Mark Knopfler, All The Roadrunning

(feat. Emmylou Harris)

A million miles our vagabond heels Clocked up beneath the clouds They're counting down to show time When we do it for real with the crowds Air miles are owing But they don't come for free And they don't give you any for pain

But if it's all for nothing All the roadrunning's Been in vain

The rimshots come down like cannon fire And thunder off the wall There's a man in every corner And each one is giving his all

This is my fife This is my drum So you never will hear me complain

And if it's all for nothing All the roadrunning's Been in vain

All the roadrunning All the roadrunning

Well if you're inclined
To go up on the wall
It can only be fast and high
And those who don't like the danger
Soon find something different to try
When there's only a ringin' in your ears
And an echo down memory lane

But if it's all for nothing All the roadrunning's Been in vain

All the roadrunning, all the roadrunning All the roadrunning, all the roadrunning

The show's packing up
I sit and watch the convoy
Leaving town
There's no pretending I'm not a fool,
For riding around and around
Like the pictures you keep of your old wall of death
You showed me one time on the plane

But if it's all for nothing All the roadrunning's Been in vain

A million miles of vagabond sky Clocked up above the clouds I'm still your man for the roaming For as long as there's roamin' allowed

There'll be a rider And there'll be a wall As long as the dreamer remains

And if it's all for nothing All the roadrunning's Been in vain

All the roadrunning, all the roadrunning All the roadrunning, all the roadrunning All the roadrunning, all the roadrunning All the roadrunning