

# Mark Knopfler, Sailing To Philadelphia

I am Jeremiah Dixon  
I am a Geordie boy  
A glass of wine with you sir and a ladies arms enjoy  
Oh Durham and Northumberland  
Is measured up by my own hand  
It was my fate from birth  
To make my mark upon the earth...

He calls me Charlie Mason  
A stargazer am I  
It seems that I was born  
To chart the evening sky  
He cut me out for picking bread  
But I had other dreams instead  
This baker's boy from the west country  
Would join the Royal Society...

We are sailing to Philadelphia  
A world away from the coaly Tyne  
Sailing to Philadelphia  
To draw the line  
A Mason-Dixon line

Now you're a good surveyor, Dixon  
But I swear you'll make me mad  
The West will kill us both  
You gullible Geordie lad  
You talk of liberty  
How can America be free  
A Geordie and a baker's boy  
In the forests of the Iroquois...

Now hold your head up, Mason  
See America lies there  
The moon and tide has raised  
The capes of Delaware  
Come up and feel the sun  
A new morning has begun  
Another day will make it clear  
Why your star should guide us here...

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