

Mark Knofler**"What it is"**

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The drinking dens are spilling out
There's staggering in the square
There are the 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's arms to fall into
And it's what it is
It's what it is now
There's the frost on the graves and the monuments
But the tavern is in worm in town
People curse the government
And shovel the hot food down
The lights are out in 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 creping 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

The garrison sleeps in the citadel

With the ghosts and the ancient stones

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

And it's 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 Neil

And it's what it is

It's what it is now

Oh it's what it is

It's what it is now

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