

Heart of Oak

[Mark Knopfler](#)

And how he used to thrill the crowd
The ready eye with bat and ball
The village fighter, heavy browed
The Englishman who had it all
A mighty shoulder to the wheel
To join in battle with the best
The iron arm, the will of steel
And heart of oak to mourn the rest
A power harnessed to the game
Once yoked and tempered fades away
The willing arm, the steady aim
The youth and fire that won the day
As twilight shadows dim the field
The ageing fighter stands bereft
With just the will to never yield
And heart of oak to mourn what's left

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