

Mark Knopfler, In The Sky

Are you home from the sea, my soul balladeer
You've been away roaming far away from here
weathered a storm, your heart unafraid
crossed every ocean in the boat that you made

Been blowing your horn, scaring the spooks
No crotchets or quavers in your books
Gone sailing all night, straight in the vein
like a bird on his own flight in his domain in the sky

Running in on the tide with the first of the stars
the moon on the water and the sound of guitars
Glide into the homing as the night falls
to tie up in the haven by the old harbour wall

And the hard-bitten stranger as deaf as a post
who stands at the fire where a poet's dreams roast
He can't know the story, he can't feel the pain
and all of the glory falls around him like rain in the sky

You're a light in the dark, a beacon of hope
and strong as a sea boat, strong as a rope
And the vagabond wind, whispers over the bay
and the songs and the laughter, are carried away in the sky