

Mark Knopfler, What It Is - Extended (Mexican Pr

The drinking dens are spilling out
There's staggering in the square
There's lads and lasses fall about
And a crackling in the air
Down around the dungeon doors
The shelters and the queues
Everybody's looking for
Somebody's arms to fall into
It's what it is
That'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 the city hall
The castle and the keep
The moon shines down upon it all
The legless and the sleepless

Cold on the tollgate
With the wagons creeping through
Cold on the tollgate
God knows what I could do with you
That's what it is
It's what it is now

The garrison sleeps in the citadel With the ghosts and the ancient stones
High 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

Cold on the tollgate let the drums beat the tattoo
Cold on the tollgate God knows what I can do with you
And it's what it is
It's what it is now
What it is
's What it is now

And the highwayman stands blowing on his fingers by the green
I've walked inside his shoes before so I always buy his magazine
He's with a local mystery with blood stains on her hands
I like the way she winks at me but I leave her with the highwayman

And it's cold on the tollgate with the Caledonian Blues
Cold on the 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 what it is
What it is now now now