

SEAN SULLIVAN

B. Black

mm = 100



mf My name it is Seán Sul - li - van From
(So I) bid fare - well to youth - ful joys The



Clo - na - kil - ty in West Cork I came to the States in
girls, the friends, the drink, the "craic" Good - bye to the Bronx and a -



six - ty five To work with my bro - ther out in New York But
way with me To a sol - dier's life, no turn - ing back I



times well were re - hard call and the jobs day were I scarce left: No
It



mo - ney to go home No rea - son to stay My bro - ther went off to be -
rained like it could not rain a - ny more I slept on the bus and I



come a priest And I joined the ar - my the ve - ry next day
dreamed of things I'd ne - ver thought much a - bout be - fore:



Then I heard: "Boy, won't you help us to fight for our coun - try?
There I was, march - ing up Broad - way with the Six - ty Ninth Re - gi - ment

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21  B^b F G Am

Its free - dom and ho - nor are yours to up - hold"
With some bold de - co - ra - tions all a - gleam on my chest

24  B^b F G C

It's the same blood - y line they've been us - ing for cen - tu - ries:
Then John Wayne made a speech thank - ing me for my bra - ve - ry

27  F C F C G

"Shake hands with the ser - geant And take the queen's
And Pat - ton, all smil - ing Called me one of his

30  THRU C FINAL C

gold!"
best! So I (be...)

(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

continued.../

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(5)

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!"

(7)

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...