

# Kingdom of Gold

Mark Knopfler

The high priest of money looks down on the river  
The dawn coming up on his kingdom of gold  
When the rim of the sun sends an arrow of silver  
He prays to the gods of the bought and the sold  
He turns to his symbols, his ribbons of numbers  
They circle and spin on their mystical scroll  
He looks for a sign while the city still slumbers  
And the ribbons and the river forever unroll  
In his kingdom of gold, his kingdom of gold  
Kingdom of gold, his kingdom of gold  
Kingdom of gold  
On the horizon an enemy haven  
Sends traces of smoke high up into the sky  
A pack of dog jackals and a rabble of ravens  
Who'll come for his fortress, his castle on high  
In his kingdom of gold, kingdom of gold  
Kingdom of gold, his kingdom of gold  
Kingdom of gold  
His axes and armour will conquer these devils  
The turbulent raiders will falter and fall  
Their leaders be taken, their camps burned and levelled  
They'll hang in the wind from his citadel walls  
In his kingdom of gold, kingdom of gold  
Kingdom of gold, kingdom of gold  
Kingdom of gold

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