

Mark Knopfler - Sailing To Philadelphia

1. I am 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.
2. 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, but I had other dreams instead,
This baker's boy from the West Country would join the Royal Society.
Ch. We are sailing to Philadelphia, world away from the coaly Tyne,
Sailing to Philadelphia to draw the line, the Mason - Dixon Line.
- Em - G - Em - D
3. Now you're a good surveyor, Dixon, but I swear you'll make me mad,
The West will kill us both, you gullible Geordie lad.
You talk of liberty, how can America be free?
A Geordie and a baker's boy in the forests of the Iroquois.
4. Now hold your head up, Mason, see America lies there,
The morning tide has raised, the capes of Delaware.
Come up and feel the sun, a new morning has begun,
Another day will make it clear, why your stars should guide us here.
Ch. We are sailing to Philadelphia, world away from the coaly Tyne,
Sailing to Philadelphia to draw the line, the Mason - Dixon Line.
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