Mark Knopfler, What Is It

The drinking dens are spilling out There's staggering in the square

There's lads and lasses falling about

And a crackling in the air

Down around the dungeon doors

The shelters in the queues

Everybody's looking for

Somebody's arms to fall into

And it's what it is

It's what it is now

There's frost on the graves and the monuments

But the taverns are warm in town

People curse the government

And shovel hot food down

The lights are out in city hall

The castle and the keep

The moon shines down upon it all

The legless and asleep

And it's cold on a tollgate

With the wagons creeping through

Cold on a tollgate

God knows what I could do with you

And It's what it is

It's what it is now

The garrison sleeps and the citadel

With the ghosts and the ancient stones

High up on the parapet

A Scottish piper stands alone

And high on the wind

The highland drums begin to roll

And something from the past just comes

And stares into my soul

And it's cold on a tollgate

Where the Caledonian blues

Cold on a tollgate

God knows what I could do with you

And It's what it is

It's what it is now

What it is

It's what it is now

There's a chink of light

There's a burning wick

There's a lantern in the tower

Wee Willie Winkie with a candlestick

Still writing songs in the wee wee hours

On Charlotte Street I take

A walking stick from my hotel

The ghost of Dirty Dick

Is still in search of Little Nell

And it's what it is

It's what it is now

Oh it's what it is

What it is now