

TO MY DEAR HUSBAND ON PATROL

*I'm getting awfully tired of the sexless life of a saint,  
I'm thinking mighty seriously of writing a complaint.*

*To the OPA in Washington or whoever writes the laws,  
to tell them the system has one too many flaws.*

*They provide a substitute for everything we lack;  
they take the dough for war bonds and we can't get it back.*

*They ration all the canned goods; sugar stamps they redeem,  
but where in hell can a Navy wife let off a little steam?*

*She knits for the Red Cross and does V-mail till she's dead,  
but that's a poor substitute for being alone in bed.*

*Of course we write our love letters until we fairly burst,  
but does he get his mail direct? The censor gets it first.*

*I buy my bonds dutifully and write poems for a laugh,  
but don't you lose the point of this - I want my better half.*

*So with all this New Deal red tape and OPA complex,  
there's still no stamp in my ration book redeemable for sex.*

*You can take my stamps for sugar and another one for shoes,  
but give me back my husband, please, before I blow my fuse.*