

# Broken Bones

Mark Knopfler

She likes a man with a broken nose  
Lucky for me, I suppose  
Shots coming in like the monthly bills  
Soon they'll be saying I'm over the hill

Well the bell goes clang and you're on your own  
You take your medicine and go home  
You take it like a man, on the chin  
And you don't make a fuss when the towel comes in

Now let me go home, got to lay in ice  
And I don't want to hear no more advice  
Just give me my clothes  
Get me out of this place  
How many more stitches in my face?

Those broken bones, you pick 'em up and carry 'em  
Broken bones, you carry 'em home  
Broken bones, you pick 'em up and carry 'em  
Broken bones, you carry 'em home

He had the punch lines, I was the joke  
Every shot felt like something broke  
It was all much more than a man should stand  
And I finally went down to a big right hand

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Just give me my clothes  
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