

THE OLD NAVY!

Come gather round me lads and I'll tell you a thing
or two; About the way we ran the Navy in nineteen
forty two.

When wooden ships and iron men were barely out of
sight; I am going to give you some facts just to set
the record right.

We wore the ole bell bottoms, with a flat hat on
our head; Always hit the sack at night and never "went
to bed."

Our uniforms were worn ashore and we were mighty
proud; Never thought of wearing civvies, in fact they
were never allowed.

Now when a ship puts out to sea I'll tell you son it
hurts; When suddenly you notice that half the crew is
wearing skirts.

And it's hard for me to imagine, a female boatswains
mate; Stopping on the Quarter deck to make sure her
stockings are straight.

What happened to the KiYi brush, and the old
salt-water bath; Holy stoning decks at night cause
you stirred old Bosn's wrath!

We always had our gedunk stand and lots of poge
y bait; And it always took a hitch or two, just to make
a rate.

In your seabag all your skivvies, were neatly
stopped and rolled; And the blankets on your sack had
better have a three-inch fold.

Your little ditty bag, it is hard to believe just how
much it held; You wouldn't go ashore with pants that
hadn't been spiked and belled.

We had scullery maids and succotash and good old
SOS; And when you felt like topping off, you headed
for the mess.

Let me sail the seas of Heaven in a coat of Navy
blue; Like I did so long ago on earth way back in
forty-two.

Written by a World War Two Sailor