

You Don't Know You're Born

[Mark Knopfler](#)

What do you know about the hammer and the spike?
What do you know about the farm?
You don't know, you don't know what it's like
Because you don't know, you don't know you're born
What do you know about the hammer and the chisel?
You only know the kitchen and the warm
You don't know about the night shift whistle
Punching the clock to the horn
Because you don't know, you don't know you're born
You don't know, you don't know you're born
You don't know, you don't know you're born
You don't know, you don't know you're born
You don't know you're born
You don't know you're born
What do you know about the hammer and the nails
Or know about the thistles and the thorns?
What do you know about the road and the rails?
Your heart so weary and your hands all worn
Your hands so weary and your heart all torn
And you don't know, you don't know you're born
You don't know you're born
You don't know you're born
You don't know you're born
You don't know you're born
You don't know you're born

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