

## Mark Knopfler

*Sailing To Philadelphia*

[Em] [G] [Em] [D]

[Em]I am Jeremiah Dixon, I am a Geordie boy, A glass of wine with you, sir  
 And the [G]ladies I'll [C]enjoy  
 All [D]Durham and North[G]umber[C]land  
 Is [D]measured up by [G]my own [C]hand  
 [D]It was my [G]fate from [C]birth  
 [C]To make my [Em]mark upon the [D]earth...

He [Em]calls me Charlie Mason, A stargazer am I, it seems that I was born  
 To [G]chart the evening [C]sky  
 They'd [D]cut me out for [G]baking [C]bread  
 But [D]I had other [G]dreams in[C]stead  
 This [D]baker's boy from the [G]west count[C]ry  
 [C]Would join the Royal [Em]Socie[D]ty...

We are [G]sailing [D]to Phila[Em]delph[C]ia  
 [G]A world [D]away from the [Am]coaly [D]Tyne  
 [Bm]Sailing to Phil[Em]adelph[C]ia  
 [Em]To draw the [D]line, The [C]Mason-[D]Dixon [G]Line

[G] [Em] [G] [Em] [D]

[Em]Now you're a good surveyor, Dixon, But I swear you'll make me mad,  
 The West will kill us both  
 You [G]gullible Geordie [C]lad  
 You [D]talk of [G]liber[C]ty  
 How [D]can Ameri[G]ca be [C]free  
 A [D]Geordie and a [G]baker's [C]boy  
 In the [C]forests of the[Em] Iroqu[D]ois...

[Em]Now hold your head up, Mason, See America lies there, The morning tide has raised  
 The [G]capes of Dela[C]ware  
 [D]Come up and [G]feel the [C]sun  
 [D]A new morning [G]has be[C]gun  
 An[D]other day will [G]make it [C]clear  
 Why[C] your stars should[Em] guide us [D]here...

We are [G]sailing [D]to Phila[Em]delph[C]ia  
 [G]A world [D]away from the [Am]coaly [D]Tyne  
 [Bm]Sailing to [Em]Philadel[C]phia  
 [Em]To draw the [D]line, The [C]Mason-[D]Dixon [C]Line [G]  
 The [C]Mason-[D]Dixon [G]Line