

Floating Away

Mark Knopfler

It's the weight I'm trying
To get inside the frame
I've been painting a fat man
He's big and fat and heavy
As a man can be
But he's been floating away, floating away
He's been floating away from me

In the mirror my withering skin
Is a thorny pleasure
I stand unflinching
And I mark each crease and sting
My brush my wooden flail
My ancient thresher
As unforgiving time flays everything

It's the truth I'm trying
To get inside the frame
Now I'm painting myself naked
But I need a pair of boots
About as heavy as boots can be
Or I'd be floating away, floating away
I'd be floating away from me

And every thorn sends thistledown
Drifting all around
And floating away, floating away
Floating away from me