

Christy Moore, Ordinary Man

I'm an ordinary man, nothing special nothing grand
I've had to work for everything I own
I never asked for a lot, I was happy with what I got
Enough to keep my family and my home

Now they say that times are hard and they've handed me my cards
They say there's not the work to go around
And when the whistle blows, the gates will finally close
Tonight they're going to shut this factory down
Then they'll tear it d-o-w-n

I never missed a day nor went on strike for better pay
For twenty years I served them best I could
Now with a handshake and a cheque it seems so easy to forget
Loyalty through the bad times and through good
The owner says he's sad to see that things have got so bad
but the captains of industry won't let him lose
He still drives a car and smokes his cigar
And still he takes his family on a cruise, he'll never lose

Well it seems to me such a cruel irony
He's richer now than he ever was before
Now my cheque is spent and I can't afford the rent
There's one law for the rich, one for the poor
Every day I've tried to salvage some of my pride
To find some work so's I might pay my way
Oh but everywhere I go, the answer's always no
There's no work for anyone here today, no work today

Break - 1st four lines

And so condemned I stand just an ordinary man
Like thousands beside me in the queue
I watch my darling wife trying to make the best of life
And God knows what the kids are going to do
Now that we are faced with this human waste
A generation cast aside
And as long as I live, I never will forgive
You've stripped me of my dignity and pride, you've stripped me bare
You've stripped me bare, You've stripped me bare