

# Mark Knopfler, Why Aye Man

We had no way of staying afloat  
We had to leave on the ferry boat  
Economic refugees  
On the run to Germany  
We had the back of Maggie's hand  
Times were tough in Geordieland  
We got wor tools and working gear  
And humped it all from Newcastle to here

Why aye man, why aye, why aye man  
Why aye man, why aye, why aye man

We're the nomad tribes, travelling boys  
In the dust and dirt and the racket and the noise  
Drills and hammers, diggers and picks  
Mixing concrete, laying bricks  
There's English, Irish, Scots, the lot  
United Nation's what we've got  
Brickies, chippies, every trade  
German building, british-made

Why aye man, why aye, why aye man  
Why aye man, why aye, why aye man

Nae more work on Maggie's farm  
Hadaway down the autobahn  
Mine's a portacabin bed  
Or a bunk in a nissen hut instead

There's plenty deutschmarks here to earn  
And German tarts are wunderschoen  
German beer is chemical-free  
Germany's alreet with me  
Sometimes I miss my river Tyne  
But you're my pretty fraulein  
Tonight we'll drink the old town dry  
Keep wor spirit levels high

Why aye man, why aye, why aye man  
Why aye man, why aye, why aye man