

Knopfler Mark

"Nobodys Got the Gun"

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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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