

A TALE OF THE LITTLE "32" (at sea somewhere)

Lost in the middle of nowhere  
Our Altair is on the spot  
We are doomed to serve our time  
On the ship that God forgot

Out in the Med sailing around  
In our little rust bucket of gray paint  
Out in the middle of nowhere  
Desiring to escape but we can't

We sweat, freeze and shiver  
Its more than a man can stand  
We're not a bunch of convicts  
But defenders of our land

Living here in memories  
Waiting to see our gals  
Hoping that while we're away  
They haven't married our pals

We are the men of the Navy  
Earning our monthly pay  
Guarding people with millions  
For two and a half a day

Few people know we are living  
Few people give a dam  
Although we seem forgotten  
We belong to our Uncle Sam

But When we get to heaven  
Saint Peter will surely yell  
"Fall Out You Guys From The ALTAIR  
You've Served Your Time In Hell"

(AKS-32)