

## Montagnard Sergeant

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My mother's a Montagnard sergeant  
She draws jump pay and quarters to boot,  
She lives in Saigon on per diem, ' ' '  
And always has plenty of loot.

cho: Stay here, stay here,  
Oh, don't let the program go down,  
Stay here, stay here,  
'Cause Saigon's a real swinging town.

My father's a part-time guerrilla,  
He gives all the ARVN a fit,  
By selling for twenty piastres,  
A do-it-yourself ambush kit.

My sisters all work in the taverns,  
They encourage the soldiers to roam,  
"Drink up cause you'll soon leave your loved ones  
And back to your wives back at home."

My brother's a poor missionary,  
He saves all the girls from sin.  
He'll save you a girl for five dollars,  
My God, how the money rolls in.

My grandpa sells cheap prophylactics,  
He punctures each head with a pin,  
While grandma grows rich on abortions  
My God, how the money rolls in

From The Longest Year, Bowen and Fish