

I Was Only Nineteen

Words and Music by John Schumann.

Moderately

Verse

1. Mum and dad and Den-ny saw the pas - sing out — par-ade —
 at Puck-a - pun - yal. (Spoken) (It was a long march from ca - dets.)

The sixth bat-tal - ion was the next to tour — and it was me who drew the card —
 We did Ca - nun-gra and Shoal - wa-ter be-fore we left. — And

Chorus

Towns - ville lined the foot — paths as we marched — down — to the quay. — This
 clip - ping from the pa - per shows the young and strong and clean. — And
 there's me in my slouch — hat with my S. L. R. — and greens. — God help —

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It includes guitar chord diagrams for A, C, G, D, and E. The tempo is marked 'Moderately'. The score is divided into an instrumental introduction, a verse, a spoken section, and a chorus. The lyrics are written below the musical notation.

me, D I was on - ly - nine - teen.

1. 2. 3. 4.

D.S. al

2. From And
3. A
4. I

Coda
- teen.

C G D A G A

2. From Vung Tau riding Chinooks to the dust at Nui Dat,
I'd been in and out of choppers now for months.
But we made our tents a home, V.B., and pinups on the lockers,
And an Asian orange sunset through the scrub.

Chorus 2.
And can you tell me, doctor, why I still can't get to sleep?
And' night time's just a jungle dark and a barking M-16?
And what's this rash that comes and goes, can you tell me what it means?
God help me, I was only nineteen.

3. A four week operation, when each step can mean your last one
On two legs; it was a war within yourself.
But you wouldn't let your mates down 'til they had you dusted off,
So you closed your eyes and thought about something else.

Chorus 3.
Then someone yelled out "Contact!", and the bloke behind me swore.
We hooked in there for hours, then a god-almighty roar.
Frankie kicked a mine the day that mankind kicked the moon.
God help me, he was going home in June.

4. I can still see Frankie, drinking tinnies in the Grand Hotel
On a thirty-six hour rec. leave in Vung Tau.
And I can still hear Frankie, lying screaming in the jungle,
'Till the morphine came and killed the bloody row.

Chorus 4.
And the Anzac legends didn't mention mud and blood and tears.
And the stories that my father told me never seemed quite real.
I caught some pieces in my back that I didn't even feel.
God help me, I was only nineteen.

Chorus 5.
And can you tell me, doctor, why I still can't get to sleep?
And why the Channel Seven chopper chills me to my feet?
And what's this rash that comes and goes, can you tell me what it means?
God help me, I was only nineteen.