

I'm asking you Sergeant



I'm lyin' in bed, I'm in room twenty-six
Thinkin' on things that I've done
Like drinkin' wi' squaddies and bullin' my boots
I'm countin' the medals I've won

These hospital wards they're all drab lookin' joints
But the ceiling's as much as I see
It could do with a wee touch of paper or paint
But then again maybe that's me

Oh sergeant is this the adventure you meant
When I put my name down on the line
All that talk of computers and sunshine and skis
Oh I'm askin' you sergeant where's mine

I've a brother in Glasgow wi' long curly hair
When I joined up he said I was daft
He says shootin' strangers just is nae his game
That brother of mine is nae saft

But I can put up wi' most things I've done in my time
I can even put up with the pains
But what do you do with a gun in your hand
When you're faced with a hundred odd wanes