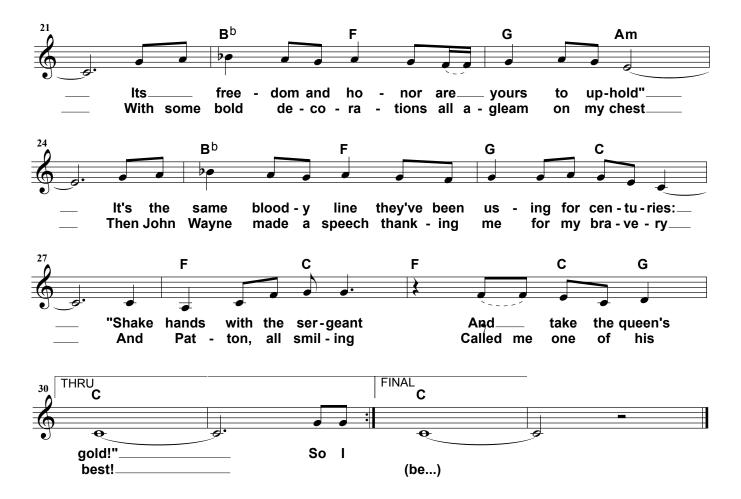
## SEAN SULLIVAN



## SEAN SULLIVAN p.2



(3)
In boot camp they gave me a bag and a gun / And tools designed for death and pain
They taught me to crawl, to jump, and to run / And to curse the sun, and the wind, and the rain
They called me "Paddy," "Mick," and worse / They kicked my arse and shaved my head
Potatoes reminded me of home / I peeled them until I was damn near dead

## Then they said:

"Boy, now you're ready to fight for our country / But don't make a fuss - stay cool and stay calm! You'll have plenty of chances to be a real soldier 'Cause you're leaving tomorrow / For a place called Viet Nam..."

(4)
Now the plane was like a cattle car / We flew all night and all next day
I wondered why we had to fight / If Viet Nam was so far away
We landed at last in some jungle place / That someone said was near Saigon
Machine guns and mortars were firing close by / And something unpleasant was going on

And the thought came to mind of the Wild Geese of Ireland Who had left all behind to fight other men's wars-How our dead will live on in the songs and the photographs And our living are boasting / Of their pensions and scars

## SEAN SULLIVAN p.3

- Well, I spent a year in that awful place / Shooting at things I could never see
  And learning how to hate and fear / The things out there shooting back at me
  It was during one ambush near Khe Sanh / I took a hit, and thought I had died
  Then the pain went away and I dreamed of home / But awoke with the chaplain kneeling by my side
  I was a month on my back before I found out what happened:
  Seems I'd been caught in between our snipers and theirs And slugs from the both sides had messed me up royally Wish to hell I'd stayed out of / Other people's affairs!
- (6)
  But they needed the bed, so I got released / With one arm, three medals, and the G.I. Bill I could get a green card if I completed their forms / But right about then I had had my fill Said I "No thanks, 'cause I'm headed home / To a family waiting since I went away You can keep Viet Nam, you can keep the Bronx / I'm going back to Ireland with a veteran's pay

And I'll give you my address back home in Clonakilty / All the postmen will know me, of that there's no doubt

And it's happy they'll be to be making delivery / Of those checks you'll keep sending Till your money runs out!"

- Now it's twenty years on, and the Lord's been kind / I've gotten by the best I can
  I bought me a farm, some sheep and cows / And married a Clare girl named Bridget McGann
  When I lost my pills and near went mad / She helped me through and shared the pain
  When I'd scream myself awake from dreams / I never heard my wife complain
  And twenty years on, I'm no longer a hero / And people are used to the missing right arm If a stranger inquires, I say 'twas an accident / Can happen to any man running a farm
- (8)
  When the kids are grown, we'll take a trip / across to Washington, D.C.
  And we'll visit the Wall and we'll read the names / Of the lads who weren't as lucky as me
  And we'll cry for men that I never knew / The same as they would cry for me:
  So much was lost, and nothing gained / That's never the way it was meant to be...