

Wise man lookin' in a blade of grass
Young man lookin' in shadows that pass
Poor man lookin' through painted glass
Fat man lookin' in a blade of steel
Thin man lookin' at his last meal
Hollow man lookin' in a cottonfield
For dignity

Drinkin' man listens to the voice he hears
In a crowded room full of covered-up mirrors
Lookin' into the lost forgotten years
For dignity

I went down where the vultures feed
Would have got deeper, but there wasn't any need
I heard the tongues of angels and the tongues of man
Wasn't any difference to me

Sick man lookin' for the doctor's cure
Lookin' at his hands for the lines that were
Into every masterpiece of literature
Blind man breakin' out of a trance
Puts both hands in the pockets of chance
Hopin' to find one circumstance
Of dignity

Footprints runnin' across silver sand
Steps goin' down into tatoo land
Met the sons of darkness and the sons of light
In the border towns of despair

No place to fade, I got no coat
I'm on the rolling river in a jerkin' boat
Trying to read a note somebody wrote
Englishman stranded in the blackheart wind
Combin' his hair back, his future looks thin
Bites the bullet and looks within
For dignity

Someone showed me a picture and I just laughed
Dignity never been photographed
I went into the red, I went into the black
Into the valley of dry-bone dreams

So many roads, so much at stake
So many dead ends, I'm at the edge of a lake
Sometimes I wonder what it's gonna take
To find dignity