5.15 A.m.

Mark Knopfler

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Snow layin' all around
A collier cycles home
From his night shift underground
Past the silent pub
Primary school, workin' mens club
On the road from the pit head
The churchyard packed with minin' dead
Then beneath the bridge
He comes to a giant car
A shroud of snow upon the roof
A mark ten jaguar
He thought the man was fast asleep
Silent, still and deep
Both dead and cold
A shot through with bullet holes
The one armed bandit man
Came north to fill his boots
Came up from Cockney land
E-type jags and flashy suits
Put your money in
Pull the levers, watch 'em spin
Cash cows in all the pubs
But he preferred the new nightclubs
Nineteen sixty-seven
Bandit men in birdcage heaven
La dolce vita, sixty-nine
All new to people of the Tyne
Who knows who did what?
Somebody made a call
They said, "His hands were in the pot"
That he'd been skimmin' hauls
He picks up the swag
They gaily gave away
Drives his giant jag
Off to his big pay day
Oh, the bandit man
Came north to fill his boots
Came up from Cockney land

E-type jags and flashy suits
An' the bandit man
Came up the great north road
Up to Geordie land
To mine the mother lode
Seams blew up or cracked
Black diamonds came hard won
Generations toiled and hacked
For a pittance and black lung
Crushed by tub or stone
Together and alone
How the young an' old
Paid the price of coal
Eighteen sixty-seven
My angel's gone to Heaven
He'll be happy there
Sunlight and sweet clean air, oh oh
They gather 'round the glass
Tough hewers and cutters
Child trappers and putters
Little foals and half-marrows
Who pushed and pulled the barrows
The hod boys and the Roley way men
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