## Madame Geneva's

## Mark Knopfler

I'm a maker of ballads right pretty
I write them right here in the street
You can buy them all over the city
Yours for a penny a sheet
I'm a word pecker out of the printers

I'll write up a scene on a counter
- confessions and sins in the main, boys
Confessions and sins in the main

Then you'll find me in Madame Geneva's Keeping the demons at bay There's nothing like gin for drowning them in But they'll always be back on a hanging day

They come rattling over the cobbles They sit on their coffins of black Some are struck dumb, some gabble Top-heavy on brandy or sack The pews are all full of fine fellows And the hawker has set up her shop As they're turning them off at the gallows She'll be selling right under the drop, boys Selling right under the drop

Then you'll find me in Madame Geneva's Keeping the demons at bay There's nothing like gin for drowning them in But they'll always be back on a hanging day