

# Mark Knopfler, No Can Do

Skint in a material world  
I did a warehouse stint for southsea girl  
It was Hong Kong clothes for cash  
Everybody got treated worse than trash  
Punch the card in the company clock  
Load the trolleys and the company trucks  
And around and around the whole day through  
And you couldn't sit down when there was nothing to do

Well they had beaten up people from every land  
Fools like me trying to be in bands  
A little French girl so good to me  
But I couldn't love her back so lonely  
A backpacker travelling through  
A lumberjack with the travelling blues  
We had worn out shoes and worn out cuffs  
And big ideas that were never big enough

He said the man wants you go wash his car  
Hey you I'm talking to you  
I said me, not me uh uh  
No can do

No can can do no can  
No can can do no can

Now some were grown up unlike me  
And were dealing with reality  
I was spittin' sulkkin' smokin' shirkin'  
While a lady from Jamaica was singing and working  
I had everyone but me to blame  
And every day was just the same  
Well nobody ever said it was a righteous world  
But if they did they never said it at southsea girl

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Well I've made my bed on peoples floors  
Opened up and closed some doors  
Dreamed that if my dreams came true  
Then I wouldn't do what I didn't want to  
Walking through the gates to the outside  
To dream some dreams that never died  
And I walked the streets of London town  
Looking for a place to put my head down