

Mark Knopfler, What It Is

The drinking dens are spilling out and staggering in the square,
there's lads and lasses falling about and a crackling in the air
then around the dungeon doors there's shelters in the queues,
everybody's looking for somebody's arms to fall into

It's what it is. That's what it is man

Here's frost on the graves and the monuments but the taverns are warm in town
People curse the government and shovel hot food down
Lights are out in cityhall, the castle and the keep
moon shines down upon it all, the legless and the sleepless

Cold on a tollgate where the wagons creeping through
Cold on a tollgate God knows what I can do

Hmm that's what it is, it's what it is now

The garrison sleeps and the citadel with the ghosts and the ancient stones
High on the parapet the Scottish pipers stands alone
High on the wind the howling runes speak of the rule
And something from the past just comes and stares into my soul

Cold on a tollgate where the Caledonian moves
Cold on a tollgate God knows what I can do with you

That's what it is, it's what it is now
What it is, it's what it is now now now

There's a chink of light as a burning wick
there's a lantern in the tower
Wee Willie Winkie with the candle sticks still writing songs in the mean wee hours
On Charlotte Street they take a walking stick from my hotel
The ghost of Dirty Dick is still in search of little Nell

That's what it is, it's what it is now
What it is, it's what it is now now now