

# Mark Knopfler, The Ragpicker's Dream

When Jack Frost came for Christmas  
With a brass monkey date  
The rail-king and the scarecrow  
Hopped a Florida freight  
And they blew on their paper cups  
And stared through the steam  
Then they drank half a bottle  
Of Ragpicker's Dream where

The whiskey keeps following  
Cold pitchers of beer  
Me and my associate  
Like the clientele here get  
The onions and the 'taters  
Rib-eyes on the grill  
Toothpicks and luckies  
And a coffee refill as

The rail-king lay rocking  
He was leaving the ground  
Then he was flying like Santa Claus  
Over the town where  
He came to the window  
Of a house by a stream  
It was a family Christmas  
In the Ragpicker's Dream there

Were kids at the table  
All aglow in the light  
Music in the wintertime  
Sure carries at night there  
Was turkey and gravy  
Pie and ice cream  
And gifts for each and everyone  
In the Ragpicker's Dream where

The red-eye keeps tumbling  
In our glasses of beer  
Me and my associate  
Like the service in here there's  
A ten for your trouble  
You have beautiful hair  
Make the last one two doubles  
It's a cold one out there where

The scarecrow and the rail-king  
Have started to dance  
But a nightstick and a billyclub  
Won't give peace a chance here  
I think they went thataways  
Your song and dance team  
Heading home for the holidays  
With the Ragpicker's Dream on

His knees like a fighter  
The rail-riding king  
Like a sack of potatoes  
Like a bull in the ring where  
The scarecrow falls over  
With a tear in the seam  
Home for the rover  
In the Ragpicker's Dream where

The red-eye keeps tumbling

Like tears in our beer  
Me and my associate  
Like the ambience here where  
They cornered two castaways  
In a white flashlight beam  
Merry Christmas and happy days  
In the Ragpicker's Dream