

## A SAILOR'S LIFE

I'm sitting here thinking of the  
days I left behind  
And I'll put on paper what is  
running thru my mind.

People on the outside think a  
sailor's life is swell.  
But I'll tell you something folk's,  
a sailor's life is hell.

I've stood endless hours just  
waiting for my mail.  
And I've stood a million watches and  
been on every special detail.

I've scrubbed a million bulkheads and  
chipped ten miles of paint.  
A meaner place this side of Hell  
I'll swear to God there ain't.

I've shined a million miles of brass  
and scrubbed my dirty duds.  
I've strung a million hammocks,  
and peeled a million spuds.

I've cruised a hundred thousand miles  
and never a descent port.  
I've spent many nights in dirty jails for  
trying to be a sport.

And when the final taps do sound,  
and I have done my share,  
I'll take my final shore leave  
right up those golden stairs.

T'is then St. Peter will greet me,  
And loudly he will yell,  
"Take your seat in Heaven, Sailor,  
you've served your time in Hell."



Passed on to us by deceased WWII Submarine Veteran Barney Wixon

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