

# 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

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