

Farragut (DDG-99)

Snap, crackle, pop it's two thousand twenty three
[REDACTED] is the OOD
Diligence stands as fireworks fizzle,
Flying like bullets and tomahawk missiles.
Moored outboard of the one, one, nine,
Six line config, starboard this time.
We are secured so sat at foxtrot one,
Seventeen thirty five last saw the sun.
Sweating navy blue and bleeding gold,
Haze gray so fresh on oceans of old.
Most of the crew enjoys recreation,
But we don't mix booze with obligation.
Uniforms ironed, our hair well kept,
When I saw the watch bill I nearly wept.
We bid adieu to good ole twenty two,
Many days of SRA await me and you.
Chief of the guard will surely inquire,
Conditions normal, no signs of fire.
[REDACTED] as acting CO,
So cleaning stations, and away we go.
Under his eye, no mishaps will occur,
He runs a tight ship, of that we are sure.
Tomorrow morn on thing I'll admire,
My duty day has all but expired.
Today we christen a year so new,
My tears taste like the 22 to 2.
We came, we conquered, we seized the day,
God bless out troops and the USA.
Three cheers for us and an increase in wage,
And with that, no further entries this page.