

# Everybody Pays

Mark Knopfler

I got shot off my horse  
So what? I'm up again  
And playing in one of these  
Big saloons on main  
You can come up here  
Take a look  
Around these sinners' dens  
You're only ever going to find  
One or two real games  
Nobody's driving  
Me underground  
Not yet anyway

But either on the strip  
Or on the edge of town  
Everybody pays  
Everybody pays to play

Yeah, you ought to stay  
Right where you are  
In sawdust land  
It's probably the  
Safest place to be  
With your greasy little pork pies  
And your shoestring hands  
It makes no difference to me

All those directions  
Which we never took  
To go our different ways  
Who went and wrote  
The oldest story in the book?  
Everybody pays  
Everybody pays to play

Curl up inside  
A boxcar dream  
And disappear  
With a couple

Low roller friends  
You were never one  
For trouble  
So get out of here  
I knew the game  
Was dangerous back then  
But nobody's breezing  
Through these swinging doors  
Just ups and walks away  
Everybody has to leave  
Some blood here on the floor  
Everybody pays  
Everybody pays to play  
Everybody pays

