

You Don't Know You're Born

Mark Knopfler

What do you know about the hammer and the spike?

What do you know about the farm?

You don't know, you don't know what it's like

Because you don't know, you don't know you're born What do you know about the hammer and the chisel?

You only know the kitchen and the warm

You don't know about the night shift whistle

Punching the clock to the horn

Because you don't know, you don't know you're born You don't know, you don't know you're born

You don't know, you don't know you're born

You don't know, you don't know you're born

You don't know, you don't know you're born

You don't know you're born

You don't know you're born What do you know about the hammer and the nails

Or know about the thistles and the thorns?

What do you know about the road and the rails?

Your heart so weary and your hands all worn

Your hands so weary and your heart all torn

And you don't know, you don't know you're born You don't know you're born

You don't know, you don't know you're born

You don't know, you don't know you're born

You don't know, you don't know you're born

You don't know you're born

You don't know you're born

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