

Mark Knopfler, What Is It

The drinking dens are spilling out
There's staggering in the square
There's lads and lasses falling about
And a crackling in the air
Down around the dungeon doors
The shelters in 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 frost on the graves and the monuments
But the taverns are warm in town
People curse the government
And shovel 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 a tollgate
With the wagons creeping through
Cold on a tollgate
God knows what I could do with you
And It's what it is
It's what it is now
The garrison sleeps and 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 a tollgate
Where the Caledonian blues
Cold on a tollgate
God knows what I could do with you
And It's what it is
It's what it is now
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 Nell
And it's what it is
It's what it is now
Oh it's what it is
What it is now