

All for the Roses

Christy Moore

He's twenty-five, he's sick and tired
It's time to try the other side
The B&I to paradise
To sergeants and their men

He's never been to Dun Na Ri
Combed the beaches after three
Chips and beer and greenery
Brothers one and all

He signed and took the soldiers crest
A decent man in battle dress
When bugles blow you do your best
For sergeants and their men

All for the roses, over the sea

He's way ahead, he's second to none
With his fabrique nationali gun
Marching bands with Saxon blood
Sergeants and their men

They landed with the sinking sun
An invasion by the media run
They covered up and they kissed with tongues
Sergeants and their men

But the phantom gunner danced the end
And battered human bodies bled
They butchered us, we butchered them
Sergeants and their men

All for the roses, over the sea
All for the roses, Finglas boys to be

Now a flower of sleep grows on his grave
Forgotten soon the cowards and the brave
But the coldest hate still lives today
For sergeants and their men

All for the roses, over the sea
All for the roses, Finglas boys to be