

# Mark Knopfler, Madame Geneva's

I'm a maker of ballads right pretty  
I write them right here in the street  
You can buy them all over the city  
yours for a penny a sheet  
I'm a word pecker out of the printers  
Out of the dens of Gin lane  
I'll write up a scene on a counter  
- confessions and sins in the main, boys  
confessions and sins in the main

Then you'll find me in Madame Geneva's  
keeping the demons at bay  
There's nothing like gin for drowning them in  
but they'll always be back on a hanging day

They come rattling over the cobbles  
they sit on their coffins of black  
Some are struck dumb, some gabble  
top-heavy on brandy or sack  
The pews are all full of fine fellows  
and the hawker has set up her shop  
As they're turning them off at the gallows  
she'll be selling right under the drop, boys  
selling right under the drop

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