

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