

# Dire Straits, Down To The Wateline

Sweet surrender on the quayside  
You remember we used to run and hide  
In the shadow of the cargoes I take you one time  
And we're counting all the numbers down to the waterline  
Near misses on the dogleap stairways  
French kisses in the darkened doorways  
A foghorn blowing out wild and cold  
A policeman shines a light upon my shoulder  
Up comes a coaster fast and silent in the night  
Over my shoulder all you can see are the pilot lights  
No money in our jackets and our jeans are torn  
Your hands are cold but your lips are warm  
She can see him on the jetty where they used to go  
She can feel him in the places where the sailors go  
When she's walking by the river and the railway line  
She can still hear him whisper  
Let's go down to the waterline