

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