

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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