

Mark Knopfler, Why Aye Man

We had no way of staying afloat
We had to leave on the ferry boat
Economic refugees
On the run to Germany
We had the back of Maggie's hand
Times were tough in Geordieland
We got wor tools and working gear
And humped it all from Newcastle to here

Why aye man, why aye, why aye man
Why aye man, why aye, why aye man

We're the nomad tribes, travelling boys
In the dust and dirt and the racket and the noise
Drills and hammers, diggers and picks
Mixing concrete, laying bricks
There's English, Irish, Scots, the lot
United Nation's what we've got
Brickies, chippies, every trade
German building, british-made

Why aye man, why aye, why aye man
Why aye man, why aye, why aye man

Nae more work on Maggie's farm
Hadaway down the autobahn
Mine's a portacabin bed
Or a bunk in a nissen hut instead

There's plenty deutschmarks here to earn
And German tarts are wunderschoen
German beer is chemical-free
Germany's alreet with me
Sometimes I miss my river Tyne
But you're my pretty fraulein
Tonight we'll drink the old town dry
Keep wor spirit levels high

Why aye man, why aye, why aye man
Why aye man, why aye, why aye man