

# 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  
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Your mighty man