

There's a man I meet
Walks up our street
He's a worker for the council
Has been 20 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
And the children call him Bogie
He never let's 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 far away scene
Sipping down raki
And reading Maynard Keynes
And I'm thinking about home
And all that that means
And a place in the winter for Dignity

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Stand it up, stand it up, stand it up
Stand it up, stand it up, stand it up
Yeah, stand it up again, stand it up again
Stand it up again, stand it up again
Stand it up, stand it up, stand it up
Stand it up, stand it up, stand it up
Yeah, stand it up again, stand it up again
Stand it up again, stand 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