

I am thankful that I have shipmates that share with me these nice things.

Old Sailors sit and chew the fat 'bout how things use to be, of the things they've seen and places they've been, when they ventured out to sea.

They remember friends from long ago and the times they had back then, of the money they've spilled and the beer they've swilled in their days as sailing men.

Their lives are lived in days gone by, with thoughts that forever last, of Dixie cup hats and bell bottom blues, and the good times in their past.

They recall long nights with a moon so bright far out on a lonely sea, and thoughts they had as youthful lads, when their lives were unbridled and free. They know so well how their hearts would swell when the flag fluttered proud and free, and the stars and stripes made such beautiful sights as they plowed through an angry sea.

They talk of the bread Ole Cookie would bake and the shrill of the bo'sun's pipe, and how the salt spray fell like sparks out of hell when a storm struck in the night.

They remember mates already gone who forever hold a spot in the stories of old when sailors were bold and lubbers a pitiful lot.

They rode their ships through many a storm when the sea was showing its might, and the mighty waves might be digging their graves as they sailed on through the night.

They speak of nights in a bawdy house somewhere on a foreign shore, and the beer they'd downed as they gathered around cracking jokes with a busty whore.

Their sailing days are gone away, never more will they cross the brow, but they have no regrets for they know they've been blessed 'cause they honored their sacred vow.

Their numbers grow less with each passing day as their chits in this life are called, but they've nothing to lose for they've paid their dues and they'll sail with their shipmates again.

I've heard them say before getting underway that there is still some sailing to do, and they'll exclaim with a grin that their ship has come in, and the Lord is commanding the crew.