

Unknown Artist, Admiral And Enlisted Men

ADMIRAL AND ENLISTED MEN

The enlisted men ride in a motor launch,
The Captain he rides in a barge,
He don't go a damned sight faster,
But it gives the old bugger a charge.
Singing turalai, urali, urali,
Singing turalai, urali, ay,
Singing turalai, urali, urali,
Singing turalai, urali, ay,
The enlisted men ride in a motor boat,
The admiral he rides in a gig,
He don't go a damned sight faster,
But it makes the old bugger 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 bugging whatever it can
Further experimentation
Has incontrovertibly shown,
That comparative safety on shipboard
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.
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