

# 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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