Brothers In Arms
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

Gently \( \frac{d}{80} \)

These mist covered mountains are a home now for me

but my home is the lowlands

and always will be some day you'll return
to your valleys and your farms

and you'll no longer burn to be brothers in arms.

Through these fields of destruction
baptism's of fire
and the moon's rising high
I've watched all your sufferings
let me bid you farewell
as the battle raged higher
every man has to die
and though they did hurt me so bad
but it's written in the starlight
in the fear and every line on your arm

To Coda

you did not desert me my brothers in arms.
we're fools to make war on our brothers in arms.
There's so many different worlds,
so many different

suns
and we have just one world
but we live in different ones.

Guitar solo
Now the sun's gone to hell

Guitar solo
Ad lib. Guitar solo to FADE

Repeat to FADE