

Oh Sergeant Where's Mine?

The Rumjacks

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

All these hospital wards are such drab lookin' joints
But the ceiling's as much as I see
It could do with a wee touch of paper and 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 yer talk of computers, 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 said shootin' strangers just wasnae his game
That brother of mine is nae saft

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Oh, I'm askin' you, Sergeant, where's mine?

I can put up wi' most things I've done in the time
I can even put up with the pain
But what do you do with a gun in your hand
And youre facin' a hundred odd wanes

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