

# Why Aye Man

Mark Knopfler

We had no way of staying afloat,  
We had to leave on a ferryboat.  
Economic refugees,  
On the run to Germany.  
We had the back of Maggie's hand,  
Times were tough in Geordie-land.  
We got our tools and working gear  
And humped it all from Newcastle to here.  
Why aye man.  
Why aye, why aye man.  
Why aye man,  
Why aye, why aye man.  
Why aye man.  
Why aye, why aye man.  
Why aye man,  
Why aye, why aye man.  
We're nomad tribes, travelling boys,  
In the dust and dirt and the wrecking noise.  
Drills and hammers, diggers and picks,  
Mixing concrete, laying bricks.  
There's English, Irish, Scots, the lot.  
United Nations what we got.  
Brickies, chippies, every trade.  
German building, British made. Why aye man.  
Why aye, why aye man.  
Why aye man,  
Why aye, why aye man.  
Why aye man.  
Why aye, why aye man.  
Why aye man,  
Why aye, why aye man.  
Nay more work on Maggie's farm.  
Head away down the autobahn.  
Mine's a Portakabin bed,  
Or a bunk in a Nissen hut instead. There's plenty Deutschmarks here to earn.  
And German tarts are wunderschön.  
German beer is chemical free.  
Germany's alright with me.  
Sometimes I miss my River Tyne,  
But you're my pretty fraulein.  
Tonight we'll drink the old town dry,  
Keep our spirit levels high. Why aye man.

Why aye, why aye man.  
Why aye man,  
Why aye, why aye man.  
Why aye man.  
Why aye, why aye man.  
Why aye man,  
Why aye, why aye man.Sometimes I miss my River Tyne,  
But you're my pretty fraulein.  
Tonight we'll drink the old town dry,  
Keep our spirit levels high.Sometimes I miss my River Tyne,  
But you're my pretty fraulein.  
Tonight we'll drink the old town dry,  
Keep our spirit levels high.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>