

MARK KNOPFLER GET LUCKY

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CD

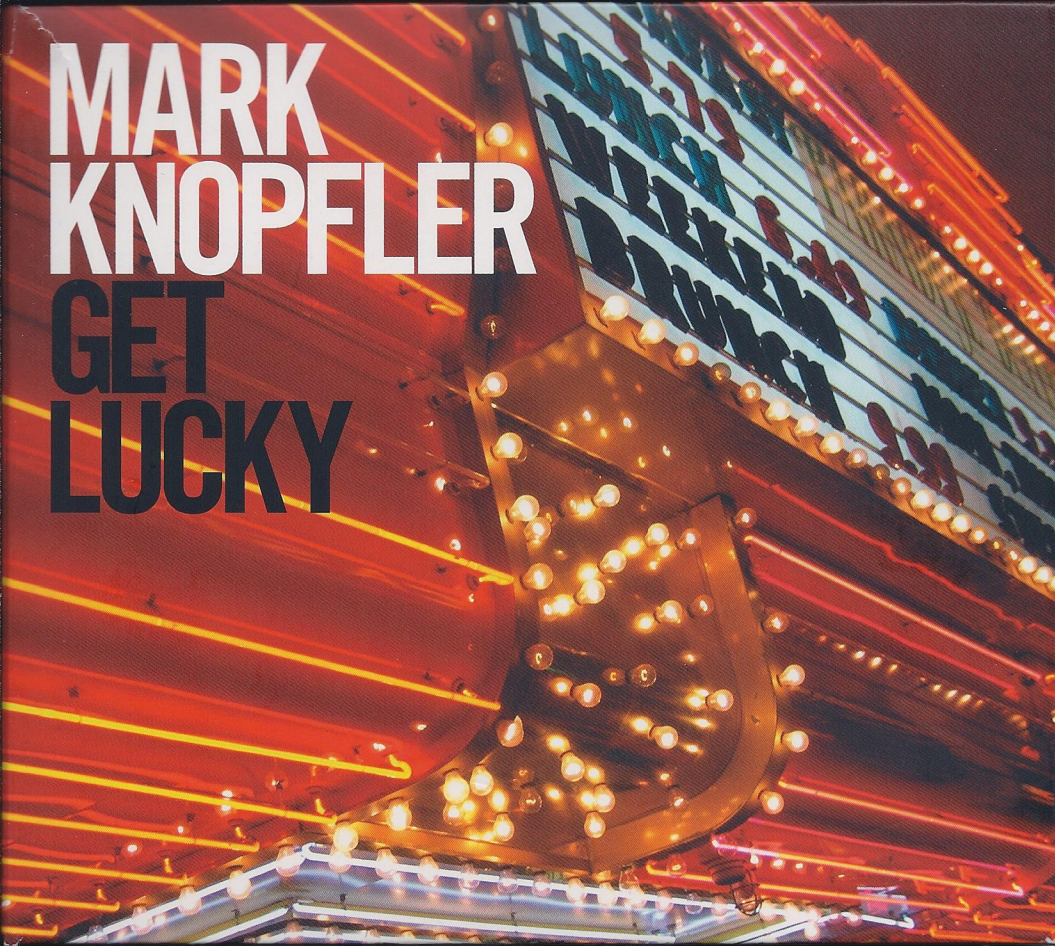
BORDER REIVER
HARD SHOULDER
YOU CAN'T BEAT THE HOUSE
BEFORE GAS AND TV
MONTELEONE
CLEANING MY GUN
THE CAR WAS THE ONE
REMEMBRANCE DAY
GET LUCKY
SO FAR FROM THE CLYDE
PIPER TO THE END

DVD

GET LUCKY
BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE PHOTOSHOOT
CLEANING MY GUN
BAND PERFORMANCE AT BRITISH GROVE
REMEMBRANCE DAY
RECORDING ACOUSTIC GUITAR
MARK & BAND
RECORDING BACKING VOCALS
STUDIO TOUR
BY MARK KNOPFLER & CHUCK AINLAY
CONTROL ROOM
WITH MARK KNOPFLER & CHUCK AINLAY

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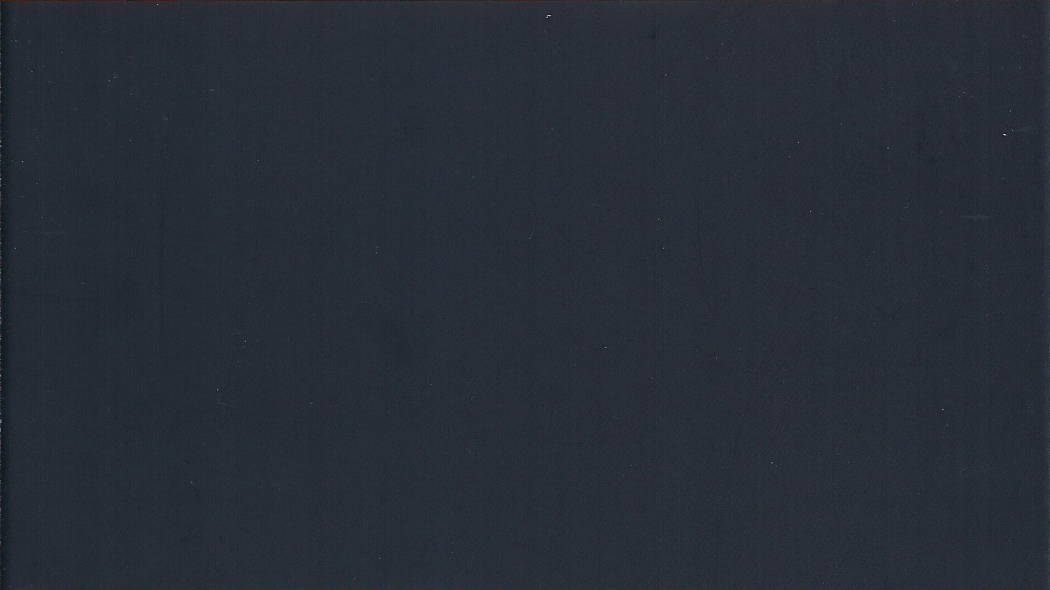
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www.markknopfler.com



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BORDER REIVER

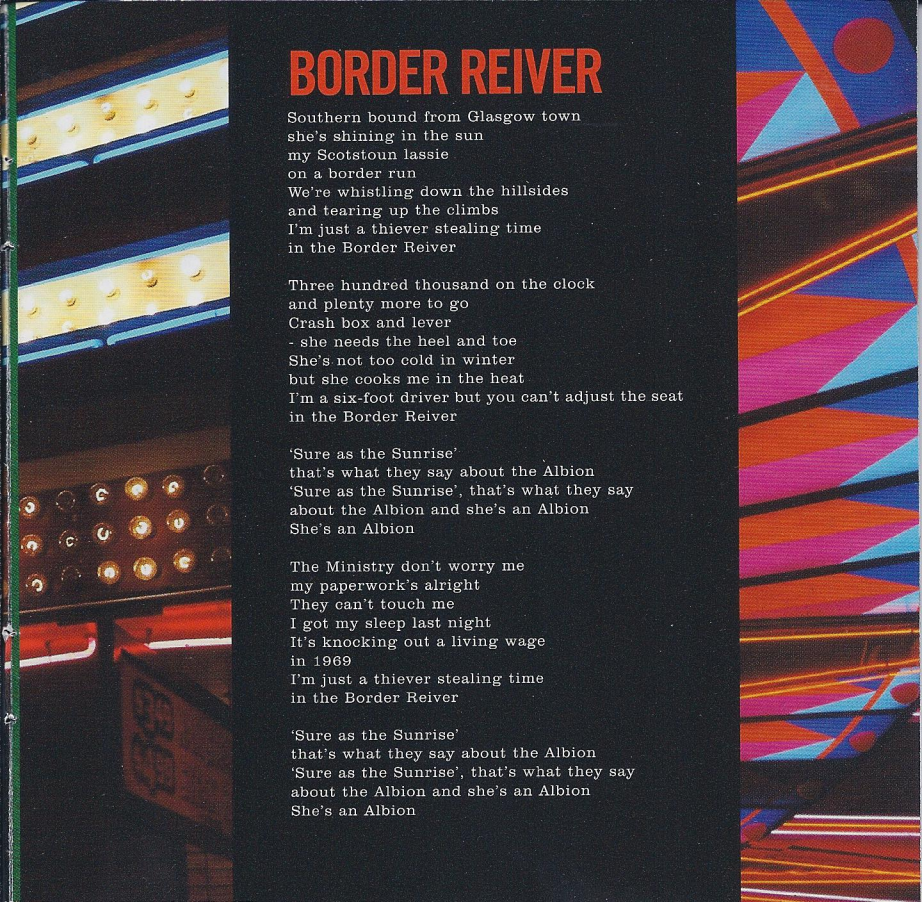
Southern bound from Glasgow town
she's shining in the sun
my Scotstoun lassie
on a border run
We're whistling down the hillsides
and tearing up the climbs
I'm just a thief stealing time
in the Border Reiver

Three hundred thousand on the clock
and plenty more to go
Crash box and lever
- she needs the heel and toe
She's not too cold in winter
but she cooks me in the heat
I'm a six-foot driver but you can't adjust the seat
in the Border Reiver

'Sure as the Sunrise'
that's what they say about the Albion
'Sure as the Sunrise', that's what they say
about the Albion and she's an Albion
She's an Albion

The Ministry don't worry me
my paperwork's alright
They can't touch me
I got my sleep last night
It's knocking out a living wage
in 1969
I'm just a thief stealing time
in the Border Reiver

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HARD SHOULDER

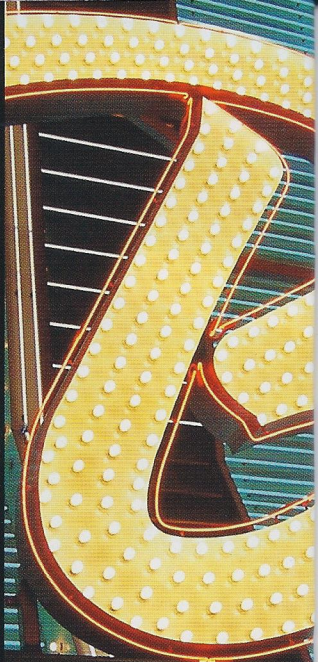
I've got latches for windows, handles for doors
Grinders and scrapers and sanders for floors
Rake for the gravel, chains for the snow
Always got the shovel - you never know
I never thought you'd go

Man's broken down
Man's broken down on the slip road
Got a slipped load
And it's a hard shoulder to cry on

Hacksaws and hammers, brushes and mop
Then I've got the ladders up on the top
If something needs doing, I always say
You want it done the proper way
I need you to stay

Man's broken down
Man's broken down on the slip road
Got a slipped load
And it's a hard shoulder to cry on

Give me a minute we'll be going again
Sound as a pound, right as rain
- right as rain
And it's a hard shoulder to cry on
- to cry on





YOU CAN'T BEAT THE HOUSE

You can't fool a fooler
I can tell
when a john got jazzed
by a jezebel
You can't beat the house
You can't beat the house
Tell the man somebody
You can't beat the house

When these horn dogs
get lucky with dough
they'll blow it on the roosters
and the girls of Smokey Row
You can't beat the house
You can't beat the house
Now tell the man somebody
You can't beat the house

You want to buy you a dance
don't buy it in here
It's all skin games and jelly roll
red-eye and beer
They're all as mean as rat snakes
all got knives in their boots
Even the piano player, man,
he don't care who he shoots

See that little homewrecker
in the backroom
She'll pick your pocket
with her pet raccoon
You can't beat the house
You can't beat the house
Tell the man, somebody
You can't beat the house

BEFORE GAS AND TV

Before gas and TV
before people had cars
we'd sit round the fires
pass around a guitar
remembering songs
When my daddy was home
he'd play along
on the spoons and a comb

We'd go with the flow
When the weather was fine
sometimes we'd go
collecting scrap iron
Then we'd sit round the fires
pass a bottle of wine
and the tales of the road
since time out of mind

If heaven's like this
well, that's okay with me
where the living is fine
and living is free
If heaven's like this
well, then here's where I'll be
on the edge of the field
on the edge of the world
before gas and TV

MONTELEONE

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 finger planes 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 more
Monteleone, they're calling for more

CLEANING MY GUN

I keep a weather eye on the horizon, my back to the wall
I like to know who's coming through the door, that's all
It's the old army training kicking in
I'm not complaining, it's the world we live in

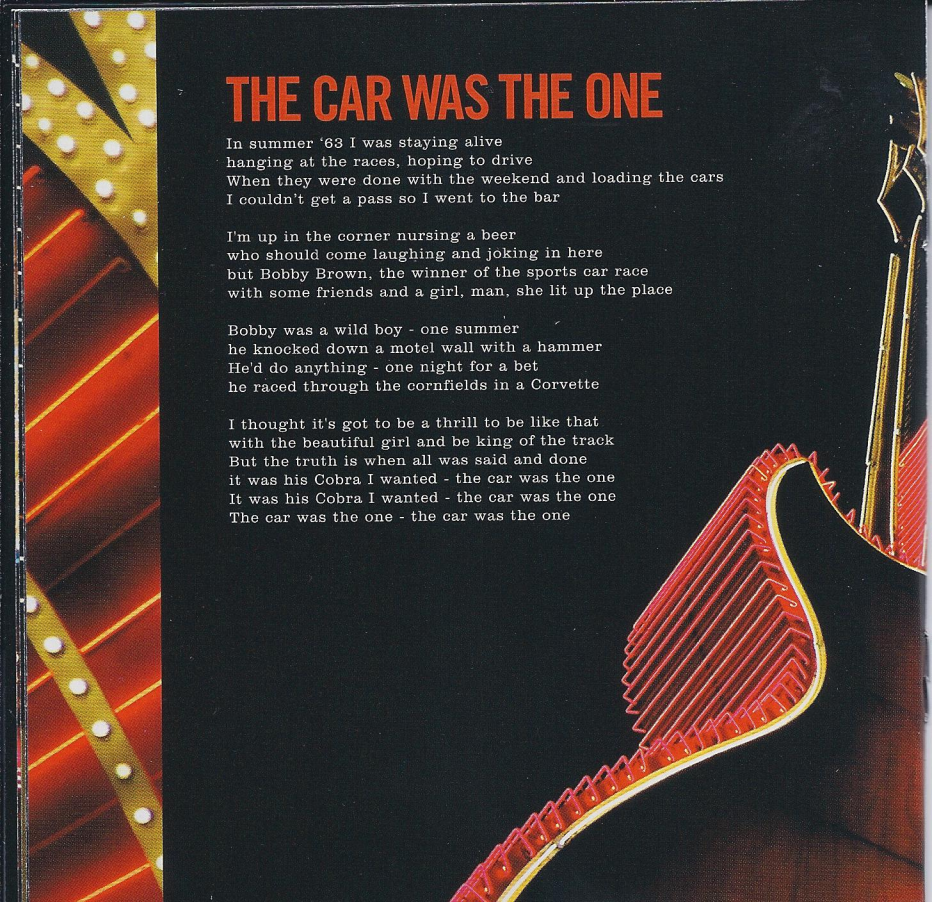
Blarney and Malarkey, they're a devious firm
They'll take you to the cleaners or let you burn
The help is breaking dishes in the kitchen - thanks a lot
We hired the worst dishwasher this place ever got
Come in below the radar, they want to spoil our fun
In the meantime I'm cleaning my gun

Remember it got so cold ice froze up the tank
We lit a fire beneath her just so she would crank
I keep a weather eye on the horizon, tap the stormglass now and then
I've got a case of Old Damnation for when you get here, my friend
We can have ourselves a party before they come
In the meantime I'm cleaning my gun

We had women and a mirror ball, we had a dee jay
used to eat pretty much all that came his way
Ever since the goons came in and took apart the place
I keep a tyre iron in the corner, just in case

I gave you a magic bullet on a little chain
to keep you safe from the chilly winds and out of the rain
We're gonna might need bullets should we get stuck
Any which way, we're going to need a little luck
You can still get gas in Heaven, and a drink in Kingdom Come
In the meantime I'm cleaning my gun





THE CAR WAS THE ONE

In summer '63 I was staying alive
hanging at the races, hoping to drive
When they were done with the weekend and loading the cars
I couldn't get a pass so I went to the bar

I'm up in the corner nursing a beer
who should come laughing and joking in here
but Bobby Brown, the winner of the sports car race
with some friends and a girl, man, she lit up the place

Bobby was a wild boy - one summer
he knocked down a motel wall with a hammer
He'd do anything - one night for a bet
he raced through the cornfields in a Corvette

I thought it's got to be a thrill to be like that
with the beautiful girl and be king of the track
But the truth is when all was said and done
it was his Cobra I wanted - the car was the one
It was his Cobra I wanted - the car was the one
The car was the one - the car was the one



REMEMBRANCE DAY

On your maypole green
see the winding morris men
Angry Alfie, Bill and Ken
waving hankies, sticks and boots
- all the earth and roots

Standing at the crease
the batsman takes a look around
The boys are fielding on home ground
The steeple sharp against the blue
- when I think of you

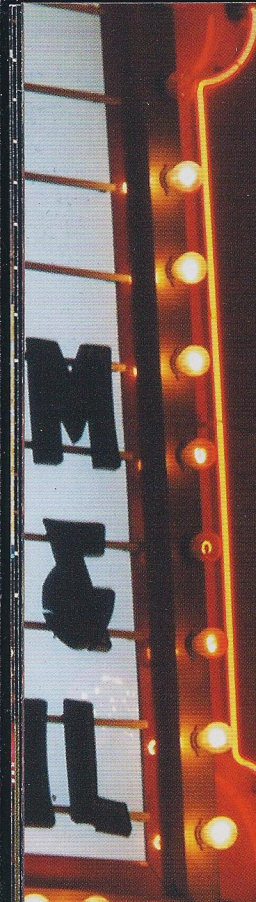
Sam and Andy, Jack and John
Charlie, Martin, Jamie, Ron
Harry, Stephen, Will and Don
Matthew, Michael - on and on

We will remember them
remember them, remember them
We will remember them
remember them, remember them

Time has slipped away
The summer sky to autumn yields
A haze of smoke across the fields
Let's up and fight another round
and walk the stubbled ground

When November brings
the poppies on Remembrance Day
when the vicar comes to say
'May God bless them, every one
Lest we forget our sons'

We will remember them
remember them, remember them
We will remember them
remember them, remember them



GET LUCKY

I'm better with my muscles
than I am with my mouth
I'll work the fairgrounds in the summer
or go pick fruit down south
And when I feel them chilly winds
where the weather goes I'll follow
Pack up my travelling things
go with the swallows
And I might get lucky now and then - you win some
I might get lucky now and then - you win some

I wake up every morning
keep an eye on what I spent
Got to think about eating
got to think about paying the rent
I always think it's funny -
gets me every time
The one about happiness and money -
tell it to the bread line
But you might get lucky now and then - you win some
You might get lucky now and then - yeah, you win some

Now I'm rambling through this meadow
happy as a man can be
Think I'll just lay me down
under this old tree
On and on we go
through this old world a' shuffling
If you've got a truffle dog
you can go truffling
And you might get lucky now and then - you win some
You might get lucky now and then - yeah, you win some

SO FAR FROM THE CLYDE

They had a last supper
the day of the beaching
She's a dead ship sailing
- skeleton crew
The galley is empty
the stove pots are cooling
with what's left of a stew

Her time is approaching
The captain moves over
The hangman steps in
to do what he's paid for
With the wind and the tide
she goes proud ahead steaming
and he drives her hard into the shore

so far from the Clyde
together we'd ride
we did ride

As if to a wave
from her bows to her rudder
bravely she rises
to meet with the land
Under their feet
they all feel her keel shudder
A shallow sea washes their hands

Later the captain
shakes hands with the hangman
and climbs slowly down
to the oily wet ground
Goes bowed to the car
that has come here to take him
through the graveyard and back to the town

so far from the Clyde
together we'd ride
we did ride

They pull out her cables
and hack off her hatches
Too poor to be wasteful
with pity or time
They swarm on her carcass
with torches and axes
Like a whale on the bloody shoreline

Stripped of her pillars
her stays and her stanchions
When there's only her bones
on the wet, poisoned land
steel ropes will drag her
with winches and engines
'til there's only a stain on the sand

so far from the Clyde
together we'd ride
we did ride
so far from the Clyde
together we'd ride
we did ride

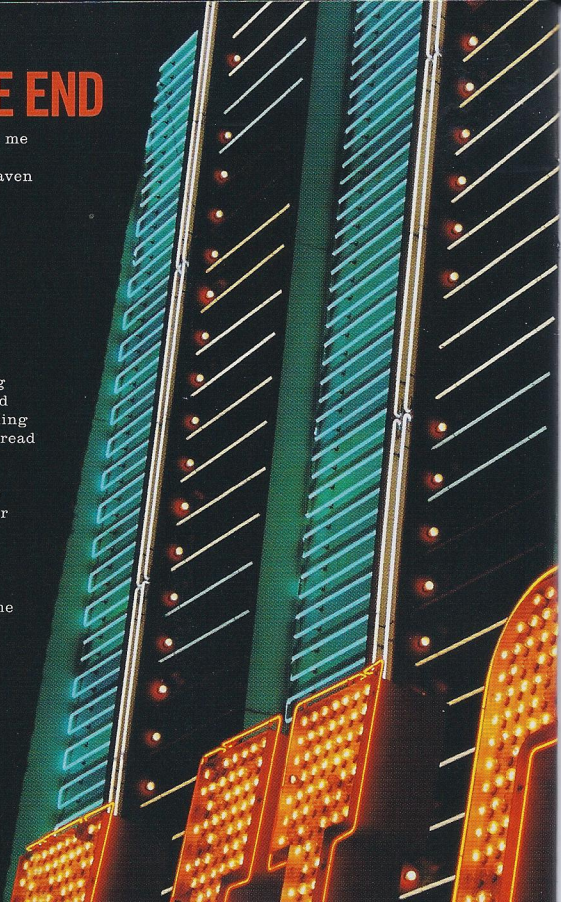
PIPER TO THE END

When I leave this world behind me
to another I will go
And if there are no pipes in heaven
I'll be going down below
If friends in time be severed
someday we will meet again
I'll return to leave you never
be a piper to the end

This has been a day to die for
Now the day is almost done
Up above, a quiet seabird
turns to face the setting sun
Now the evening dove is calling
and all the hills are burning red
And before the night comes falling
clouds are lined with golden thread

We watched the fires together
shared our quarters for a while
walked the dusty roads together
came so many miles

This has been a day to die on
Now the day is almost done
Here the pipes will lay beside me
silent with the battle drum
If friends in time be severed
someday we will meet again
I'll return to leave you never
be a piper to the end



Mark Knopfler - vocals and guitar
Richard Bennett - guitar
John McCusker - violin and cittern
Matt Rollings - keyboards
Guy Fletcher - keyboards
Glenn Worf - electric and upright bass
Danny Cummings - drums

Phil Cunningham - accordion (tracks 1,4, 10 and 11)
Michael McGoldrick - flute and whistle (tracks 1,4, 10 and 11)
Rupert Gregson-Williams - conducting strings and French horns
Strings arranged by Guy Fletcher

Produced by Mark Knopfler
Co-produced / engineered by Guy Fletcher and Chuck Ainlay,
assisted by Rich Cooper and Martin Hollis
Recorded at British Grove Studios, London
Mastered by Bob Ludwig at Gateway Mastering Studios, Portland, Maine

All songs written by Mark Knopfler (Will D. Side Ltd)
Published by Will D. Side Ltd / Hornall Bros Music Ltd

DVD Credits:

Director: Tom Bird
Producer: Laura Coffin
Director of Photography: Oli Russell
Editor: Guy Morley

Artwork: Salvador Design

The first itinerant person I ever met would sing in soul bands in winter, then work part-time in fairgrounds or 'go pick fruit down south' when the weather turned warm. I was about fifteen years old, stuck in school and envious. Get Lucky came from him and other travelling characters I went on to meet in places I'd find myself working short-term: farm, warehouses, building site, before I got lucky with my songs.

The Car Was The One re-tells a brief incident related by the late Mark Donohue when he was young, frustrated and desperate to race. The short passage in 'The Unfair Advantage', the book about his life written by Donohue himself and Paul Van Valkenburgh, reminded me of how badly I wanted to be out there playing in a rock band when I was young. It's about a young person's desire to follow his compulsion.

John Monteleone of New York is the world's greatest living builder of the arch top guitar. Eventually I was lucky enough to visit him at his workshop in Long Island, NY. Shortly afterwards John set about making a guitar for me which was to be the stunning Monteleone Isabella. Sometimes he would send me progress reports revealing snippets about himself and his art: 'The chisels are calling', which gave me the inspiration to write the song Monteleone.

Border Reiver is about the hard life of a lorry driver at the end of the 60s. Before moving to Newcastle upon Tyne we lived near the Albion works in Glasgow and I'd see drivers dressed like long riders in goggles and trench coats taking out the chassis to test them before they were fitted with their cabs and beds. Albions were known for their quality and 'Sure As The Sunrise' was the company motto. In Newcastle we lived near the A1, the nation's main north-south route and at eight years old I was starting to know the liveries of the major haulage companies as their lorries came through town. In the hitch-hiking years of my teens and early 20s many kind-hearted lorry drivers stopped to pick me up. The song Southbound Again on the first Dire Straits album is about that: going up and down the country and my blossoming romance with London.

Glasgow and Newcastle were shipbuilding towns and world famous for engineering excellence. As a child I'd lie in bed at night and listen to the foghorns. A breaking yard in India is a long way for a beautiful Clyde-built ship to go to die. I read about such a place in a magazine and began to write So Far From The Clyde soon afterwards.

Piper To The End is for my Uncle Freddie, Lance Corporal Frederick John Laidler, a piper of the 1st Battalion, Tyneside Scottish, The Black Watch, RHR, who carried his pipes into action and was killed with them at Flicheux, near Arras on the 20th May, 1940, aged 20.

Mark Knopfler April, 2009



My thanks go to the band: Richard Bennett, Danny Cummings, Guy Fletcher, John McCusker, Matt Rollings and Glenn Worf.

To Phil Cunningham (accordion) and Michael McGoldrick (flute and whistle) for their instrumental contributions on tracks 1,4, 10 and 11 and to Rupert Gregson-Williams for conducting strings and French horns.

To my co-producers/engineers Guy Fletcher and Chuck Ainlay, to all full and part-timers at British Grove Studios: David Stewart, David Harries, Graham Meek, Brian Gibson, Joe Kearns, Joe Shaw, Rich Cooper, Martin Hollis and Emmanuel Chukwuma.

To Charlie Boswell from AMD.

To my PA, Robyn Becker and all at PCM Management: Paul Crockford, Lisa Cope and Lauren Sass.

To Ronnie Harris and all at Harris and Trotter.

To my guitar technician, Glenn Saggars.

Finally, to the choir of children and their mums who gave their time to sing on 'Remembrance Day': Dominic Cummings, William Cummings, Leon Fletcher, Saskia Gregson-Williams, Katy Hanson, Lucy Hanson, Freya Hodgkinson, Lucia Hodgkinson, Isabella Knopfler, Katya Knopfler, Sam Lytton Cobbold, Summer Lytton Cobbold, Amy Saggars, Jacob Stewart, Thomas Stewart, Kitty Aldridge, Robyn Becker, Shelley Cummings, Laurie Ann Fletcher, Emma Gregson-Williams, Louise Hanson and Lorraine Saggars.

MK

All proceeds from the single of 'Remembrance Day' and 'Piper To The End' will go to the Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal.

Mark Knopfler uses D'Addario strings.

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CASINO

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GET LUCKY

\$1000



\$1000
CD

CASINO

MARK KNOPFLER
GET LUCKY

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