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| Sailor.JPGSailor(2).JPGSailor(3).JPG  *Nostalgia ......... Ode to The Good Old Days ...........*     |  | | --- | | There's mismusters, slop chits, tot time and pay There's rising and shining and hitting the hay There's thickers and strongers and neaters as well There's DQ's and chokey and the tiller flat cell There's aft and there's for'ard, abeam and abaft To civvies this cackle seems awfully daft But to us in the Andrew it doesn't seem strange Like the draft chits the Jossman can always arrange We're always being seen off and getting green rubs And chasing up rubbers and looking for subs And going ashore like a great herd of cattle And getting filled in and put in the rattle There's runs out to Honkers that to Jack are just fine There's times when we say "O roll on my nine" And when nine comes and we're out on the dole In old civvy street, where we don't know a soul We think of the good times and wish we were back In bells, silk and lanyard... A real tiddly Jack! | |