

# .38 Special

Mark Knopfler

The fate of a roving gambler  
Is waiting down the bloodthirsty highway  
The highway is my home, I'm a rambler  
And I have to pay the devil every day  
Now if I should owe a friend a million dollars  
He knows my guarantee is sound  
If we should get hijacked by robbers  
There'd be no big money laying all around  
I may be gone to the devil  
But I ain't rollin' over for you  
If you've got a pistol in your pocket  
I've got my .38 Special too  
Are you dancing for the payers of the piper?  
Are you jumping through your party hoops for them?  
You won't see any nine to fivers  
At the tables of my poker playing friends  
So take your politician or your banker  
Take your friendly health insurance man  
I never met a cold hearted gambler  
Could carry off a hustle like they can  
I may be gone to the devil  
But I ain't rollin' over for you  
If you've got a pistol in your pocket  
I've got my .38 Special too

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