

## Matchstick Man

Mark Knopfler

So there he was then, Penzance to play  
Christmas Eve in a nowhere band  
Now early morning Christmas Day  
He's hitching home to Geordieland

Last night the snow came, just my luck  
And who the hell do you think you are  
Climbing up into that truck  
With your old bag and your guitar

And you, you would-be vagabond  
No-one invited you, you know  
Matchstick man, up in the dawn  
You've got five hundred miles to go

The driver now must drop off his load  
The snow still laying thick on the ground  
Leaves him on a high crossroads  
Where he can see for miles around

The sun is shining, sky is blue  
And everything is white and bare  
Not a car comes into view  
There's nothing moving anywhere

And you, you would-be vagabond  
No-one invited you, you know  
Matchstick man, you speck upon  
These vast and silent plains of snow