calling elvis
words & music by mark knopfler

B7

Call-ing El-vis is a-ny-body home? Call-ing El-

get him, I'm his big-gest fan. You got-ta

tell him he's still the man, did he leave the

long dis-tance

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build-ing or can he come to the phone? Calling El-
ba-by so far from home. Don't you think

vis, I'm here all a-lone. Well tell him I was
may-be you could put him on.

calling just to wish him well; let me leave my

num-ber, heart-break ho-tel. Oh love me ten-der, ba-by don't be
cruel; return to sender, treat me like a fool. Calling Elvis, is anybody home? Calling Elvis, I'm here all alone.

Did he leave the building, can he come to the
I'm calling Elvis, I'm here all alone.

To Coda

(2.) Why don't you go
D.8. al Coda

CODA

Repeat ad lib. to Fade
on every street
words & music by mark knopfler

Rubato

F/C | C | G/B | C

(1.) There's gotta be a record of you some place, you
gotta be on somebody's books.
The low down, a

G/B | Esus4 | Am | Em/G

picture of your face, your injured looks,

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I
the sacred and profane
the pleasure and the

somewhere your finger prints remain

And it's your face I'm

looking for on every street.

To Coda
It's your face — I'm looking for

ev-'ry street...
VERSE 2:
A ladykiller – regulation tattoo
Silver spurs on his heels
Says – what can I tell you, as I’m standing next to you
She threw herself under my wheels
Oh it’s a dangerous road
And a hazardous load
And the fireworks over Liberty explode in the heat
And it’s your face I’m looking for on every street.

VERSE 3:
A three-chord symphony crashes into space
The moon is hanging upside down
I don’t know why it is I’m still on the case
It’s a ravenous town
And you still refuse to be traced
Seems to me such a waste
And every victory has a taste that’s bittersweet
And it’s your face I’m looking for on every street.
when it comes to you
words & music by mark knopfler

Moderate feel

G

Dm

G

Dm

G

(1, 3) If we can't get a -

long life we ought-ta be a - part this I know and I'm I wanna

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I wonder where you'd get that cold, cold heart. Set me
get my licks in now before I go, the fire of

free love
sign my release
I'm gotta

I'm
tired of being the villain of the piece.
satisfy the hunger in my soul.
You been givin' me a

bad time, tell me what'd I do
how come I always get a
hard time, honey when it comes to you.  

Say - ing things...

that you didn' t have to,  
how come I al - ways get a

To Coda

hard time, honey when it comes to you.  
(2.) You on - ly get one

2.
(3.) If we can't get a

How come I al-ways get a hard time, ho-ney when it comes to you.
fade to black
words & music by mark knopfler

Quiet, relaxed beat

Dm

A7+
A7

F

G

Bb6/7

A7+

Dm(add9)

A7+
A7

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I wonder where you are to-night — you’re probably on the rampage some-where,

you have been known to take de-light in, get-tin’ in some-body’s hair and you,

you al-ways had the knack, fade to black.

Solo pick up — (On §, ad lib.)
VERSE 2:
I bet you already made a pass
I see a darkened room somewhere
You run your finger round the rim of his glass
You run your fingers through his hair
They scratch across his back
Fade to black.

VERSE 3:
Well maybe it's all for the best
But I wish I'd never been lassoed
Maybe it's some kind of test
But I wish I'd never been tattooed
Or been to hell and back
Fade to black.
"Well it's a strange old game, you
I learn it slow.

One step forward and it's back to go.

You're standing on the throttle, you're standing on the brakes, in the groove till you
sometimes you're the windshield,
sometimes you're the bug,
sometimes it's all

come together baby, sometimes you're a fool in love.

sometimes you're the Louisville slugger, sometimes you're the
ball,

sometimes it all comes together baby,

sometimes you're going to lose it all.
One day you got the glory, then you got none,
one day you're a diamond and then you're a stone.

'ry-thing can change in the blink of an eye....

So let the good times roll before we say good-bye...
VERSE 2:
You gotta be happy — you gotta know glad
Because you’re gonna know lonely and you’re gonna know bad
When you’re rippin’ and a ridin’ and you’re coming on strong
You start slippin’ and a slidin’ and it all goes wrong.
Because
To Coda

(1.) Will you and your friend come around,
are you and your friend

gonna get on down

will you and your friend come around

or are you and your friend gonna
If you talk to one another, I'm a hungry man...

let me know one way or the other, so I can

make my plans...
VERSE 2:
Will you and your friend come around
Or are you and your friend gonna get on down
Will you and your friend come around
Or are you and your friend gonna get on down.

I relive the situation
Still see it in my mind
You got my imagination
Working overtime.
heavy fuel
words & music by mark knopfler

Medium rock

E

(1.) Last time I was sober, man I felt bad,
worst hang o-ver that I e-ver had. It took six ham-bur-gers and Scotch all night, nico-tine for break-fast just to put me right. 'Cause if you wan-na run cool, if you wan-na run cool.
you got to run on heavy fuel.

Heavy fuel,

To Coda

heavenly fuel.

My chick loves a man who's strong,

the things she'll do to
turn me on.
I love the babes,

don't get me wrong, hey! That's why I wrote this song.
Heavy heavy fuel.

Heavy heavy fuel.
VERSE 2:
My life makes perfect sense
Lust and food and violence
Sex and money are my major kicks
Get me in a fight I like dirty tricks
'Cos if you wanna run cool
If you wanna run cool
Yes if you wanna run cool, you got to run
On heavy, heavy fuel.

VERSE 3:
I don't care if my liver is hanging by a thread
Don't care if my doctor says I ought to be dead
When my ugly big car won't climb the hill
I'll write a suicide note on a hundred dollar bill
'Cos if you wanna run cool
If you wanna run cool
Yes if you wanna run cool, you got to run
On heavy, heavy fuel.
iron hand
words & music by mark knopfler

(1.) With all the clarity of dream,
the sky so blue,
the grass so green.

The rank and file and the navy blue,
the deep and strong,
the straight and true.

1, 2.
VERSE 2:
The blue line they got the given sign
The belts and boots march forward in time
The wood and leather the club and shield
Swept like a wave across the battlefield.

VERSE 3:
Now with all the clarity of dream
The blood so red, the grass so green
The gleam of spur on chestnut flank
The cavalry did burst upon the ranks.

VERSE 4:
Oh the iron will and the iron hand
In England’s green and pleasant land
No music for the shameful scene
That night they said it had even shocked the Queen.

VERSE 5:
Well alas we’ve seen it all before
Knights in armour, days of yore
The same old fears and the same old crimes
We haven’t changed since ancient times.
ticket to heaven
words & music by mark knopfler

Country feel

D

Bm7

G

A

D

Bm7

G

A

D

(1.) I can

D

(3rd Instr.)

see what you're looking to find
in the smile on my face,

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state of grace.

he's a part of heaven's plan and he talks to
(2.) Now I got my ticket to heaven and everlasting life.

I got a ride all the way to paradise. I got my ticket to heaven.
All the way to paradise.

And everlasting life.

To Coda

All the way to paradise.

D.S. (Rpt.)

al Coda

All the way to paradise.

59
VERSE 2:
Now I send what I can to the man
With the diamond ring
He's a part of heaven's plan
And he sure can sing
Now it's all I can afford
But the Lord has sent me eternity
It's to save the little children
In a poor country.

VERSE 3: (Instrumental)

VERSE 4:
Now there's nothing left for luxuries
Nothing left to pay my heating bill
But the good Lord will provide
I know he will
So send what you can
To the man with the diamond ring
They're tuning in across the land
To hear him sing.
my parties
words & music by mark knopfler

Moderate, laid back feel

Well this is my backyard, my back gate,

I hate to start my parties late, here's the party cart,
ain't that great? That ain't the best part baby, just wait. That's a genuine weather-vane, it moves with the breeze, portable hammock honey, who needs trees, it's casual entertaining, we aim to please.
Hey ev'-ry-bo-dy, let me give you a toast, this one's for me the
That's a mu-si-cal door-bell, it don't ring, I ain't kidding it plays "America The Beautiful" and
host with the most.
"Tie A Yellow Rib-bon."
Boy this punch is a trip, it's O.K. in my book.

Here take a sip may-be a lit-tle hea-vy on the fruit. Ah, here comes the dip, you
I may kiss the cook, let me show you honey, it's easy. Look,

you take a fork and you spike 'em, say, did you try these?

So glad you like 'em, the secrets in the cheese, it's casual entertaining, we

aim to please,
I'm afraid of my parties, my parties.

Now don't talk to me about the polar bear,
don't talk to me about the ozone layer,
ain't so much of anything these days even the air, they're
running out of rhinos, what do I care? Let's hear it for the dolphin, let's hear it for the trees, ain't runnin' out of nothin' in my deep freeze, it's casual entertaining, we aim to please.

Ad lib. to Fade

At my parties,
planet of new orleans
words & music by mark knopfler

Rubato

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A tempo mod. fast

Esus4/A

Fsus4/A  Am(add9)  Fsus4/A

Esus4  Fsus4/A  Esus4

\textit{(1.) Standing on the corner}
I wait in' on Marie Ondine.

I'm tryin' to place a tune under a Louisiana moonbeam.

on the planet of New Or
3° Solo start

1. Solo

(2.) In a bar

2. Am9

New Orleans (the other planet)

with

E7/A

other life upon it

and

Am

ev'rything that's shakin' in-between.
If you should ever land upon it, you better know what's on it, the planet of New Or-
leans.

(3.) Now I'm tryin'
You'd bet-ter know what's on it.

And ev'-ry-thing that's sha-kin' in be-tween.
If you should ever land upon it,
you better know what's on it,
the planet of New Orleans.
VERSE 2:
In a bar they call The Saturn
And in her eyes of green
And somethin' that she said in a dream
Inside of my suit I got my mojo root
And a true love figurine
For the planet of New Orleans.

VERSE 3:
Now I'm tryin' to find my way
Through the rain and the steam
I'm lookin' straight ahead through the screen
And then I heard her say
Somethin' in the limousine
'Bout takin' a ride across the planet of New Orleans.

VERSE 4:
If she was an ace and I was a jack
And the cards were never seen
We could have been the king and the queen
But she took me on back to her courtyard
Where magnolia perfume screams
Behind the gates and the granite of the planet of New Orleans.
how long

words & music by mark knopfler

Moderate country feel

D

(1.) How long, how long baby, how long has it been,

how long you gonna keep me wondering?
How long before you see stallin' me was wrong.

To Coda #1.

(Instrumental solo)
VERSE 2:
How long, how long you gonna keep
Slappin' my hands away
How long you gonna keep my love at bay
How long before you're sure
My love is strong — how long.

VERSE 3:
How long, how long you gonna keep
Tellin' me you like me fine
How long until I'm gonna make you mine
How long before you wake up
And find your good man gone — how long.