

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

On the helipads at Aberdeen
Bound for platforms drilling oil rich seas
Where the trawlers are getting fewer every year
By the furnaces at Ravenscraig
By the padlocks holding John Brown's gates
In the desert, in the fields of South Armagh
Where the poppies grow
Behind the Hampden roar
Behind the drums in Genoa
On the deck that rides a South Atlantic swell
Born to fight out of the tightest corner
You can bet on him with the odds against you
They'll not put him down
No matter how they try