

Down to the Waterline

Dire Straits

Sweet surrender on the quay side
You remember we used to run and hide
In the shadows of cargoes, I take you on time,
A Counting all the numbers down to the waterline

Near misses on the dogleap stairways
French kisses in the darkened doorways
Foghorn blowing out wild and cold
A policeman shines a light upon my shoulder

Up comes a coaster, fast and silent through the night
Over my shoulder, all you can see are pilot lights
No money in our jackets and jeans are torn
Your hands are cold but your lips are warm

She can see you in the jetty where you used to go
she can see you in the places where the sailors go
when she's walking down the river on the railway line
she can still hear you whisper
Lets go down to the water line

come on.