Back In The Day

Mark Knopfler

You had to know what you were doing
Up on the band
Nobody lining up
To come give you a hand
No way could you fake it
At 18th and Vine
And we could really put the sauce on it
We'd do it all the time

We was hot as smokin' pistols
Chopping everybody down
Swinging like dogs, man
Kings of the town
There'd be a cutting contest
You had to do your research
I'd pull out a lick or two
From Saturday night church
Yeah, you'd maybe get to try
A couple things you learned
But you had to do your homework
'Cause a gig was earned

When swing turned into bebop
It was all going on
Blowing all night
On past the dawn
I might play all day
I might play all night
Whatever made you stronger, baby
That was alright
Yeah, you'd maybe get to try
A couple things you'd learned
But you had to know your business
'Cause everybody burned

Well a beer was a nickel
A whiskey was a dime
They'd come to Kansas City
See the girls on Vine
Might get a hot shot
Wanna bring along his horn
We liked to clean 'em up
And head 'em back where they belong
So long

But it's just the old malarkey
That'll wear you down
Some people are the pits, man
There's always some around
Some will take advantage
If they can
It's the old baloney sandwich
You dig me, man?
I'm talking about a time
When every man could play
But that's the way it was
Back in the day