

The USS Walker

Our training was over, the ship was waiting,
Two Battalions had already departed,
Our arrival would make the 4th complete,
We were doomed before we got started.
Our vessel the "Walker," a tub she was,
A luxury liner it was not,
She belched black smoke, everything was oily,
And it creaked and groaned a lot.
The ship, at first, did okay
We steamed along quite well,
We were actually making several knots,
When things went all to hell.
She then broke down, and smoked even more,
They said we lost a motor,
I wondered if, by the time we arrived,
Our tours might nearly be over.
At sea now, for about ten days,
Puttin' along at half speed,
Boring it was with nothing to do,
But play cards, BS, and read.

When on the horizon a freighter appeared,
Our Captain really got pissed,
Everyone ran portside to look,
And the Walker was at a 40 degree list.
They yelled and hollered, but no one heard,
For us, it was a sight to behold,
They said to never, do that again,
Because the ship, damn near rolled.
At last we docked in Okinawa,
We thought we'd have some fun,
Indeed we did get off the ship,
They took us on a five mile run.
They made us get off and ran us around,
They said we were fat and lazy,
Laughed they did, at the silly idea,
Of us getting wild and crazy.
After seventeen days Viet Nam was in sight,
Now it was win or lose,
One thing's for sure, it won't happen again,
I've been on my last friggin' cruise!