

# Mark Knopfler, Stand Up Guy

Brew the coffee in a bucket  
Double straight man and banjo  
If you don't got the snake oil  
Buster, you don't got a show  
Who puts the doh-re-me  
In our pockets  
Keeps the party going on?  
It's the man  
Who sells the potions  
I'm just one who plays the songs  
Now they generally buys  
The bigger size  
They usually rub it in  
I drank it once, it tasted  
Like grease and paraffin  
It's mostly alcohol, okay  
You can't deny it's strong  
We was going through the motions  
'til the doctor came along

There stands the bottle  
Ladies and gentlemen  
All these bottles  
Don't have to tell you, friends  
These days miracles  
Don't come falling from the sky  
Raise your glasses to the doctor  
To a stand up guy

When the monkeyshine is flying  
And he's promising the cure  
He says the french  
For your lovesick blues  
La maladie d'amour  
He gets the chumps all laughing  
But he gets a few to buy  
Here's to beefsteak  
When you're hungry  
And whiskey when you're dry  
Now the band'll blow their moolah  
Like sailors gone ashore  
Now we're going to west helena  
To gamble, drink and whore  
Let's you and me  
All make whoopee  
Here's mud in your eye  
Here's to all the gals you ever want  
And heaven when you die

There stands the bottle  
Ladies and gentlemen  
All these bottles  
Don't have to tell you, friends  
These days miracles  
Don't come falling from the sky  
Raise your glasses to the doctor  
To a stand up guy

There's a big cheese with a cigar  
Been sizing up the show  
He wants to get the doctor  
Pitching on the radio  
I will make a switch to guitar  
But the rules all still apply

They want to trust somebody  
Yeah, they want a stand up guy

There stands the bottle  
Here's to absent friends  
All these bottles  
Dead soldiers in the end  
These days miracles  
Don't come falling from the sky  
Raise your glasses to the doctor  
To a stand up guy  
To the doctor  
A stand up guy