**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