**One song at a time.**

**Mark Knopfler.**

| Am | F | C | F |

| F | Em | Am | % |

Am F

My whistle under the archways

C F

Still echoes down the street

F Em

All the way back to Deptford days

Am Am

Nights down by The Creek

Am F

Notes as big as river boats

C F

Still echoing through the clubs

F

With the horns of the trains

Em

Down the old back lanes

Am Am Am Am

And the lights of the corner pubs

Am F

In a taproom lined with mirrors

C F

There’s a man there at the bar

F Em

Reminds you of somebody

Am Am Am Am

He says I know who you are

Am F

He’s right, I know I could be him

C F

But anyway who is who?

F

You could be looking at

Em Am

What he’s looking at

Am

And he’s looking at you

G

And I’ll be out of this place

G7 C C G

And down the road wherever

G C C

There but for the grace, etcetera

F F C F

I’ll see you later but it’s 1979

C Bb Bb

And I’m picking my way out of here

Am

One song at a time

| F | C | F | C |

| G | Em | F | C |

| F | C | F | C |

| G | % | Am | % |

| Am | % |

Am F

The slaving ports of plunder

C F

Used to stink to heaven on high

F Em

Companions of honour

Am Am Am Am

Always were in short supply

Am F

The Bristol ships and Liverpool’s

C F

On every tide they came

F Em

The times they may have changed, my friend

Am Am

Some people stay the same

G

And I’ll be out of this place

G7 C C G

And down the road wherever

G C C

There but for the grace, etcetera

F F C F

I’ll see you later but it’s 1879

C Bb Bb

And I’m picking my way out of here

Am

One song at a time

| F | C | F | C |

| G | Em | F | C |

| F | C | F | C |

| G | % | Am | % |

| Am | % |

Am F

A grinning mogul greets the crowd

C F

At Execution Dock

F Em

All come to see three mutineers

Am Am Am Am

Turned off at twelve o’clock

Am F

The shyster takes a ringside seat

C F

As they’re bringing them from the jail

F Em

And twenty thousand tickets

Am Am Am Am

Sold online on premium sale

Am F

So if you need to reach me

C F

You can leave word at The Pig

F Em

I have no wish to stay around

Am Am

To watch that Newgate jig

Am F

Or any more poor old fakers

C F

Trying to dance in my old shoes

F Em

I’ll be gone over the ocean

Am Am

With the transatlantic blues

G

And I’ll be out of this place

G C C G

And down the road wherever

G C C

There but for the grace, etcetera

F F C F

I’ll see you later somewhere down the line

C Bb Bb

I’ll be picking my way out of here

Am

One song at a time

| F | C | F | C |

| G | Em | F | C |

| F | C | F | C |

| G | % | Am | % |

Ad lib