

Unknown

"Destroyer Song"

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The Destroyer Song

The boys out in the trenches
Have got a lot to say
Of the hardships and the sorrows
That come the soldier's way.
But we destroyer sailors
Would like their company
On a couple of trips in our skinny ships,
When we put out to sea

Chorus:

Oh, it's roll and toss
And pound and pitch
And creak and groan, you son of a bitch.
Oh, boy, it's a hell of a life on a destroyer.
Oh, Holy Mike, you ought to see
How it feels to roll through each degree.
The God-damned ships were never meant for sea
You carry guns, torpedoes, and ash-cans in a bunch,
But the only time you're sure to fire is when you shoot
your lunch.
Your food it is the navy bean,
You hunt the slimy submarine.
It's a son-of-a-bitch of a life on a destroyer.

We've heard of muddy dug-outs,
Of shell holes filled with slime,
Of cootie hunts and other things,
That fill a soldier's time.
But believe me, bo, that's nothing,
To what it's like at sea,
When the barometer drops
And the clinometer hops,
And the wind blows dismally.

@sailor @war
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