

One Song At A Time

Mark Knopfler

Tuning: Standard

Capo: No

Key: C

| Am | F | C | Fadd9 |
| 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 F
But anyway who is who?

You could be looking at
Em Am
What he's looking at

Am

And heâ€™s looking at you

G

And Iâ€™ll be out of this place

G7 C C G

And down the road wherever

G/B C C

There but for the grace, etcetera

F C F

Iâ€™ll see you later but itâ€™s 1979

C Bb

And Iâ€™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

Always were in short supply

Am

F

The Bristol ships and Liverpoolâ€™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 Iâ€™ll be out of this place

G7 C C G

And down the road wherever

C C

There but for the grace, etcetera

F C F

Iâ€™ll see you later but itâ€™s 1879

C

Bb

And Iâ€™m picking my way out of here

Am

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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 oâ€™clock

Am

F

The shyster takes a ringside seat

C

F

As theyâ€™re bringing them from the jail

Em

And twenty thousand tickets

Am

Am

Am

Am

Sold online on premium sale

Am

F

So if you need to reach me

C

Fadd9

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

Fadd9

Trying to dance in my old shoes

F

Em

Iâ€™ll be gone over the ocean

Am

Am

With the transatlantic blues

G

And Iâ€™ll be out of this place

G/B C C G

And down the road wherever

G/B C C

There but for the grace, etcetera

F C F

Iâ€™ll see you later somewhere down the line

C Bb

Iâ€™ll be picking my way out of here

Am

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F	C	F	C
G	Em	F	C
F	C	F	C
G	%	Am	%