

# Mark Knopfler - All The Roadrunning

tom: G

( C G C Am F C )

A million miles our vagabond heels  
Clocked up beneath the clouds  
They're counting down to show time  
When we do it for real with the crowds  
Air miles are owing but they don't come for free  
And they don't give you any for pain  
But if it's all for nothing, all the  
Roadrunning's been in vain

The rimshots come down like cannon fire  
And thunder off the wall  
There's a man in every corner  
And each one is giving his all  
This is my piper, this is my drum  
So you never will hear me complain  
And if it's all for nothing, all the  
Roadrunning's been in vain

All the roadrunning All the roadrunning

Well, if you're inclined to go up on the wall  
It can only be fast and high  
And those who don't like the danger

Soon find something different to try  
And when there is only a ringin' in your ears  
And an echo down memory lane  
Then if it's all for nothing, all the  
Roadrunning's been in vain

All the roadrunning All the roadrunning  
All the roadrunning All the roadrunning

The show's packing up, I sit and watch  
The convoy leaving town  
There's no pretending, I'm not a fool  
For riding around and around  
Like the pictures you keep of your old wall of death  
You showed me one time on a plane  
But if it's all for nothing, all the  
Roadrunning's been in vain

A million miles of vagabond sky  
Clocked up above the clouds  
I'm still your man for the roaming  
For as long as there's roamin' allowed  
There'll be a rider and there'll be a wall  
As long as the dreamer remains  
And if it's all for nothing, all the  
Roadrunning's been in vain

## Acordes

