Yon Two Crows

Mark Knopfler

Pennies from heaven Don't make me laugh Here all you'll get Is the pattering rain Or yon two crows up over the hill Looking for winterkill Always at your boots The mud behind the byre With its clammy hold Would mock you up a grave Here in the mire of a wrecked sheepfold

And all you'll bring to this Is muscle and grit Persistence, that's just about it What made you think There'd be a living in sheep? Eat, work, eat, work and sleep

Duck under the eaves Of the bothy To sit here, caged by rain Somewhere to go conjure A next move When I have to think again The dog lifts his gaze to plead Believes the wizard has a magic stick Leans his weight into my tweed I give an unholy hand to lick

I take a swig of sheep dip From my flask And once again I ask What made you think There'd be a living in sheep? Eat, work, eat, work and sleep

They were at this game Two hundred years ago Had thirty ways Of dying young, poor souls Laid to rest in their soggy rows Rain on their holy books Blood and whisky On the tongue And no-one watching over anyone No-one left but your stubborn one And the crows and rooks

Ah, the dying young Well I'm not done You watch me and I'll watch thee I can still work for two men And drink for three

And I raise my flask To the clearing skies To you, sweepers You carrion spies To scavenge and survive If you can do it so can I