

Punish the Monkey

Mark Knopfler

They're driving long nails into coffins
You've been having sleepless nights
You've gone as quiet as a church mouse
And checking on your rights
The boss has hung you out to dry
And it looks as though
They'll punish the monkey
And let the organ grinder go

You've been talking to a lawyer
Are you going to to pretend
That you and your employer
Are still the best of friends?
Somebody's going to take the fall
There's your quid pro quo
They'll punish the monkey
And let the organ grinder go

Here comes a policeman
He won't be sidetracked
He's asking about a smoking gun
He's after the facts

It's a quiet life from here on in
You've dropped your poison cup
The telephone is ringing
But you're not picking up
Time's up, Sir Lord Flunkey
And everybody knows
They'll punish the monkey
And let the organ grinder go