

I'm Asking You Sergeant Where's Mine

The Dubliners

I'm lying in bed, I'm in room twenty-six
Thinking on things that I've done
Like drinking with squaddies and bulling my boots
I'm counting the medals I've won
These hospital wards there all draft looking joints
But the sealing is much as I seen
It ca do with a with touch of paper or paint
But then I can maybe that's me

Oh sergeant, is this the adventure you meant
When I put my name down on the line?
Oh, that talk of computers and sunshine and skies
Oh, I'm asking you, sergeant, where's mine

I have a brother in Glasgow wi' long curly hair
When I joint up he says I was daft
He says shouldn't strangers just dastny his gain
That brother of mine is ni' soft
Well, I can put up for most things I've done in me 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

Oh sergeant, is this the adventure you meant
When I put my name down on the line?
Oh, that talk of computers and sunshine and skies
Oh, I'm asking you, sergeant, where's mine

Oh sergeant, is this the adventure you meant
When I put my name down on the line?
Oh, that talk of computers and sunshine and skies
Oh, I'm asking you, sergeant, where's mine

Oh sergeant, is this the adventure you meant
When I put my name down on the line?
Oh, that talk of computers and sunshine and skies
Oh, I'm asking you, sergeant, where's mine