

Mark Knopfler, Behind With The Rent

This didn't use to be me, old boy
This isn't what I'd want
pulling old night fighters
in a restaurant
There's smoke and flames behind me
where the self-respect all went
and I'm behind, behind
with the rent

I've been stitched up like a kipper, old son
but I won't be again
Hell hath no fury
Oh, I'm like a lot of men
Now I'm stalking this old Doris
with lascivious intent
and I'm behind, behind
with the rent

Just a little duck and dive
and a bit of wheel and deal
She'll remind me I'm alive
She'll remind me I still feel
Just a little shelling out
for a bit of you-know-what
I know this is all about
something that I never got

Well this crumpet's past it's sell-by-date
but they all would qualify
They're going to be lonely
and be happy to comply
She knows that I'm a chancer
coming on like a gent
but I'm behind, behind
with the rent
Yes, I'm behind, behind
with the rent