

# Gravy Train

Mark Knopfler

Well they fly past the ghettos and the factories  
Ridin' on the Gravy Train  
Leaving all the places that they really ought to brave  
Ridin' on the Gravy Train  
Past the coal mines black and scarred  
Starter houses in the loading yard  
On the Gravy Train, On the Gravy Train

There's the lucky little mothers in their luxury cars  
Ridin' on the Gravy Train  
Never thank each other or their lucky stars  
Ridin' on the Gravy Train  
That's worse than ingratitude  
Worse than a piss poor attitude

On the Gravy Train, Gravy Train

Well the hanger-uppers and the hangers-on  
Ridin' on the Gravy Train  
Champagne suppers with their daggers all drawn  
Ridin' on the Gravy Train  
Some act tough, some act rude  
Some bit of fluff complain about the food  
You want to see somebody getting really rude  
Get on the Gravy Train, Gravy Train

Well the golden goose is clattering-a-down the track,  
And they're gonna be ridin' in an old caboose  
Coming back

There's the soldiers of fashion on the hit parade  
Ridin' on the Gravy Train  
Tongue lashing with the bitch brigade  
Ridin' on the Gravy Train  
Free loader licks my boots  
Tells me how he digs my suit  
You got lucky son, don't get cute  
Get on the Gravy Train