

# 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—



## *SEAN SULLIVAN p.3*

(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...