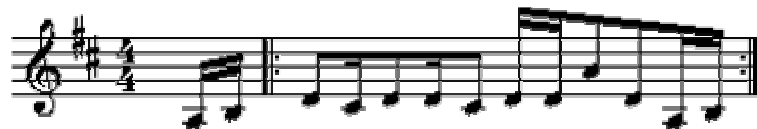


Lucky

muted guitar



D
He met with the world as a Dalkeith boy,
Raised from a shaft at Monktonhall

C/D
In a well oiled cage,

G/D
That locked away his dreams.

D
An '85 veteran face from the gallery,
A ghost from the civil war in the family,

C/D
He stood his ground on the picketline.

G/D
'Til all that he was left with,

D
Were his father's cough
And his mother's eyes.

D/F#
That would hold a tear
For the very first time,

C G
When the government took his job away.

D
Now fist in hand he'll stand in line.

D/F#
Declare his name and mark his time.

C G
To some the only proof that they're alive.

F
He could have been you.

He could have been me.

F
He could have been you.

He could have been me.

Eb
He could have been anybody

Bb F
But he was born lucky.

C F C F C F C F

D C G

D
On the helipads at Aberdeen

By the platforms drilling oil rich seas,

C
Where the trawlers are getting fewer

G
Every year.

D
By the furnaces at Ravenscraig,

By the padlocks holding John Brown's gates,

C G
In the desert, in the fields of South Armagh,

D
Where the poppies grow,

Behind the Hampden roar,

D/F#
Behind the drums in Genoa.

C G
On the deck that rides a south Atlantic swell,

D
Born to fight out of the tightest corner.

D/F#
You can bet on him with the odds against you,

C
They'll not put him down

G
No matter how they try.

F
He could have been you.

He could have been me.

