

# Mark Knopfler, What It Is

The drinking dens are spilling out and staggering in the square,  
there's lads and lasses falling about and a crackelling in the air  
then around the dungeon doors there's shelters in the queues,  
everybody's looking for somebody's arms to fall into

It's what it is. That's what it is man

Here's frost on the graves and the monuments but the taverns are warm in town  
People curse the government and shovel hot food down  
Lights are out in cityhall, the castle and the keep  
moon shines down upon it all, the legless and the sleepless

Cold on a tollgate where the wagons creeping through  
Cold on a tollgate God knows what I can do

Hmm that's what it is, it's what it is now

The garrison sleeps and the citadel with the ghosts and the ancient stones  
High on the parapet the Scottish pipers stands alone  
High on the wind the howling runes speak of the rule  
And something from the past just comes and stares into my soul

Cold on a tollgate where the Caledonian moves  
Cold on a tollgate God knows what I can do with you

That's what it is, it's what it is now  
What it is, it's what it is now now now

There's a chink of light as a burning wick  
there's a lantern in the tower  
Wee Willie Winkie with the candle sticks still writing songs in the mean wee hours  
On Charlotte Street they take a walking stick from my hotel  
The ghost of Dirty Dick is still in search of little Nell

That's what it is, it's what it is now  
What it is, it's what it is now now now