

## On Every Street

Mark Knopfler

There's gotta be a record of you someplace  
You gotta be on somebody's books  
The lowdown - a picture of your face  
Your injured looks  
The sacred and profane  
The pleasure and the pain  
Somewhere your fingerprints remain concrete  
And it's your face I'm looking for on every street

A ladykiller - regulation tattoo  
Silver spurs on his heels  
Says - what can I tell you, as I'm standing next to you  
She threw herself under my wheels  
Oh it's a dangerous road  
And a hazardous load  
And the fireworks over liberty explode in the heat  
And it's your face I'm looking for on every street

A three-chord symphony crashes into space  
The moon is hanging upside down  
I don't know why it is I'm still on the case  
It's a ravenous town  
And you still refuse to be traced  
Seems to me such a waste  
And every victory has a taste that's bittersweet  
And it's your face I'm looking for on every street