

# What It Is

## Mark Knopfler

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 and the queues  
Everybody's looking for  
Somebody's arms to fall into  
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  
Lights are out in the city hall  
The castle and the keep  
The moon shines down upon it all  
The legless and the sleepless  
Cold on the tollgate  
With the wagons creeping through  
Cold on the tollgate  
God knows what I could do with you  
It's what it is  
It's what it is now  
The Garison sleeps in the citadel  
With the ghost and the ancient stones  
High on the parapet  
A Scottish piper stands alone  
High on the wind  
The highland drums begin to roll  
And something from the past just comes  
And stares into my soul  
Cold on the tollgate  
With the Caledonian Blues  
Cold on the tollgate  
God knows what I could do with you  
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  
It's what it is

It's what it is now  
Oh what it is  
What it is now now now  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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