

# Mark Knopfler, In The Sky

Are you home from the sea, my soul balladeer  
You've been away roaming far away from here  
weathered a storm, your heart unafraid  
crossed every ocean in the boat that you made

Been blowing your horn, scaring the spooks  
No crotchets or quavers in your books  
Gone sailing all night, straight in the vein  
like a bird on his own flight in his domain in the sky

Running in on the tide with the first of the stars  
the moon on the water and the sound of guitars  
Glide into the homing as the night falls  
to tie up in the haven by the old harbour wall

And the hard-bitten stranger as deaf as a post  
who stands at the fire where a poet's dreams roast  
He can't know the story, he can't feel the pain  
and all of the glory falls around him like rain in the sky

You're a light in the dark, a beacon of hope  
and strong as a sea boat, strong as a rope  
And the vagabond wind, whispers over the bay  
and the songs and the laughter, are carried away in the sky