In The Gallery

Dire Straits

Harry made a bareback rider proud and free upon a horse
And a fine coal miner for the NCB that was
A fallen angel and Jesus on the cross
A skating ballerina you should have seen her do the skater's waltz
Some people have got to paint and draw
Harry had to work in clay and stone
Like the waves coming to the shore
It was in his blood and in his bones

Ignored by all the trendy boys in London and in Leeds
He might as well have been making toys or strings of beads
He could not be in the gallery
And then you get an artist says he doesn't want to paint at all
He takes an empty canvas and sticks it on the wall
The birds of a feather all the phonies and all of the fakes

While the dealers they get together
And they decide who gets the breaks
And who's going to be in the gallery
No lies he wouldn't compromise
No junk no bits of string

And all the lies we subsidize
That just don't mean a thing
I've got to say he passed away in obscurity
And now all the vultures are coming down from the tree
So he's going to be in the gallery.

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by KNOPFLER, MARK
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/