

## Sgt. Steve

## Saigon Kick

Sgt. Steve could barely read  
He would take the children down  
Throw them all around the ground  
And make 'em bleed

Then Sgt. Steve  
Would sing a song of victory  
Wipe some snot off on his sleeve  
And say goodbye to the clown

He would pray twice every day  
He would not tolerate the gay  
Oh, oh, oh  
I'm alright, I feel that I'm coming around

Sgt. Steve, with all his needs  
He would weed out the impure  
He would guard our sacred shores  
From the red, from the blue ones

Though we beat them once before  
He had a feelin', not very sure  
That they were back  
Boys for attack

So we slit his throat for fear  
We heard their footsteps very near  
And oh, oh, oh  
I'm alright, I feel that I'm coming around