

## **Knopfler Mark**

### **"What It Is"**

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The drinking dens are spilling out  
There's staggering in the square  
There's lads and lasses falling about  
And a crackling in the air  
Down around the dungeon doors  
The shelters and the queues  
Everybody's looking for  
Somebody arms to fall into  
And it's what it is  
It's what it is now  
There's frost on the graves and the monuments  
But the taverns are warm in town  
People Curse the government  
And shovel hot food down  
The lights are out in the city hall  
The castle and the keep  
The moon shines down upon it all  
The legless and asleep  
And it's cold on the tollgate  
With the wagons creeping through  
Cold on the tollgate

God knows what I could do with you

And it's what it is

It's what it is now

High up on the parapet

A Scottish piper stands alone

And high on the wind

The highland drums begin to roll

And something from the past just comes

And stares into my soul

And it's cold on the tollgate

With the Caledonian Blues

Cold on the tollgate

God knows what I could do with you

And it's what it is

It's what it is now

What it is

It's what it is now

There's a chink of light, there's a burning wick

There's a lantern in the tower

Wee Willie Winkie with a candlestick

Still writing songs in the wee wee hours

On Charlotte Street I take

A walking stick from my hotel

The ghost of Dirty Dick

Is still in search of Little Nell

And it's what it is

It's what it is now

Oh what it is

What it is now

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