

# Dignity

## Deacon Blue

There's a man I meet, walks up our street  
He's a worker for the council, has been twenty years  
And he takes no lip off nobody and litter off the gutter  
Puts it in a bag and never thinks to mutter And he packs his lunch in a sunblest bag, the children call him Bogie  
He never lets on but I know 'cause he once told me  
He let me know a secret about the money in his kitty  
He's gonna buy a dinghy, gonna call her dignity And I'll sail her up the west coast, through villages and towns  
I'll be on my holidays, they'll be doing their rounds  
They'll ask me how I got her, I'll say, "I saved my money"  
They'll say, "Isn't she pretty, that ship called dignity?" And I'm telling this story in a faraway scene  
Sipping down raki and reading Maynard Keynes  
And I'm thinking about home and all that means  
And a place in the winter for dignity And I'll sail her up the west coast, through villages and towns  
I'll be on my holidays, they'll be doing their rounds  
They'll ask me how I got her, I'll say, "I saved my money"  
They'll say, "Isn't she pretty, that ship called dignity?" I'll set it up, set it up, set it up, set it up, set it up, set it up  
Yeah, set it up again, set it up again, set it up again, set it up again  
Set it up, set it up, set it up, set it up, set it up, set it up  
Yeah, set it up again, set it up again, set it up again, set it up again And I'm thinking about home and I'm  
thinking about faith  
And I'm thinking about work and I'm thinking, how good it would be  
To be here some day on a ship called dignity  
A ship called dignity, that ship

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