

Mark Knopfler, Everybody Pays

I got shot off my horse
So what? I'm up again
And playing
In one of these
Big saloons on main
You can come up here
Take a look
Around these sinners' dens
You're only ever going to find
One or two real games
Nobody's driving
Me underground
Not yet anyway
But either on the strip
Or on the edge of town
Everybody pays
Everybody pays to play

Yeah, you ought to stay
Right where you are
In sawdust land
It's probably the
Safest place to be
With your
Greasy little pork pies
And your shoestring hands
It makes
No difference to me
All those directions
Which we never took
To go our different ways
Who went and wrote
The oldest story in the book?
Everybody pays
Everybody pays to play

Curl up inside
A boxcar dream
And disappear
With a couple
Low roller friends
You were never one
For trouble
So get out of here
I knew the game
Was dangerous back then
But nobody's breezing
Through these swinging doors
Just ups and walks away
Everybody has to leave
Some blood here on the floor
Everybody pays
Everybody pays to play