

Mark Knopfler, 38 Special

The fate of a roving gambler
Is waiting down the bloodthirsty highway
The highway is my home, I'm a rambler
And I have to pay the devil every day

Now if I should owe a friend a million dollars
He knows my guarantee is sound
If we should get hijacked by robbers
There'd be no big money laying all around

I may be gone to the devil
But I ain't rollin' over for you
If you've got a pistol in your pocket
I've got my 38 Special too

Are you dancing for the payers of the piper?
Are you jumping through your party hoops for them?
You won't see any nine to fivers
At the tables of my poker playing friends

So take your politician or your banker
Take your friendly health insurance man
I never met a cold hearted gambler
Could carry off a hustle like they can

I may be gone to the devil
But I ain't rollin' over for you
If you've got a pistol in your pocket
I've got my 38 Special too