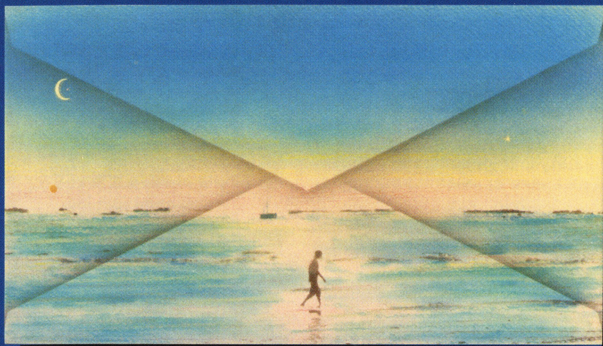


ORIGINAL MASTER RECORDING

DIRE STRAITS COMMUNIQUÉ



ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST

Some people get a cheap laugh breaking up the speed limit
Scaring the pedestrians for a minute
Crossing up progress driving on the grass
Leaving just enough room to pass
Sunday driver never took a test
Oh yeah, once upon a time in the west

Yes it's no use saying that you don't know nothing
It's still gonna get you if you don't do something
Sitting on a fence that's a dangerous course
Oh, you could even catch a bullet from the peace-keeping
force
Even the hero gets a bullet in the chest
Oh yeah, once upon a time in the west

Mother Mary your children are slaughtered
Some of you mothers ought to lock up your daughters
Who's protecting the innocent
Heap big trouble in the land of plenty
Tell me how we're gonna do what's best
You guess once upon a time in the west

Oh yeah, once upon a time in the west
Oh yeah, once upon a time in the west
Oh yeah, once upon a time in the west

Once upon a time in the west

NEWS

He sticks to his guns
He take the road as it comes
It take the shine off his shoes
He says it's a shame
You know it may be a game
Ah but I won't play to lose

He's burning the grass
He take up a glass
He swallow it neat
He crosses the floor
He open the door
He take a sniff of the street

And then she tell him that he's crazy
She's a-saying hey baby
I'm your wife
Yeah she tell him that he's crazy
For gambling a-with his life

But he climbs on his horse
You know he feel no remorse
He just kicks it alive
His motor is fine
He take it over the line
Until he's ready to dive

And she tell him that he's crazy
Yes she's saying listen baby
I'm your wife
Yeah she tell him that he's crazy
For gambling with his life

He sticks to his guns
He take the road as it comes
It take the shine off his shoes
He says it's a shame
You know it may be a game
Ah but I won't play to lose

He sticks to his guns
He take the road as it comes
It take the shine off his shoes
He's too fast to stop
He take it over the top
He make a line in the news

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

Where d'ya think you're going
Don't you know it's dark outside
Where d'ya think you're going
Don't you care about my pride
Where d'ya think you're going
I think a you don't know
You got no way of knowing
There's really no place you can go

I understand your changes
A-long before you reach the door
I know where you think you're going you
I know what you came here for
And now I'm sick of joking
You know I like you to be free
A-where d'ya think ya going
I think you better go with me 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

Where d'ya think you're going
Don't you know it's dark outside
Where d'ya think you're going
I wish I didn't care about my pride
And now I'm sick of joking
You know I like you to be free
A-where d'ya think ya going
I think you better go with me girl

COMMUNIQUÉ

We wanna get a statement for Jesus' sake
It's like a talking to the wall
He's incommunicado
No comment to make
He's saying nothing at all

Yeah but in the communiqué
You know he's gonna come clean
Think what he say
Say what he means
Maybe on a Monday he got something to say

Communication
Communiqué
Communiqué

Maybe he could talk about the tricks of the trade
Maybe he can talk about himself
Maybe he could talk about the money that he made
Maybe he be saying something else

But in the communiqué you know he's gonna come clean
Think what he say
Say what he means
Maybe on a Monday he got something to say

Communication
Communiqué
Communiqué

Well now the rumours are flying
Speculation rife
They say that he's been trying someone else's wife
Somebody at the airport
Somebody on the phone
Says he's at the station and he's coming home alone

Then we get the story
The serious piece
And a photograph a taken in the hall
And you don't have to worry with the previous release
Right now he's saying nothing at all

But in the communiqué you know he's gonna come clean
Think what he say
Say what he mean
Maybe on a Monday he got something to say

Communication
Communiqué
Communiqué

Communication

LADY WRITER

Lady writer on the t.v.
Talk about the Virgin Mary
Reminded me of you
Expectations left to come up to yeah

Lady writer on the t.v.
Yeah, she had another quality
The way you used to look
And I know you never read a book

Just the way that her hair fell down around her face
Then I recall my fall from grace
Another time, another place

Lady writer on the t.v.
She had all the brains and the beauty
The picture does not fit
You talked to me when you felt like it

Just the way that her hair fell down around her face
Then I recall my fall from grace
Another time, another place

Yes and your rich old man
You know he'd call her a dead ringer
You got the same command
Plus your mother was a jazz singer

Just the way that her hair fell down around her face
Then I recall my fall from grace
Oh yeah, another time, another place

Lady writer on t.v.
She knew all about a history
You couldn't hardly write your name
I think I want you just the same as the

Lady writer on the t.v.
Talking about the Virgin Mary
Yeah you know I'm talking about you and me
And the lady writer on the t.v.
Lady writer on the t.v.
Talking about the Virgin Mary
Yeah you know I'm talking about you and me
And the lady writer on the t.v.

ANGEL OF MERCY

Well there's a Peter Pan moon, shepherd's delight
I got the dragon at noon, yes and I won the fight
Now I want my reward in heaven tonight, just like you promised
Angel of mercy you'll come to no harm
Angel of mercy, there's no need for alarm
The knight in his armour wants a night in your arms
You know he's honest

Angel of mercy, angel delight, give me my reward in heaven tonight
And if I give up my sword, won't you give me the right
Sweet angel

Well now it's too late for talkin', we can talk later on
Let the saxophone play us till the chorus of dawn
And I need a little oblivion, you don't need protection
Well now here come the moonlight down on your bed
Angel of mercy let your heart rule your head
I don't want your money, I want you instead
Don't need rejection yeah

Angel of mercy, angel delight, give me my reward in heaven tonight
And if I give up my sword, won't you give me the right
Angel of mercy, give me heaven tonight
Well, if you cross your heart
And spit and swear upon the grave of your mother
You gotta get into it, you gotta tell me that I'm more than a lover

Yeah angel of mercy, angel delight
A-give me my reward in heaven tonight
And if I give up my sword, won't you give me the right
Angel of mercy, give me heaven tonight

Yeah angel of mercy, angel delight
A-give me my reward in heaven tonight
And if I give up my sword, won't you give me the right
Angel of mercy, give me heaven tonight

Yeah angel of mercy, angel delight
A-give me my reward in heaven tonight
And if I give up my sword, won't you give me the right
Angel of mercy, give me heaven tonight

PORTOBELLO BELLE

Bella donna's on the high street
Her breasts upon the off beat
And the stalls are just the side shows
Victoriana's old clothes
And yes her jeans are tight now
She gotta travel light now
She's gotta tear up all her roots now

She gotta turn up for the boots now
Yeah she thinks she's tough
She ain't no english rose
But the blind singer
He's seen enough and he knows
Yes and he do a song
About a long gone Irish girl
Ah but I got one for you Portobello belle

She sees a man upon his back there
Escaping from a sack there
And bella donna lingers
Her gloves they got no fingers
Yeah, the blind man singing Irish
He get his money in a tin dish
Just a corner serenader
Upon a time he could have made her, made her
Yeah, she thinks she'd tough
She ain't no english rose
Ah, but the blind singer
He's seen enough and he knows
Yes and do a song
About a long gone Irish girl
Ah but I got one for you Portobello belle

Yes and the barrow boys are hawking
And a parakeet is squawking
Upon a truck there is a rhino
She get the crying of a wino
And then she hear the reggae rumble
Bella donna's in the jungle
But she is no garden flower
There is no distress in the tower
Oh, bella donna walks
Bella donna taking a stroll
But she don't care about your window box
Or your button hole
Yes and she sing a song about a long gone Irish girl
Ah but I got one for you Portobello belle

SINGLE-HANDED SAILOR

Two in the morning dry-dock town
The river rolls away in the night
Little gypsy moth she's all tied down
She quiver in the wind and the light

Yeah and a sailing ship just held down in chains
From the lazy days of sail
She's just a lying there in silent pain
He lean on the tourist rail

A mother and her baby and the college of war
In the concrete graves
You never wanna fight against the river law
Nobody rules the waves
Yeah and on a night when the lazy wind is a-wailing
Around the Cutty Sark
The single handed sailor goes sailing
Sailing away in the dark

He's upon the bridge on the self same night
The mariner of dry dock land
Two in the morning but there's one green light
And a man on a barge of sand

FOLLOW ME HOME

Oh well the sun go down
Celebration in the town tonight
All day long
They been slaughtering upon the stone
Share out the meat
Yeah, you really like to eat
Come on woman, come follow me home

Well, the priest he cries
Virgin ascending to the skies tonight
All day long
I have passed my time alone
And when the church bell rung
I stayed out on the tower
In a dying sun
Now come on woman, come follow me home

Well I don't need no priest
But I love all of the people
Yes I share the feast
So drink up my wine
Yes and the song in my bones
I know the way
I can see by the moonlight
Clear as the day
Now come on woman, come follow me home



MARK KNOPFLER
Vocals, lead & rhythm guitars



DAVID KNOPFLER
Rhythm guitar & Vocals



JOHN ILLSLEY
Bass & Vocals



PICK WITHERS
Drums

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST
NEWS
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
COMMUNIQUE
LADY WRITER
ANGEL OF MERCY
PORTOBELLO BELLE
SINGLE-HANDED SAILOR
FOLLOW ME HOME

*Songs by Mark Knopfler.
Produced by Jerry Wexler and Barry Beckett.
Keyboards by B. Bear.
Recorded December 1978, Compass Point Studio,
Nassau, Bahamas.
Engineered by Jack Nuber.
Tape Operator TheBert Rigby.
Mixed January 1979 at Muscle Shoals Sound,
Sheffield, Alabama.
Mix Engineer Gregg Hamm.*



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