

## Floating Away

Mark Knopfler

It's the weight I'm trying  
To get inside the frame  
I've been painting a fat man  
He's big and fat and heavy  
As a man can be  
But he's been floating away, floating away  
He's been floating away from me

In the mirror my withering skin  
Is a thorny pleasure  
I stand unflinching  
And I mark each crease and sting  
My brush my wooden flail  
My ancient thresher  
As unforgiving time flays everything

It's the truth I'm trying  
To get inside the frame  
Now I'm painting myself naked  
But I need a pair of boots  
About as heavy as boots can be  
Or I'd be floating away, floating away  
I'd be floating away from me

And every thorn sends thistledown  
Drifting all around  
And floating away, floating away  
Floating away from me