

Sweeter Than The Rain

Mark Knopfler

My hunter's heart may not be merciless
But on this day of freezing snow
It's as cold as the heart of the ice princess
Who didn't want to know

I take my orders, ask few questions
It's no real life for a decent man
Few clear-cut lines or regulations
Low on prospects and future plans

If you should hearken to the devil's bidding
Perchance you'll bring me work to do
It may not be my heart's true calling
But I will surely come for you

To you who live by rape and plunder
I'll shoot or hang with scant remorse
My Old Reliable, the avenging thunder
Else my rope and faithful horse

Your late companion in haste repented
I had him take a ride with me
Through this poor country he had so tormented
Until we came to the highest tree

He did reveal in his confession
That you were making for the train
This bitter snow will soon be melting
And nothing sweeter than the rain