

# Mark Knopfler, Wanderlust

Big black cloud  
On a yellow plain  
Sure enough it  
Looks like rain  
Packin' up all our  
Faith and trust  
Me and the wanderlust

Open window  
Empty bed and chair  
Who's that callin'  
Ain't nobody there  
I look behind me  
And I see there's just  
Me and the wanderlust

Dead of night  
I had a dream  
Sky was bright yes and the  
Fields were green  
I was down the road  
In a cloud of dust  
Me and the wanderlust

And I'm on the egde  
Of an endless fall  
Sure enough  
He's come to call  
Got to go now  
Get on that bus  
Me and the wanderlust