

# Mark Knopfler, Silvertown Blues

On Silvertown Blues the cranes stand high  
Quiet and gray against the still of the sky

They won't quit and lay down though the action has died  
They watch the new game in town on the Blackwall side

From the poisonous drains a vision appears  
A new circle of cranes, a new reason to be here

A big silver dome rising up into the dawn  
Above the church and the homes where all the silver is gone

If I'd a bucket of gold, what would I do  
I'd leave the story untold Silvertown Blues

Going down in Silvertown  
Down in Silvertown  
Going down in Silvertown  
Down in Silvertown

A silver dawn steals over the docks  
A truck with no wheels up on the cinderblocks

Men with no dreams around a fire in a drum  
Scrap metal schemes rusted over and done

If I'd a bucket of gold, what would I do  
I'd leave the story untold Silvertown Blues

And I'm going down in  
Down in Silvertown  
Going down in Silvertown  
Down in Silvertown

When you're standing on thin and dangerous ice  
You can knock and walk in for citizens' advice

They'll tell you where you can turn, where you can go  
There's nothing they can tell me I don't already know

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Down in Silvertown  
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From the Caning Town train I see a billboard high  
There's a big silver plane rising up into the sky

And I can make out the words 'seven flights every day'  
Says six of those birds are bound for J. F. K

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