

Mighty Man

Mark Knopfler

A room on the top floor
And the chest all but knackered
Two fingers not working
And the back's shot to hell
It's a lifetime of digging trenches
In the cold and wet weather
And for laying half the roadway
In England as well

You'd finish in the one place
It was straight to the next one
And you never could settle
And you were always alone
Just a drifter in limbo
I was best off away, son
Just one of the thousands
Who could never go home

That's your mighty man, son
Your mighty man

Well, the boat and the train ride
In a misty November
We had the worst of the lodgings
And we hated the subs
Ma's face on the leaving
I will always remember
And we wouldn't get paid
Until they had closed up their pubs

And I could stand up on horseback
Was the man for the singing
Put my hand up for boxing
At the fairground on the heath
I could play my accordion
And charm all of the women
And dance round the taproom
With a chair in my teeth

That's your mighty man, son
Your mighty man
That's your mighty man, son
Your mighty man