

A Submarine

Born in the shops of the devil.
Designed by the brains of a fiend,
Filled with acid and crude oil,
And christened: a submarine.

The poets sound in their ditties,
Of battleships spic and span.
But never a word in their columns,
Do you see of a submarine.

So I'll endeavor to depict our story,
In a very laconic way,
So please have patience and listen
Until I have finished my say.

We eat where ere we can find it,
And sleep hanging up on hooks,
Conditions under which we are existing ,
are never published in books.

Life on these boats is obnoxious,
and that is using mild terms,
We are never bothered with sickness
Because there is no room for germs

We are never troubled with cooties,
There are things even roaches can't stand,
And any self-respecting rodent ,
Quick as possible beats it for land.

And that one dollar we get per dive,
We receive to submerge out of sight,
Is often earned more than double,
By charging batteries at night.

At that extra compensation,
We received on boats like these
We really never get at all ,
It's spent on dungarees.

Machinists get soaked in crude oil,
Electricians in H₂S₀₄,
Gunners mates in their 600W
And torpedo slush galore.

When we come into the navy yard,
We are looked upon as a disgrace,
As they make out new regulations,
To suit our particular case.

Now all you battleship sailors,
When you are feeling disgruntled and mean,
Just pack your bag and hammock,
And go to a submarine

"From The Klaxon, Submarine Force Library and Museum Association, Groton, CT"