

# 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