

Mark Knopfler, The Fish And The Bird

When I gave my heart
To a tinker boy
He said a fish could love a swallow
And I will go with my travelling man
Wherever he goes I will follow

He will mend
Your pots and pans
Your kitchen knives he'll take and sharpen
Then I'll be gone with my travelling man
And never more your doorway darken

The fish and the bird
Who fall in love
Will find no place to build a home in
The fish and the bird who fall in love
Are bound forever to go roaming