

“HOT ROD RACE-PACIFIC STYLE”

NOW ME AND MY BUDDY AND MY COUSIN JOE,
TOOK OFF IN A CAN FROM SASEBO,
THE CHOW WAS POOR AND THE FUEL LOW,
BUT THAT DERN CAN COULD REALLY GO,

ALONG ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE NITE,
STEAMING ALONG AS A TIN CAN MIGHT,
WHEN A CRUISER BEHIND US BLINKED HIS LITE,
BLEW HIS WHISTLE AND SWUNG OUT TO THE RIGHT,

WE HAD TWIN SCREWS ON THIS OLD CAN,
WHICH MAKES YOU THINK WE WERE IN A JAM,
BUT TO YOU SWABS THAT DON'T DIG THIS JIVE,
THAT'S SIX BOILERS AND AN OVERDRIVE,

NOW WE'RE TIN CAN MEN AND LIKELY KNEW,
WE'D RACE ALL NITE 'TILL SOMETHING BLEW,
THE STERN WAS DOWN FROM THE CHURN OF SCREWS,
AND THRU THE WAVES WE FLEW AND FLEW,

THE EXEC WAS PALE AND SAID HE WAS SICK,
BUT TO TIN CAN MEN HE WAS JUSTA HICK,
SO WHY SHOULD WE WORRY FOR WHAT THE HECK,
THAT CRUISER AND US WAS NECK, AND NECK,

OVER THE OCEAN WE DID GLIDE,
FLYING WITH THROTTLES OPEN WIDE,
OUR SKIPPER SCREAMED AND THE CREW THEY CRIED,
BUT THAT CRUISER AND US STAYED SIDE BY SIDE,

WE LOOKED OVER THE FANTAIL FOR SOMETHING WAS ACOMMIN!
WE THOT IT WAS A JET TO HEAR IT HUMMIN!
IT WAS MOVING ALONG AT A HECK OF A PACE,
AND WE KNEW RIGHT THEN IT WAS THE END OF THE RACE,

AS IT STREAKED PAST WE LOOKED AWAY,
AND THE CREW OF THE CRUISER HAD NOTHING TO SAY,
FOR THERE, GOING BY WAS A RESERVE (JG),
PUSHING A HOPPED-UP LST.