

*Sailing to Philadelphia - Mark Knopfler and James Taylor*

Fa#m LA Fa#m Mi

Fa#m

I am Jeremiah Dixon I am a Geordie boy

La Re

A glass of wine with you sir and a ladies arms enjoy

Mi La Re

Oh Durham and Northumberland

Mi La Re

Is measured up by my own hand

Mi La Re

It was my fate from birth

Re MI

To make my mark upon the earth...

Fa#m

He calls me Charlie Mason a stargazer am I

La Re

It seems that I was born to chart the evening sky

Mi La Re

He cut me out for picking bread

Mi La Re

But I had other dreams instead

Mi La Re

This baker's boy from the west country

Re MI

Would join the Royal Society

La MI Fa#m Re

We are sailing to Philadelphia

La Do#m Sim MI

A world away from the coaly Tyne

Do#m Fa#m Re

Sailing to Philadelphia

Fa#m MI Re MI La Fa#m La Fa#m MI

To draw the line a Mason-Dixon line

Fa#m

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

La Re

The West will kill us both You gullible Geordie lad

Mi La Re

You talk of liberty

Mi La Re

How can America be free

Mi La Re

A Geordie and a baker's boy

Re MI

In the forests of the Iroquois

Fa#m

Now hold your head up, mason See America lies there

La Re

The moon and tide has raised the capes of Delaware

Mi La Re

Come up and feel the sun

Mi La Re

A new morning has begun

Mi La Re

Another day will make it clear

Re MI

Why your star should guide us here...

La MI Fa#m Re

We are sailing to Philadelphia

La Do#m Sim MI

A world away from the coaly Tyne

Do#m Fa#m Re

Sailing to Philadelphia

Fa#m MI Re MI La Fa#m La Fa#m MI

To draw the line a Mason-Dixon line

