

Basil

Mark Knopfler

My Saturday job pays six and six down
A copy boy at the Chronicle
Five cigarettes and two silver half crowns
Meeting Vince at Mark Toney's in town
Boy, do we get around Basil sits there on the table for subs
But not a part of the Bri-nylon club
Ancient blue sweater, too old for the job
Bored out of his mind
With the Colins and Bobs I'm a jack and a lad
And I'm up for the world
And I've kissed a Gateshead girl
He calls for a copy boy, grumpy as hell
Poets have to eat as well
What he wouldn't give just to walk out today
To have time to think about time
And young love thrown away I'm a jack and a lad
And I'm up for the world
And I've kissed a Gateshead girl Starlings swarming
A cloud over Grainger Street
Over the black church
Over the Black Gate
And the shadowy Keep He peers through his wire rims
At the fish and chip words
He's supposed to dish up and forget
His drudgery now has become slightly blurred
By one of his Players untipped cigarettes
Bury all joy
Put the poems in sacks
And bury me here with the hacks In the summer the fair
Will stretch over the Moor
Lovers will lie and make out in the park
Basil puts on his old duffel and scarf
And goes out into the dark

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