

Lucky (Remastered)

Fish

He met the world as a Dalmatian boy
Raised from a shaft at Moncton Hall
In a well oiled cage
That locked away his dreams
An '85 veteran face from the gallery
A ghost from the civil war in the family
He stood his ground on the picket line
`Til all that he was left with
Were his father's cough
And his mother's eyes
That would hold a tear
For the very first time
When the government took his job away
Now fist in hand he'll stand in line
Declare his name and mark his time
To some the only proof that they're alive
He could have been you
He could have been me
He could have been anybody
But he was born lucky
He made his first down payment
On a sharp Italian suit
He sewed razor blades into the lapels
See him sweating on the dance floor
Cool dust oozing out of every pore
A hard man with a hard life
And that's a story that he'll tell you
Down at Easter Road till his throat is raw
On a Saturday, he knows the score
Till the whistle blows and
The colors with their tempers fade away
He could have been you
He could have been me
He could have been anybody
But he was born lucky

Songwriters

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Published by
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