

Madame Geneva's

Mark Knopfler

I'm a maker of ballads right pretty
I write? em right here in the street
You can buy them all over the city
Yours for a penny a sheet I'm a word pecker out of the printers
Out of the dens of Gin Lane
I'll write up a scene on a counter
Confessions and sins in the main
Boys, confession and sins in the main
Then you'll find me in Madame Geneva's
Keepin' the demons at bay
There's nothin' like gin for drownin' them in
But they'll always be back on a hangin' day
On a hangin' day They come rattlin' over the cobbles
They sit on their coffins of black
Some are struck dumb, some gabble
Top-heavy on brandy or sack The pews are all full of fine fellows
And the hawker has set up her shop
As they're turnin' em off at the gallows
She'll be sellin' right under the drop
Boys, sellin' right under the drop
Then you'll find me in Madame Geneva's
Keepin' the demons at bay
There's nothin' like gin for drownin' them in
But they'll always be back on a hangin' day
On a hangin' day

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