

Trapper Man

Mark Knopfler

The trapper man's in from the hinterlands
Filth and grease on his clothes and hands
From the outermost, the farthestmost
Comes riding in to the trading post
Got a pack horse loaded up with hides
Steps in to see the man inside
I got furs, skins, a little meat too
Here, I got a good piece just for you

You take this home to give the wife
The trapper draws his skinning knife
Now the fat man's desk is a butcher's block
The trapper cuts the meat and talks
You're gonna lose your shirt on a nowhere man
Lose your shirt in nowhere land
Back out there is my country
And you best let this trapper be the trapper
You need the trapper man
The trapper man

If you don't want to be where lightning strikes
Better let me work the way I like
You don't want to know how I fill my sacks
You go out there you don't come back
You got nature red in tooth and claw
And you ain't got no rule of law
And if you don't know nature's way
All that's gonna stop you being the prey is the trapper
You need the trapper man
The trapper man

You wanna wear them gems and rings
You wanna show off them shiny things
Shake your money maker, bro
Where the movers and the shakers go
You wanna go do what you do
Let the gold and silver come to you
I need you but you need me
So you best let this trapper be the trapper
You need the trapper man
The trapper man

When he's done his thing and gone his way
The fat men light cigars and say
"Holy smokes did you see that?
We all made money on the trapper cat"
Sit back in their big ass chairs
Say, "Boys, that is the man right there"
I'm the lifeline for your big soft ass
It's the trapper puts it in first class, the trapper
You need the trapper man
The trapper man