

Mark Knopfler, Fare Thee Well Northumberland

Come drive me down to the central station
I hate to leave my river tyne
For some damn town that's god-forsaken
Fare thee well, northumberland
Although i'll go where the lady takes me
She'll never tell what's in her hand
I do not know what fate awaits me
Fare thee well, northumberland

My heart beats for my streets and alleys
Longs to dwell in the borderlands
The north-east shore and the river valleys
Fare thee well northumberland
I may not stay, i'm bound for leaving
I'm bound to ramble and to roam
I only say my heart is grieving
I would not gamble on my coming home

Roll on, geordie boy, roll
Roll on, geordie boy, roll
Roll on, geordie boy, roll
Roll on, geordie boy, roll

So drive me down to the central station
I hate to leave my river tyne
For some damn town that's god-forsaken
Goodbye old friend of mine
Although i'll go where the lady takes me
She'll never tell what's in her hand
I do not know what fate awaits me
Fare thee well, northumberland

So roll on, geordie boy, roll
Roll on, geordie boy, roll
Roll on, geordie boy, roll
Roll on, geordie boy, roll