What It Is

Mark Knopfler

The drinking dens are spilling out There's staggering in the square There's lads and lasses falling about And a crackling in the air Down around the dungeon doors The shelters and the queues Everybody's looking for Somebody's arms to fall into That's what it is It's what it is now

There's frost on the graves and the monuments But the taverns are warm in town People curse the government And shovel hot food down Lights are out in the city hall The castle and the keep The moon shines down upon it all The legless and asleep

And it's cold on the tollgate With the wagons creeping through Cold on the tollgate God knows what I could do with you That's what it is It's what it is now

The garrison sleeps in the citadel With the ghosts and the ancient stones

High up on the parapet A Scottish piper stands alone And high on the wind The highland drums begin to roll And something from the past just comes And stares into my soul

And it's cold on the tollgate Let the drums beat the tatoo Cold on the tollgate God knows what I could do with you That's what it is It's what it is now What it is It's what it is now

There's a chink of light, there's a burning wick There's a lantern in the tower Wee Willie Winkie with a candlestick Still writing songs in the wee wee hours On Charlotte Street I take A walking stick from my hotel The ghost of Dirty Dick Is still in search of Little Nell That's what it is It's what it is now It's what it is What it is now