

Mark Knopfler - Sailing to Philadelphia

tom:

A

I'm Jeremiah Dixon I am a Geordie boy A glass of wine with you, sir And the ladies I'll enjoy All Durham and Northumberland Is measured up by my own hand It was my fate from birth To make my mark upon the earth Gbm He calls me Charlie Mason A stargazer am I It seems that I was born To chart the evening sky They'd cut me out for baking bread E But I had other dreams instead This baker's boy from the west country D Would join the Royal Society Eadd9

[Refrão]

We are sailing A E to Philadelphia Gbm D A A world away from the coaly Tyne Dbm Bm E Sailing to Philadelphia D Gbm E To draw the line D E A A Mason-Dixon Line

Gbm

Now you're a good surveyor, Dixon But I swear you'll make me mad

A D

The West will kill us both You gullible Geordie lad You talk of Liberty E How can America be free A Geordie and a baker's boy D Eadd9 In the forests of the Iroquois Gbm Now hold your head up, Mason See America lies there A D E The morning tide has raised The capes of Delaware Come up and feel the D E A D E sun A new morning has begun Another day will make it clear D Eadd9 Why your stars should guide us here

[Refrão]

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Acordes

A

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Gbm

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D

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E

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Dbm

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Bm

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