

Mark Knopfler, Madame Geneva's

I'm a maker of ballads right pretty
I write them right here in the street
You can buy them all over the city
yours for a penny a sheet
I'm a word pecker out of the printers
Out of the dens of Gin lane
I'll write up a scene on a counter
- confessions and sins in the main, boys
confessions and sins in the main

Then you'll find me in Madame Geneva's
keeping the demons at bay
There's nothing like gin for drowning them in
but they'll always be back on a hanging day

They come rattling over the cobbles
they sit on their coffins of black
Some are struck dumb, some gabble
top-heavy on brandy or sack
The pews are all full of fine fellows
and the hawker has set up her shop
As they're turning them off at the gallows
she'll be selling right under the drop, boys
selling right under the drop

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on a hanging day.