

Giles, Giles And Fripp, One In A Million

He runs a little shop with a room at the top
And a mortgage all around it
His little lady will be fifty-three on Monday
And his only son's in the Navy

But he doesn't shout about it
No, he doesn't shout about it
He's a one in a million
He's a one in a million

He runs a little shop with a room at the top
The advertisements surround it
He's very content with the things at the moment
Except the yellow line by the pavement

But he doesn't shout about it
No, he doesn't shout about it
He's a one in a million
He's a one in a million

He's lucky and happy
Just because the battle's not for him to fight
He doesn't have a cause
Perhaps he's wrong, perhaps he's right

He runs a little shop with a room at the top and
And he parks his car behind it
He's insured for a couple of thousand
And he's almost due for a pension

But he doesn't shout about it
No, he doesn't shout about it
He's a one in a million
He's a one in a million

He's lucky and happy
Just because the battle's not for him to fight
He doesn't have a cause
Perhaps he's wrong, perhaps he's right

He runs a little shop with a room at the top
And a mortgage all around it
His little lady will be fifty-three on Monday
And his only son's in the Navy

But he doesn't shout about it
No, he doesn't shout about it
He's a one in a million
He's a one in a million
He's a one in a million
He's a one in a million