

The Boy

Mark Knopfler

Sandwich in my pocket
Topcoat buttoned tight
Still thirty miles to pedal
On these empty roads at night
But the moon's a giant lantern
There's no need for a light
I'll be home in good time In the morning

The Boy turned pro so early
Went down London way
I'll pay a visit now and then
Make sure he's okay
We don't do too much talking
We look forward anyway
Sometimes we'll just talk
About the same old

Who knows where the world is going
Nobody does
But all the same
We could never change
We could never change
Because he's all we've got
No more or less
The Boy, God bless
He's just The Boy

There's no sign he'll pack it in
Says why should he stop
He makes more money in that gym
Than in any blacksmith's shop

He seems to like the glamour
The crowds and city lights
He likes the cash, he likes the flash
And fuss around the fights
Will he know when it's all over
Will he still be sharp and bright
Still be working
Still be on a payroll?

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And he's The Boy
God bless
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