

# Mark Knopfler, Fare Thee Well Northumberland

Come drive me down to the central station  
I hate to leave my river tyne  
For some damn town that's god-forsaken  
Fare thee well, northumberland  
Although i'll go where the lady takes me  
She'll never tell what's in her hand  
I do not know what fate awaits me  
Fare thee well, northumberland

My heart beats for my streets and alleys  
Longs to dwell in the borderlands  
The north-east shore and the river valleys  
Fare thee well northumberland  
I may not stay, i'm bound for leaving  
I'm bound to ramble and to roam  
I only say my heart is grieving  
I would not gamble on my coming home

Roll on, geordie boy, roll  
Roll on, geordie boy, roll  
Roll on, geordie boy, roll  
Roll on, geordie boy, roll

So drive me down to the central station  
I hate to leave my river tyne  
For some damn town that's god-forsaken  
Goodbye old friend of mine  
Although i'll go where the lady takes me  
She'll never tell what's in her hand  
I do not know what fate awaits me  
Fare thee well, northumberland

So roll on, geordie boy, roll  
Roll on, geordie boy, roll  
Roll on, geordie boy, roll  
Roll on, geordie boy, roll