

Yon Two Crows

Mark Knopfler

Pennies from heaven
Don't make me laugh
Here all you'll get
Is the pattering rain
Or yon two crows up over the hill
Looking for winterkill
Always at your boots
The mud behind the byre
With its clammy hold
Would mock you up a grave
Here in the mire of a wrecked sheepfold

And all you'll bring to this
Is muscle and grit
Persistence, that's just about it
What made you think
There'd be a living in sheep?
Eat, work, eat, work and sleep

Duck under the eaves
Of the bothy
To sit here, caged by rain
Somewhere to go conjure
A next move
When I have to think again
The dog lifts his gaze to plead
Believes the wizard has a magic stick
Leans his weight into my tweed
I give an unholy hand to lick

I take a swig of sheep dip
From my flask
And once again I ask
What made you think
There'd be a living in sheep?
Eat, work, eat, work and sleep

They were at this game
Two hundred years ago
Had thirty ways
Of dying young, poor souls
Laid to rest in their soggy rows
Rain on their holy books
Blood and whisky
On the tongue
And no-one watching over anyone
No-one left but your stubborn one
And the crows and rooks

Ah, the dying young
Well I'm not done
You watch me and I'll watch thee
I can still work for two men
And drink for three

And I raise my flask
To the clearing skies

To you, sweepers
You carrion spies
To scavenge and survive
If you can do it so can I