

Knopfler Mark

"No Can Do"

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(M. Knopfler)

Skint in a material world

I did a warehouse stint for southsea girl

It was Hong Kong clothes for cash

Everybody got treated worse than trash

Punch the card in the company clock

Load the trolleys and the company trucks

And around and around the whole day through

And you couldn't sit down when there was nothing to
do

Well they had beaten up people from every land

Fools like me trying to be in bands

A little French girl so good to me

But I couldn't love her back so lonely

A backpacker travelling through

A lumberjack with the travelling blues

We had worn out shoes and worn out cuffs

And big ideas that were never big enough

He said the man wants you go wash his car

Hey you I'm talking to you

I said me, not me uh uh

No can do

No can can do no can

No can can do no can

Now some were grown up unlike me

And were dealing with reality

I was spittin' sulkin' smokin' shirkin'

While a lady from Jamaica was singing and working

I had everyone but me to blame

And every day was just the same

Well nobody ever said it was a righteous world

But if they did they never said it at southsea girl

He said the man wants you go wash his car

Hey you I'm talking to you

I said me, not me uh uh

No can do

No can can do no can

No can can do no can

Well I've made my bed on peoples floors

Opened up and closed some doors

Dreamed that if my dreams came true

Then I wouldn't do what I didn't want to
Walking through the gates to the outside
To dream some dreams that never died
And I walked the streets of London town
Looking for a place to put my head down

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