

# Rescue Mission

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The captain touched his swagger stick  
Up to his golden eye  
And boogied through the vestibule  
While bidding us goodbye  
The enemy surrounds us  
And our spirits almost gone  
The Devil take the cavalry  
That sold us for a song

There's Chi-Chi's on the starboard, lads  
And Chi-Chi's in the stern  
And hashish in the hookah pipes  
And bonny grass to burn  
Our mission is a secret  
But we're fool enough to try  
We'll sail the bloody ocean, boys  
Or drink the bastard dry

"If I'd've been a carpenter," the swarthy  
sergeant said  
"I'd never seen this ugly thing  
That hangs above my head  
The hell with all your heros  
And the wounds they hope to show  
I'm just a simple soldier, son  
With one more year to go"

The Albatross was tiring  
And the cook was in a stew  
The filthy little cabin boy  
Was whizzing in my shoe  
The Captain's wife was aging  
And the first mate heard her scream  
When Tommy slipped tabasco in the  
Captain's vaseline

"Our time will soon be gone," he said  
"It's all we've left to lose  
We've shot our ammunition  
And we're all but out of booze  
So here's to Irma Donegal  
Here's to Nellie Blye  
And here's to my old friend," he said  
And kissed his ass goodbye

"Give off! give off! You sorry lot.  
Give off!," the Captain cried  
"we've lost our bloody anchor  
And we're driftin' with the tide  
The swollen surf is pounding  
Like a thousand cannons roar  
And I shake the hand of any man  
Who guides us into shore."

"We're saved! We're saved!"  
The soldiers said  
"We're saved!," the sailors cried

And soldiers climbed aboard  
While sailors left from either side  
Some swabbies hit the minefield and  
The rifles got the rest  
And somewhere there's a schooner  
Sinkin' slowly in the west