

There's a man I meet walks up our street  
He's a worker for the council  
Has been twenty years  
And he takes no lip off nobody  
And litter off the gutter  
Puts it in a bag  
And never seems to mutter  
And he packs his lunch in a "sunblest" bag  
The children call him "bogie"  
He never lets on  
But I know 'cause he once told me  
He let me know a secret about the money in his kitty  
He's gonna buy a dinghy  
Gonna call her dignity

And I'll sail her up the west coast  
Through villages and towns  
I'll be on my holidays  
They'll be doing their rounds  
They'll ask me how I got her I'll say "I saved my money"  
They'll say isn't she pretty that ship called dignity

And I'm telling this story  
In a faraway scene  
Sipping down raki  
And reading maynard keynes  
And I'm thinking about home and all that means  
And a place in the winter for dignity  
And I'll sail her up the west coast  
Through villages and towns  
I'll be on my holidays  
They'll be doing their rounds  
They'll ask me how I got her I'll say "I saved my money"  
They'll say isn't she pretty that ship called dignity

And I'm thinking about home  
And I'm thinking about faith  
And I'm thinking about work  
And I'm thinking about how good it would be  
To be here some day

On a ship called dignity  
A ship called dignity  
That ship