

Christy Moore

"All For The Roses"

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He's twenty-five; he's sick and tired,
It's time to try the other side,
The B&I to paradise,
To sergeants and their men.

He's never been to Dun Na Ri,
Combed the beaches after three,
Chips and beer and greenery,
Brothers one and all.

He signed and took the soldiers crest,
A decent man in battle dress,
When bugles blow you do your best,
For sergeants and their men.

All for the roses, over the sea.

He's way ahead; he's second to none,
With his fabrique nationali gun,
Marching bands with Saxon blood,
Sergeants and their men.

They landed with the sinking sun,
An invasion by the media run,
They covered up and they kissed with tongues,
Sergeants and their men.

But the phantom gunner danced the end,
And battered human bodies bled,
They butchered us, we butchered them,
Sergeants and their men.

All for the roses, over the sea,
All for the roses, Finglas boys to be.

Now a flower of sleep grows on his grave,
Forgotten soon the cowards and the brave,
But the coldest hate still lives today,
For sergeants and their men.

All for the roses, over the sea,
All for the roses, Finglas boys to be.

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