

# No Can Do

Mark Knopfler

Skint in a material world  
I did a warehouse stint for south sea girl  
It was Hong Kong clothes for cash  
Everybody got treated worse than trash  
Punch the card in the company clock  
Load the trolleys and the company trucks  
And around and around the whole day through  
And you couldn't sit down when there was nothing to do  
Well they had beaten up people from every land  
Fools like me trying to be in bands  
A little French girl so good to me  
But I couldn't love her back so lonely  
I was a backpacker traveling through  
A lumberjack with the traveling blues  
We had worn out shoes and worn out cuffs  
Big ideas that were never big enough  
He said, "The man wants you", go wash his car  
Hey you I'm talking to you  
I said, "Me", not me uh uh, no can do  
No can, can do, no can, no can, can do, no can  
Now some were grown up unlike me  
And were dealing with reality  
I was spittin', sulkin', smokin', shirkin'  
While a lady from Jamaica was singing and working  
I had everyone but me to blame  
And every day was just the same  
Well nobody ever said it was a righteous world  
But if they did they never said it at that south sea girl  
He said, "The man wants you", go wash his car  
Hey you I'm talking to you  
I said, "Me", not me uh uh, no can do  
No can, can do, no can, no can, can do, no can  
Well I've made my bed on people's floors  
Opened up and closed some doors  
Dreamed that if my dreams came true  
Then I wouldn't do what I didn't want to  
Walking through the gates to the outside  
To dream some dreams that never have died  
And I walked the streets of London town  
Looking for a place to put my head down  
He said, "The man wants you", go wash his car  
Hey you I'm talking to you  
I said, "Me", not me uh uh, no can do  
No can, can do, no can, no can, can do, no can

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