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, Jesus on the cross
A skating ballerina, you should have seen her do the skater's waltzSome 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
He was ignored by all the trendy boys in London yes and in Leeds
He might as well have been making toys or strings of beads
He couldn't be, no he couldn't be
In the gallery, no no, in the galleryAnd 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, who's going to be
In the gallery, in the galleryNo lies he wouldn't compromise, no junk, no string
And all the lies we subsidize that just don't mean a thing, thing
I've got to say he passed away in obscurity
And now all the vultures, they're coming down from the tree
He's going to be, yea he's going to be
In the ga-gal-gallery
Gal, in the galleryHarry made a bareback rider
And a fine coal miner

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