What It Is - Knopfler, Mark

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F#mi                                    A
Drinking dens are spilling out, there's staggering in the square,
        D                                     A         E
there's lads and lasses falling about and a crackling in the air,
F#mi                               A
down around the dungeon doors, the shelters and the queues,
D                            A              E
everybody's looking for somebody's arms to fall into

       F#mi        D  E
That's what it is
               F#mi    D  E
that'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 city halls, the castle and the keep,
moon shines down upon it all, the legless and asleep

D
And it's cold on the tollgate
A
with the wagons creeping through
D
cold on the tollgate
    A                  E
God knows what I could do with you


That's what it is
that's what it is now


The garrison sleeps in the citadel with the ghosts and the ancient stones
high on the parapet the Scottish piper stands alone
and high on the wind, the highland drums begin to roll
something from the past just comes and stares into my soul


It's cold on the tollgate,
with the caledonian blues
cold on the tollgate
god knows what I could do with you


That's what it is
that'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


That's what it is
that's what it is now
that's what it is
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that's what it is now