

Fish, Lucky

(Dick/Boult/Simmonds)

He met the world as a Dalkeith boy,
raised from a shaft at Monktonhall
In a well oiled cage,
That locked away his dreams,
An '85 veteran face from the gallery,
A ghost from the civil war in the family
He stood his ground on the picketline
'Til all that he was left with
Were his father's cough
And his mother's eyes
That would hold a tear
For the very first time
When the government took his job away.
Now fist in hand he'll stand in line
Declare his name and mark his time
To some the only proof that they're alive
He could have been you
He could have been me
He could have been anybody
But he was born lucky
He made his first down payment
On a sharp Italian suit
He sewed razor blades into the lapels,
See him sweating on the dance floor,
Cool dust oozing out of every pore
A hard man with a hard life,
And that's a story that he'll tell you
Down at Easter Road till his throat is raw
On a Saturday, he knows the score
Till the whistle blows and,
The colours with their tempers fade away.
He could have been you
He could have been me
He could have been anybody
But he was born lucky
On the helipads at Aberdeen,
Bound for platforms drilling oil rich seas,
Where the trawlers are getting fewer every year.
By the furnaces at Ravenscraig,
By the padlocks holding John Brown's gates,
In the desert, in the fields of South Armagh,
Where the poppies grow,
Behind the Hampden roar,
Behind the drums in Genoa.
On the deck that rides a South Atlantic swell,
Born to fight out of the tightest corner.
You can bet on him with the odds against you.
They'll not put him down
No matter how they try.