Sultans Of Swing
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

Medium bright rock

1. You get a shiver in the dark, it's raining in the park, but mean-
2. step inside but you don't see too many fac-

time, es

south of the river you stop coming in out of the rain

© Copyright 1976 by Straitjacket Songs Limited.
All rights administered by Rondor Music (London) Limited, 10a Parsons Green, London SW6.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
and you hold everything
to hear the jazz go down.

A band is blowin' Dixie double four time.
Too much competition, too many other places,

You feel all right but not too many horns can make that
Dm  Bb  1.3. C

2 You

2.4.5.6.

Bb  C

Way on down south, way on down south

Dm  Bb  C

London Town.

Dm  Bb  C

D.S. for additional Verses

To Coda (After last verse, To Coda)

3. You check out
Additional Verses

3. You check out Guitar George, he knows all the chords.
   Mind he’s strictly rhythm, he doesn’t want to make it cry or sing.
   An old guitar is all he can afford,
   when he gets up under the lights, to play his thing.

4. And Harry doesn’t mind if he doesn’t make the scene.
   He’s got a daytime job and he’s doin’ all right.
   He can play honky-tonk just like anything,
   savin’ it up for Friday night
   with the Sultans, with the Sultans of swing.

5. And a crowd of young boys, they’re foolin’ around in the corner,
   drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and their platform soles.
   They don’t give a damn about any trumpet playin’ band;
   it ain’t what they call rock and roll.
   And the Sultans of swing played Creole.

6. **Instrumental**

7. And then The Man, he steps right up to the microphone
   and says, at last, just as the time-bell rings:
   “Thank you, good night, now it’s time to go home.”
   And he make it fast with one more thing:
   “We are the Sultans of Swing.”

(To Coda)
Down To The Waterline
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

Moderate Rock

Sweet surrender on the quay-side,
near misses on the dog-leap stair-ways,

You remember, we used to run and hide,
In the French kisses in the darkened door-ways,

shadow of the cargo I take you one time, and we're counting all the numbers,
fog-horn blowin' out wild and cold, a policeman shines a light.
down to the water line.

upon my shoulder.

Well.

3. Up comes a coaster, fast and silent in the night.
4. See him on the jetty where they used to go.

Over my shoulder, all you can see are the
She can feel him in the places where the sailors go.
Portobello Belle
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

Bel-la Don-na's on the high street,
her breasts up-on the
off-beat,
and the stalls are just the

back there,
and a par-a-keet is
sack-there,
and Bel-la-don-na
squawk-ing,
upon a truck a pa-per
side shows, victorian's old clothes.
lin gers, her gloves they got no fingers.
rhi no, she get the crying of a wino.

Yeah she got the skirt so tight now,
Blind man he's singing the Irish,
And then she get the Reggae Rumble,

she wanna travel light now, she wanna tear up all her
he get his money in a tin dish, just a corner ser en-
Bel ladonna's in the jungle, but she ain't no gar den
roots now. she got the turn up on the boots now.
ader, once upon a time he could have made her
flower, there ain’t no distress in the tower.

1. She thinks she’s tough, she ain’t no English rose.

But the blind singer
She don’t care about your window

he’s seen enough and he knows.
box or your button hole.

He She
do a song about a long gone Irish girl.
sing a song about a long gone Irish girl.

But I got one for you, my Portobello belle.

1, 2.

She sees a man upon his
Yes and these barrow boys are

(Portobello belle)

Repeat to FADE
Twisting By The Pool
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

Medium twist (rock)

We're go-in' on a hol-i-day now
gonna take a vil-la a small cha-let on the
Sit-ting in a small ca-fé now
swing swing swing-in' to the ca-ba-ret You

Cos-ta del Mag-ni-fi-co where the cost-a liv-ing is so low yeah
wan-na see a movie take in a show now
meet new peo-ple at the dis-co yeah

We're gon-na be so neat dance

dance
to the Eu-ro beat yeah

Dance
gon-na be so cool twisting by the
twist-ing by the
twisting by the pool
Twisting by the pool
by the pool,
Twisting by the pool
Twisting by the pool
Twisting by the pool

And we can still get

information reading all about inflation and you're never gonna

be out of reach, there's a call box on the beach on the beach...
by the pool
mm mm you're gonna look so cute

sunglasses and a bathing suit
be the baby of my dreams

like the ladies in the magazines
Dance we're gonna be so neat

Dance to the Euro beat
yeah

dance gonna be so cool

twisting by the
twisting by the
I'm a twisting fool
Tunnel Of Love
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

Rpt. ad lib.  Dm  C/D  Bb/D  Am7

Last time

Dm  F  C  Dm

1

Get-ting cra-zy on the waltz-ers
but it's the life that I
choose,

sing about the six-blade,

sing about the switch-back
and a torture tattoo, and I been riding on a

ghost train
where the cars they scream and slam,

and I don't know where I'll be to-night.

But I'd
always tell you where I am.
In a screaming ring of faces

I seen her standing in the light
she had a ticket for the races,
yeah just like me she was a victim of the night.

I put my hand up on the lever
said let it rock and let it
I had the one-arm ban-
dit fever there was an arrow through my heart and my soul. And the big wheel

keep on turning. Neon burning up above.

And I'm just high on the world, come on and take a
low ride with me girl on the tunnel of love.

(See block lyric) It's just the

Well it's been money for muscle an-
(9) And now I'm searching through these carousels and the

carnival arcades, searching money for muscle and the
other whirligig
another girl I dig. Another hustle just to,
chase to pali-sades, in any shooting gallery where
promises are made, to rock away, rock away,
yeah_

To Coda

rock away, rock away. And girl it looks so pretty to me

just like it always did. Yeah like_
the Spanish city to me when we were kids.
And girl it looks so pretty to me just like it always did,
yeah like the Spanish city to me when we were kids.
(See block lyric) She took off a silver
CODA

From Cul-ler-coats and Whit-ley Bay

poco rall.

out to rock a-way. And girl it looks so pret-ty to me

like it al-ways did,

like the Span-ish ci-ty to me When we were
kids, yeah. Girl, it looks so pretty to me like it always did, yeah like the Spanish city to me when we were kids.

Rpt. ad lib.
Additional Verses

It's just the danger,
When you're riding at your own risk.
She said you're the perfect stranger
She said baby let's keep it like this.
It's just a cake walk,
Twisting baby, step right up and say
Hey mister, give me two, give me two
'Cause two can play.

She took off a silver locket
She said remember me by this
She put her hand in my pocket
I got a keepsake and a kiss.
And in the roar of dust and diesel
I stood and watched her walk away
I could have caught up with her easy enough
But something must have made me stay.
Romeo And Juliet
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

Medium/ steady beat

© Copyright 1980 by Straitjacket Songs Limited.
All rights administered by Rondor Music (London) Limited, 10a Parsons Green, London SW6.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
(1.8.) A love struck Romeo sings a street suss serenade.

Laying everybody low with a love song that he made.

Finds a convenient street light steps out of the shade, says something like

To Coda

(Spoken:) Juliet says, hey, it's Romeo,
you nearly gave me a heart attack.
He's underneath the window, she's singing.

hey la my boyfriend's back.
You shouldn't come around here,

singing up at people like that anyway, what you gonna do about it?

Juliet, the dice were loaded from the start, and I
If you exploded in my heart, and I forget, I forget.

The movie song. When you gonna realise it was

Just that the time was wrong, Juliet.

D.S. al Coda
VERSE 2: Come up on different streets
     They both were streets of shame.
     Both dirty, both mean,
     Yes and the dream was just the same.
     And I dreamed your dream for you
     And now your dream is real.
     How can you look at me
     As if I was just another one of your deals.

     When you can fall for chains of silver
     You can fall for chains of gold
     You can fall for pretty strangers
     And the promises they hold.
     You promised me everything,
     You promised me thick and thin
     Now you just say oh Romeo, yeah,
     You know I used to have a scene with him.

CHORUS 2: Juliet, when we made love you used to cry
     You said I love you like the stars above,
     I'll love you till I die.
     There's a place for us
     You know the movie song,
     When you gonna realise
     It was just that the time was wrong,
     Juliet?

VERSE 3: I can't do the talk
     Like they talk on T.V.
     And I can't do a love song
     Like the way it's meant to be.
     I can't do everything
     But I'd do anything for you
     I can't do anything
     Except be in love with you.

     And all I do is miss you
     And the way we used to be
     All I do is keep the beat
     And bad company.
     All I do is kiss you
     Through the bars of a rhyme
     Julie I'd do the stars
     With you any time.

CHORUS 3: Juliet, when we made love you used to cry
     You said I love you like the stars above,
     I'll love you till I die.
     And there's a place for us
     You know the movie song,
     When you gonna realise
     It was just that the time was wrong,
     Juliet?
Moderately slow

Am    F    G    Esus4

(1. 3.) Where do you think you're going,
don't you know it's dark outside?

(2.) I understand your changes,
long before you reach the door,

Am    F

Where do you think you're going,
don't you care about my pride?

I know where you think you're going
I know what you came here for.

G    Esus4

(3.) I wish I didn't care about my pride.

© Copyright 1979 Charis Court Limited.
All rights reserved. International Copyright Secured.
(1.) Where do you think you're going? I think you don't know.
(2. 3.) and now I'm sick of joking you know I like you to be free.

You got no way of knowing, there's really no place you can go.
(3.) (So) Where do you think you're going, I think you better go with me.

I'm the girl.
You say there is no reason but you still find cause to doubt me.

if you ain't with me girl, you're gonna be without me.
old ies, gold ies be-bop-a-lu-la ba-by what I say

tell you the story hand me down my walk-in' shoes

here comes John-ny singer I got ta wo-man down in the tun-nels trying to
here comes John-ny with the power and the glo-ry backbeat the

make it pay. He got the ac-tion he got the mo-tion

talk-in' blues. He got the ac-tion he got the mo-tion

He got the ac-tion he got the mo-tion
Yeah the boy can play dedication.
Yeah the boy can play dedication.
Yeah the boy can play dedication.

Devotion turning all the night time into the day he do the
devotion turning all the night time into the day he do the
devotion turning all the night time into the day and

Song about the sweet lovin' woman he do the song about the knife
Song about the sweet lovin' woman he do the song about the knife
After all the violence and double talk there's just a song in all the trouble and the
he do the walk
he do the walk
you do the walk
he do the walk of
he do the walk of
you do the walk of

life
life
life
yeah he do the walk of life.
yeah he do the walk of life.
mmm you do the walk of life.

A

B

E
Private Investigations
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

Moderate (J = 88)

Em
Bm/D
A/C#

Arpeggio.

G/B
F/A
B7/A
Em/G
Galtm

Am6/F
B7
Em
Galtm

(Spoken) It's a mystery to me
I go checking out the reports

the game commences
digging up the dirt
for the usual fee
you get to meet all sorts
plus expenses
in this line of work.

confidential information
Treachery and treason
it's in a diary
there's always an excuse for it,
this is my investigation
and when I find the reason

© Copyright 1982 Cherscourt Limited.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
it's not a public enquiry, I still can't get used to it.

And what have you got at the end of the day, and what have you got
to take away a bottle of whisky and a new set of lies.

blinds on the window and a pain behind the eyes...
(Spoken) Scarred for life no compensation, (Whispered) private investigations.

a tempo

pp
Telegraph Road
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

Slowly a piacere

Moderato \( (J = 108) \)

\[ \text{Gm} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{Gm} \]

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{Dm} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Am} \)

\( \text{rit.} \)

\( \text{a tempo} \)

\( \text{col pedale} \)

\( \text{a little faster} \)

© Copyright 1982 Cherriscourt Limited.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
A long time ago came a man on a track
Then came the mines then came the ore
walking thirty miles with a

Small notes 2nd time
...and he put down his load—where he thought it was best.
then there was a war telegraph sang a song about the world outside...

...and he made a home in the wilderness and so wide—like a roll...

...he built a cabin and a winter store—and he ploughed up the ground by the river... 2nd time instr. ad lib.

cold lake shore and the other travellers came riding down the track and they

never went further and they never went back...
Then came the churches then came the schools then came the lawyers
then came the rules then came the trains and the trucks with their loads and the
dirty old track was the telegraph road

(Continue instr., ad lib.)
And my radio says tonight it's gonna freeze...

people driving home from the factories there's six lanes of traffic three lanes moving

slow.

Slower (Tempo 1)
Faster (tempo as before)

I've got a right to go to work but there's no
like to go to work

sooner forget but

I remember those
como pata

I've got a right to go to work but there's no

I've got a right to go to work but there's no

I've got a right to go to work but there's no

I've got a right to go to work but there's no

I've got a right to go to work but there's no
birds up on the wires and the telegraph poles they can always run away from this rain
lieve in me baby and I'll take you a way from out of this dark-ness and

and this cold you can hear them singing out their telegraph code all the way
into the day from these rivers of head-lights these

Down the telegraph road

G D Dm Dm7
(You know) I'd rivers of rain from the anger that lives on the streets with these names 'cos I've run every red light on memory lane. I've seen desperation explode into flames and I don't wanna see it again. From all of these signs saying sorry but we're closed.
All the way
down the telegraph road
Money For Nothing
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler & Sting

Medium rock \( \text{\textit{d}} = 138 \)

1. Now look at them__ yo-yo's that's__ the way you do it_
2. I shoulda___ learned__ to___ play the gui-tar__
3. (\( \% \% \)) Now that ain't___ work-in' that's__ the way to do it__
you play the guitar on the M.T.V. that ain't work-in' that's
I shoulda learned to play them drums look at that mama she got it
play the guitar on the M.T.V. that ain't work-in' that's

the way you do it money for nothin' and chicks for free
stickin' in the camera man we could have some fun
the way you do it money for nothin' and chicks for free

2. Now that ain't work-in' that's the way you do it lem-me tell ya them
3. See the little faggot with the earring and the make up yeah buddy that's
4. INSTR. to Chorus
6. (§) And he's up there, what's that? Hawaiian noises? bangin' on the bongos like a
guys ain't dumb__ may-be get a blister on your little finger
his own hair that little faggot got his own jet airplane
chimpanzee that ain't workin' that's the way you do it

may-be get a blister on your thumb
that little faggot he's a millionaire.

Get your money for nothin' get your chicks for free.

mi-cro-wave ov-ens cust-om kit-chen de-liv-er-ies we got-ta move these
Brothers In Arms
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

Gently \( \dot{J} = 80 \)

These mist co-vered moun-
tains are a home now for

me but my home is the low-

and al-ways will be some day you'll re-
turn

© Copyright 1985 Chariscourt Limited.
All rights administered by Rondor Music (London) Limited, 10a Parsons Green, London SW6.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
Gm  Dm  E  C#m7
to your valleys and your farms

F#sus4  F#  Gm  E  F#sus4  F#
and you'll no longer burn to be brothers in arms.

Gm  E  Gm  E  Gm  E  C#m

Gm(sus2)  Gm  D#m/A  E  F#
Through these fields of destruction
baptism's of fire
and the moon's rising high
I've watched all your suffering
as the battles raged higher
every man has to die

and though they did hurt me so bad
but it's written in the starlight
and every line on your palm
you did not desert me my brothers in arms.

we're fools to make war on our brothers in arms.
There's so many different worlds.

suns and we have just one world
but we live in different ones.
Now the sun's gone to hell...