

ORIGINAL MASTER RECORDING

LOVE OVER GOLD

DIRE STRAITS



## TELEGRAPH ROAD

A long time ago came a man on a track  
walking thirty miles with a sack on his back  
and he put down his load where he thought it was the best  
he made a home in the wilderness  
he built a cabin and a winter store  
and he ploughed up the ground by the cold lake shore  
and the other travellers came riding down the track  
and they never went further and they never went back  
then came the churches then came the schools  
then came the lawyers then came the rules  
then came the trains and the trucks with their loads  
and the dirty old track was the telegraph road

Then came the mines — then came the ore  
then there was the hard times then there was a war  
telegraph sang a song about the world outside  
telegraph road got so deep and so wide  
like a rolling river . . .

And my radio says tonight it's gonna freeze  
people driving home from the factories  
there's six lanes of traffic  
three lanes moving slow . . .

I used to like to go to work but they shut it down  
I've got a right to go to work but there's no work here to be found  
yes and they say we're gonna have to pay what's owed  
we're gonna have to reap from some seed that's been sowed  
and the birds up on the wires and the telegraph poles  
they can always fly away from this rain and this cold  
you can hear them singing out their telegraph code  
all the way down the telegraph road

You know I'd sooner forget but I remember those nights  
when life was just a bet on a race between the lights  
you had your head on my shoulder you had your hand in my hair  
now you act a little colder like you don't seem to care . . .  
but believe in me baby and I'll take you away  
from out of this darkness and into the day  
from these rivers of headlights these rivers of rain  
from the anger that lives on the streets with these names  
'cos I've run every red light on memory lane  
I've seen desperation explode into flames  
and I don't wanna see it again . . .

From all of these signs saying sorry but we're closed  
all the way down the telegraph road

## PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS

It's a mystery to me — the game commences  
for the usual fee — plus expenses  
confidential information — it's in a diary  
this is my investigation — it's not a public inquiry

I go checking out the reports — digging up the dirt  
you get to meet all sorts in this line of work  
treachery and treason — there's always an excuse for it  
and when I find the reason I still can't get used to it

And what have you got at the end of the day?  
what have you got to take away?  
a bottle of whisky and a new set of lies  
blinds on the window and a pain behind the eyes

Scarred for life — no compensation  
private investigations

Reel : Love Over Gold  
Artist : Dire Straits 30 i.p.s.

Mark Knopfler : Vocals, Guitar  
Hal Lindes : Guitar  
Alan Clark : Keyboards  
John Illsley : Bass  
Pick Withers : Drums

\*  
Mike Mainieri : Vibes & Marimbas, Tracks 2, 4  
Ed Walsh : Synth Program

## INDUSTRIAL DISEASE

Warning lights are flashing down at Quality Control  
somebody threw a spanner and they threw him in the hole  
there's rumors in the loading bay and anger in the town  
somebody blew the whistle and the walls came down  
there's a meeting in the boardroom they're trying to trace the smell  
there's leaking in the washroom there's a sneak in personnel  
somewhere in the corridors someone was heard to sneeze  
'goodness me could this be Industrial Disease?'

The caretaker was crucified for sleeping at his post  
they're refusing to be pacified it's him they blame the most  
the watchdog's got rabies the foreman's got the fleas  
and everyone's concerned about Industrial Disease  
there's panic on the switchboard tongues are ties in knots  
some come out in sympathy some come out in spots  
some blame the management some the employees  
and everybody knows it's the Industrial Disease

The work force is disgusted downs tools and walks  
innocence is injured experience just talks  
everyone seeks damages and everyone agrees  
that these are 'classic symptoms of a monetary squeeze'  
on ITV and BBC they talk about the curse  
philosophy is useless theology is worse  
history boils over there's an economics freeze  
sociologists invent words that mean 'Industrial Disease'

Doctor Parkinson declared 'I'm not surprised to see you here  
you've got smokers cough from smoking brewer's droop from drinking beer  
I don't know how you came to get the Bette Davis knees  
but worst of all young man you've got Industrial Disease'  
he wrote me a prescription he said 'you are depressed  
but I'm glad you came to see me to get this off your chest  
come back and see me later — next patient please  
send in another victim of Industrial Disease'

I go down to Speaker's Corner I'm thunderstruck  
they got free speech, tourists, police in trucks  
two men say they're Jesus one of them must be wrong  
there's a protest singer singing a protest song — he says  
'they wanna have a war so they can keep us on our knees  
they wanna have a war so they can keep their factories  
they wanna have a war to stop us buying Japanese  
they're pointing out the enemy to keep you deaf and blind  
they wanna sap your energy incarcerate your mind  
they give you Rule Britannia, gassy beer, page three  
two weeks in Espana and Sunday striptease'  
meanwhile the first Jesus says 'I'd cure it soon  
abolish monday mornings and friday afternoons'  
the other one's out on hunger strike he's dying by degrees  
how come Jesus gets Industrial Disease

## LOVE OVER GOLD

You walk out on the high wire  
you're a dancer on thin ice  
you pay no heed to the danger  
and less to advice  
your footsteps are forbidden  
but with knowledge of your sin  
you throw your love to all the strangers  
and caution to the wind

And you go dancing through doorways  
just to see what you will find  
leaving nothing to interfere  
with the crazy balance of your mind  
and when you finally reappear  
at the place where you came in  
you've thrown your love to all the strangers  
and caution to the wind

It takes love over gold  
and mind over matter  
to do what you do that you must  
when the things that you hold  
can fall and be shattered  
or run through your fingers like dust

### Love Over Gold

#Many thanks to all at  
Damage Management  
and to Pete Brewis

#Special thanks to  
Neil Dorfman N.K.

Keel	: Love Over Gold
Artist	: Dire Straits
Client	: Damage Management
Producer	: Mark Knopfler
Engineer	: Neil Dorfman
Ass't Engineer	: Barry Bongiovi
Sleeve Design	: Michael Rowe
Photography	: Alan Lobel Peter Cunningham

All songs composed by Mark Knopfler  
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## IT NEVER RAINS

I hear the Seven Deadly Sins  
and the Terrible Twins came to call on you  
the bigger they are babe  
the harder they fall on you  
and you you're always the same you persevere  
on the same old pleasure ground  
oh and it never rains around here  
it just comes pouring down

You had no more volunteers  
so you got profiteers for to help you out  
with friends like that babe  
good friends you had to do without  
and now they've taken the chains and the gears  
from off your merry-go-round  
oh and it never rains around here  
it just comes pouring down

And your new Romeo  
was just a gigolo when he let you down  
see the faster they are babe  
the faster they get out of town  
leaving make up stains and the tears  
of a clown  
yes and it never rains around here  
it just comes pouring down

Oh you were just a roller coaster memory  
I don't know why I was even passing through  
I saw you making a date with Destiny  
when he came around here asking after you  
in the shadow of the Wheel Of Fortune  
you're busy trying to clear your name  
you say 'I may be guilty yeah that may be true  
but I'd be lying if I said I was to blame  
see we could have been major contenders  
we never got no money no breaks'  
you've got a list of all the major offenders  
you got a list of all their major mistakes  
and he's just standing in the shadows  
yes and you smile that come-on smile  
oh I can still hear you say as clear as the day  
'I'd like to make it worth your while'

Ah but it's a sad reminder  
when your organ grinder has to come to you for rent  
and all you've got to give him  
is the use of your side-show tent  
yes and that's all that remains of the years  
spent doing the rounds  
and it never rains around here  
well it just comes pouring down

Now you know what they say about beggars  
you can't complain about the rules  
you know what they say about beggars  
you know who's the first to blame his tools  
you never gave a damn about who you pick up  
and leave laying bleeding on the ground  
you screw people over on the way up  
because you thought that you were never coming down  
and he takes you out in Vaudeville Valley  
with his hand up smothering your screams  
and he screws you down in Tin Pan Alley  
in the city of a billion dreams

LOVE OVER GOLD

reel LOVE OVER GOLD  
artist DIVE STRAITS 39:10

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LOVE OVER GOLD	04	00:00
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