

All For The Roses  
Christy Moore

(intro) G A G A

He s twenty-five, he s sick and tired, it s time to try the other side,  
D A G A A7  
the B&I to paradise, to sergeants and their men.

He s never been to Dun Na Ri, combed the beaches after three,  
D A G A A7  
chips and beer and greenery, brothers one and all.

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

Em A D Em A D G A  
All for the roses, over the sea.

He s way ahead, he s second to none, with his fabrique nationali gun,  
D A G A A7  
marching bands with Saxon blood, sergeants and their men.

They landed with the sinking sun, an invasion by the media run,  
D A  
they covered up and they kissed with tongues,  
G A A7  
sergeants and their men.

But the phantom gunner danced the end,  
D A  
and battered human bodies bled,  
D A G A A7  
they butchered us, we butchered them, sergeants and their men.

Em A D Em A D  
All for the roses, over the sea.

G A Em A D  
All for the roses, Finglas boys to be.

( D A D A D A G A ) (2x)

Now a flower of sleep grows on his grave,  
D A  
forgotten soon the cowards and the brave,  
D A G A A7

but the coldest hate still lives today, for sergeants and their men.

**Em**    **A**        **D**        **Em**    **A**        **D**

All for the roses, over the sea.

**G**

**A**        **Em**        **A**        **D**

All for the roses, Finglas boys to be.