

# Mark Knopfler, You Don't Know You're Born

What do you know about the hammer and the spike  
What do you know about the farm  
You don't know  
You don't know what it's like  
Because you don't know  
You don't know you're born

What do you know about the hammer and the chisel  
You only know the kitchen and the warm  
You don't know about the night shift whistle  
Punching the clock to the horn  
Because you don't know  
You don't know you're born

You don't know  
You don't know you're born  
You don't know  
You don't know you're born

What do you know about the hammer and the nails  
Know about the thistles and the thorns  
What do you know about the road and the rails  
Your heart so weary and your hands all worn  
Your hands so weary and your heart all torn  
And you don't know  
You don't know you're born