

The Admiral and the Enlisted Men

Traditional

Whistle



The en - list - ed men ride in a mot-or laun - ch. The cap-tain he



rides in a barg - e. He don't go a damn-ed sight fa-s-ter - but it gives-the old



bas-tard a char - ge. Sing ing tur - a - lai ur - a - lie ur-a-li - - - Sing-ing tur -



a - lai - - - Sing-ing tur - a - lie ur - a - lie - - - Sing-ing tur -



a - lie - ay - - - .

The enlisted men ride in a motor launch,
The admiral he rides in a gig,
He don't go a damned sight faster,
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

The enlisted men eat in the wardroom;
The Captain won't eat with the mob.
It ain't that he eats any better,
He don't want us to know he's a slob.

The enlisted men sleep in their hammocks,
The Captain he sleeps in a bed,
He don't sleep a damned sight better
But he's twenty feet nearer the head.

The sexual life of a camel.
Is not quite what everyone thinks,
One night in an excess of passion,
He tried to make love to the Sphinx.

Now the Sphinx's posterior regions
Are all clogged by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

In the process of civilization,
From arthropoid ape down to man,
The palm is awarded the Navy,
For buggering whatever it can

Further experimentation
Has incontrovertibly shown,
That comparative safety on shipboard
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.