

Mark Knopfler, You Don't Know You're Born

What do you know about the hammer and the spike
What do you know about the farm
You don't know
You don't know what it's like
Because you don't know
You don't know you're born

What do you know about the hammer and the chisel
You only know the kitchen and the warm
You don't know about the night shift whistle
Punching the clock to the horn
Because you don't know
You don't know you're born

You don't know
You don't know you're born
You don't know
You don't know you're born

What do you know about the hammer and the nails
Know about the thistles and the thorns
What do you know about the road and the rails
Your heart so weary and your hands all worn
Your hands so weary and your heart all torn
And you don't know
You don't know you're born