

# 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