

Matchstick Man

Mark Knopfler

So there he was then, Penzance to play
Christmas Eve in a nowhere band
Now early morning Christmas Day
He's hitching home to Geordieland

Last night the snow came, just my luck
And who the hell do you think you are
Climbing up into that truck
With your old bag and your guitar

And you, you would-be vagabond
No-one invited you, you know
Matchstick man, up in the dawn
You've got five hundred miles to go

The driver now must drop off his load
The snow still laying thick on the ground
Leaves him on a high crossroads
Where he can see for miles around

The sun is shining, sky is blue
And everything is white and bare
Not a car comes into view
There's nothing moving anywhere

And you, you would-be vagabond
No-one invited you, you know
Matchstick man, you speck upon
These vast and silent plains of snow