

Broken Bones

Mark Knopfler

She likes a man with a broken nose
Lucky for me, I suppose
Shots coming in like the monthly bills
Soon they'll be saying I'm over the hill

Well the bell goes clang and you're on your own
You take your medicine and go home
You take it like a man, on the chin
And you don't make a fuss when the towel comes in

Now let me go home, got to lay in ice
And I don't want to hear no more advice
Just give me my clothes
Get me out of this place
How many more stitches in my face?

Those broken bones, you pick 'em up and carry 'em
Broken bones, you carry 'em home
Broken bones, you pick 'em up and carry 'em
Broken bones, you carry 'em home

He had the punch lines, I was the joke
Every shot felt like something broke
It was all much more than a man should stand
And I finally went down to a big right hand

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