' them in  
But they'll always be back on a hangin' day  
On a hangin' day

They come rattlin' over the cobbles  
They sit on their coffins of black  
Some are struck dumb, some gabble  
Top-heavy on brandy or sack

The pews are all full of fine fellows  
And the hawker has set up her shop  
As they're turnin' 'em off at the gallows  
She'll be sellin' right under the drop  
Boys, sellin' right under the drop

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There's nothin' like gin for drownin' them in  
But they'll always be back on a hangin' day  
On a hangin' day

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