

Mark Knopfler, Let It All Go

When it's pop goes the weasel
let go of the easel
You don't want this rickety rackety life
It's seat of the trousers
It's all sink or swim, son
I'd kill to get crimson on this palette knife
And I'd steal in a minute
I'm up to here in it
You here behaving as though I'm a saint
Get a job with a pension
Don't ever mention
you once had a craving for the brushes and paint

So go, forget it, let it all go
let it all go
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Go, forget it, let it all go
Let it all go

A hack writer judges
my swipes and my smudges
he doesn't like pictures with blotches and blots
The drawing room tea set
wants horses, sunsets -
sweet nothings - the seaside with yachts
Here's the end of the thirties
no time for artistes
over in Poland a right old to-do
So go join the navy
the air force or the army
They'll all be enrolling young fellows like you

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These are not my decisions
flaming visions
ringing expressions the clamouring voice
It's volcanic desire
the unquenchable fire
It isn't a question, you haven't a choice.
Anyway, now I'm old
but if you won't be told
if you've been created to answer the call
all passion and lust
is going to end in the dust
but you'll hang on some government gallery wall

You must go, forget it
let it all go, let it all go
Go, forget it, let it all go
Go, forget it
let it all go, let it all go
Go, forget it, let it all go
Let it all go