

## 5.15 A.M.

Mark Knopfler

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Snow laying all around  
A collier cycles home  
From his night shift underground  
Past the silent pub  
Primary school, workingmens club  
On the road from the pithead  
The churchyard packed  
With mining dead

Then beneath the bridge  
He comes to a giant car  
A shroud of snow upon the roof  
A mark ten jaguar  
He thought the man was fast asleep  
Silent, still and deep  
Both dead and cold  
Shot through  
With bullet holes

The one armed bandit man  
Came north to fill his boots  
Came up from cockneyland  
E-type jags and flashy suits  
Put your money in  
Pull the levers  
Watch them spin  
Cash cows in all the pubs  
But he preferred the new nightclubs

Nineteen sixty-seven  
Bandit men in birdcage heaven  
La dolce vita, sixty-nine  
All new to people of the tyne

Who knows who did what  
Somebody made a call  
They said his hands  
Were in the pot  
That he'd been skimming hauls  
He picks up the swag  
They gaily gave away  
Drives his giant jag  
Off to his big pay day

The bandit man  
Came north to fill his boots  
Came up from cockneyland  
E-type jags and flashy suits  
The bandit man  
Came up the great north road  
Up to geordieland  
To mine  
The mother lode

Seams blew up or cracked  
Black diamonds came hard won

Generations toiled and hacked  
For a pittance and black lung  
Crushed by tub or stone  
Together  
And alone  
How the young and old  
Paid the price of coal

Eighteen sixty-seven  
My angel's gone to heaven  
He'll be happy there  
Sunlight and sweet clean air

They gather round the glass  
Tough hewers and crutters  
Child trappers and putters  
The little foals and half-marrows  
Who pushed  
And pulled the barrows  
The hod boys  
And the rolleywaymen  
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