

Down To The Waterline

Dire Straits

Sweet surrender on the quayside
You remember, we used to run and hide
In the shadow of the cargoes I'll take you one time
And we're counting all the numbers down to the waterline
Where the near misses on the dogleap stairways
French kisses in the darkened doorways
Foghorn blowing out wild and cold
A policeman shines a light upon my shoulder
Up comes a coaster fast and silent in the night
Over my shoulder all you can see are the pilot lights
No money in our jackets and our jeans are torn
Your hands are cold but your lips are warm
She can see him on the jetty where they used to meet
She can feel him in the places where the sailors go
When she's walking by the river on the railway line
She can still hear him whisper, 'Let's go down to the waterline?'
Come on, now, yeah

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