

Spirit Of The West, An Honest Gamble

O'Connell was a steel worker, bluecollar
man he was labelled
Been 21 years on the Yarrows Dock slining
welding cable
He married a good Catholic girl at the age of 21
By the time, he reached 28, she'd borne seven young

He put in hours of overtime to keep food on the table
Under the strain of achin' back did all that he was able
Laboured on the Otter, ran beads on the B.C. Ferries
He'd never been for lack of work, since he left County Kerry

There's got to be another way, there's got to be another way
Mouths to feed and bills to pay and I'm searching...
...for that tiny ray of hope

You can't afford to spend much if haven't got a dime
So an honest gamble buys a dream on Lotto 6/49
When you've got two chances slim and none
the odds aren't in your favour. With the luck of the Irish
in your blood, you're one up on your neighbour

Every Wednesday's winsday as he searches through the sun
to find the winning numbers in the hopes that he has won
Through the din of the canteen he walks towards the door
With a winner in his pocket, he'll punch the clock no more

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