

Monteleone

Mark Knopfler

The chisels are calling, it's time to make sawdust
Steely reminders of things left to do
Monteleone, a mandolin's waiting for you My fingerplane's working, gentle persuasion
I bend to the wood and I coax it to sing Monteleone, your new one and only will ring
Monteleone, your new one and only will ring The rain on the window, the snow on the gravel
The seasons go by to the songs in the wood Too quick or too careless
It all could unravel, it so easily could The chisels are calling, it's back for an encore
Back to the shavings that cover the floor Monteleone, they're calling for you
Monteleone, they're calling for you

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