

Cleaning My Gun

Mark Knopfler

I keep a weather eye on the horizon, back to the wall
I like to know who's coming through the door, that's all
It's the old army training kicking in
I'm not complaining, it's the world we live in
Blarney and Malarkey, they're a devious firm
Take you to the cleaners and let you burn
The help is breaking dishes in the kitchen, thanks a lot
We hired the worst dishwasher this place ever got
Hidden below the radar
They want to spoil our fun
In the meantime
I'm cleaning my gun
Remember it got so cold ice froze up the tank
We lit a fire beneath her just so she would crank
Keep a weather eye on the horizon
Tap the stone glass now and then
We got a case of old damnation
For when you get here, my friend
We can have ourselves
A party before they come
In the meantime
I'm cleaning my gun
We had women and a mirror ball, we had a DJ
He used to eat pretty much all that came his way
Ever since the goons came in took apart the place
I keep a tire iron in the corner just in case
Hang a little magic bullet on a little chain
Keep me safe from the chilly winds and out of the rain
We're gonna might need bullets should we get stuck
Any which way, we're gonna need a little luck
You can still get gas in heaven
And drink in kingdom come
In the meantime
I'm cleaning my gun

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