

One Song at a Time

Mark Knopfler

My whistle under the archways
Still echoes down the street
All the way back to Deptford days
Nights down by The Creek
Notes as big as river boats
Still echoing through the clubs
With the horns of the trains
Down the old back lanes
And the lights of the corner pubs

In a taproom lined with mirrors
There's a man there at the bar
Reminds you of somebody
He says I know who you are
He's right, I know I could be him
But anyway who is who?
You could be looking at
What he's looking at
And he's looking at you

And I'll be out of this place
And down the road wherever
There but for the grace, etcetera
I'll see you later but it's 1979
And I'm picking my way out of here
One song at a time

The slaving ports of plunder
Used to stink to heaven on high
Companions of honour
Always were in short supply
The Bristol ships and Liverpool's
On every tide they came
The times they may have changed, my friend
Some people stay the same

And I'll be out of this place
And down the road wherever
There but for the grace, etcetera
I'll see you later but it's 1879
And I'm picking my way out of here
One song at a time

A grinning mogul greets the crowd
At Execution Dock
All come to see three mutineers
Turned off at twelve o'clock
The shyster takes a ringside seat
As they're bringing them from the jail
And twenty thousand tickets
Sold online on premium sale

So if you need to reach me
You can leave word at The Pig
I have no wish to stay around
To watch that Newgate jig
Or any more poor old fakers

Trying to dance in my old shoes
I'll be gone over the ocean
With the transatlantic blues

And I'll be out of this place
And down the road wherever
There but for the grace, etcetera
I'll see you later somewhere down the line
I'll be picking my way out of here
One song at a time