

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
It'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 the sleepless
Cold on the tollgate
With the wagons creeping through
Cold on the tollgate
God knows what I could do with you
It's what it is
It's what it is now
The Garison sleeps in the citadel
With the ghost and the ancient stones
High on the parapet
A Scottish piper stands alone
High on the wind
The highland drums begin to roll
And something from the past just comes
And stares into my soul
Cold on the tollgate
With the Caledonian Blues
Cold on the tollgate
God knows what I could do with you
It'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
It's what it is

It's what it is now
Oh what it is
What it is now now now

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