

## A Submarine

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

The poets send in their ditties,  
Of battleships spick and clean;  
But never a word in their columns,  
Do you hear of a submarine.

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

We eat wherever we can find it,  
And sleep hanging up on hooks,  
Conditions we're serving in these boats,  
Are never published in books.

Life on these boats is obnoxious,  
And that is using mild terms,  
We're never troubled with sickness,  
There isn't room for the germs.

We're never troubled with varmints,  
There's things even a cockroach can't stand,  
And every decent, respectable rodent,  
Quick as possible beats it for land.

That little dollar per diem,  
We receive when we dive out of sight,  
Is often earned more than double,  
By charging batteries all night.

And that extra compensation,  
We receive on boats likes these,  
We never really get at all,  
It's spent on soap and dungarees.

When we come into a navy yard,  
We're looked upon in disgrace;  
And they make out some new regulations,  
To fit our particular place.

So, all you battleship sailors,  
Who're feeling displicit and mean;  
Just pack up your bag and hammock,  
And go to a submarine.

Written during the summer of 1918, by  
one who was known as;  
"Dizzy" Dewitt