

Mark Knopfler, Stand Up Guy

Brew the coffee in a bucket
Double straight man and banjo
If you don't got the snake oil
Buster, you don't got a show
Who puts the doh-re-me
In our pockets
Keeps the party going on?
It's the man
Who sells the potions
I'm just one who plays the songs
Now they generally buys
The bigger size
They usually rub it in
I drank it once, it tasted
Like grease and paraffin
It's mostly alcohol, okay
You can't deny it's strong
We was going through the motions
'til the doctor came along

There stands the bottle
Ladies and gentlemen
All these bottles
Don't have to tell you, friends
These days miracles
Don't come falling from the sky
Raise your glasses to the doctor
To a stand up guy

When the monkeyshine is flying
And he's promising the cure
He says the french
For your lovesick blues
La maladie d'amour
He gets the chumps all laughing
But he gets a few to buy
Here's to beefsteak
When you're hungry
And whiskey when you're dry
Now the band'll blow their moolah
Like sailors gone ashore
Now we're going to west helena
To gamble, drink and whore
Let's you and me
All make whoopee
Here's mud in your eye
Here's to all the gals you ever want
And heaven when you die

There stands the bottle
Ladies and gentlemen
All these bottles
Don't have to tell you, friends
These days miracles
Don't come falling from the sky
Raise your glasses to the doctor
To a stand up guy

There's a big cheese with a cigar
Been sizing up the show
He wants to get the doctor
Pitching on the radio
I will make a switch to guitar
But the rules all still apply

They want to trust somebody
Yeah, they want a stand up guy

There stands the bottle
Here's to absent friends
All these bottles
Dead soldiers in the end
These days miracles
Don't come falling from the sky
Raise your glasses to the doctor
To a stand up guy
To the doctor
A stand up guy