

In the Gallery

Dire Straits

Harry made a bareback rider proud and free upon a horse
And a fine coalminer 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
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 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 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 gallery
No lies he wouldn't compromise
No junk no string
And all the lies we subsidise
That just don't mean a thing
I've got to say he passed away in obscurity
And now all the vultures they're coming down from the tree
So he's going to be, yeah he's going to be in the galle-galle-galle-gallery
In the gallery
Harry made a bareback rider
A bareback rider

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>