

# A Navy Chef

To the brave sailors who ate our chow and survived:

A Navy chef is what I am, and very proud to be,  
we cook for you both day and night, in port and out at sea.

The night watch comes to wake me up, the ship then starts to rock,  
I take a look to see the time, Oh God it's 3 o'clock.

Our hours are quite long you know, 'cause chipped beef takes a while,  
some cream and toast drips onto the floor and starts to burn the tile.

Three squares a day we serve to you, the roast beef our main course,  
some sailor in the back complains this meat tastes just like horse.

What kind of crap is this you ask, I've not seen that at home,  
"your mother's" recipe I say, she gave it on the phone.

OK it's true, of what we do and how I learned to cook,  
not from a school or chef that's cool, I learned it from a book.

I was a filthy snipe before, my hands burnt from hot goo,  
but now I am, a gourmet chef and fix you Navy stew.

Now roaches from the ceiling fall, into the dough I mix,  
the cookies that you ate last night, those weren't chocolate chips.

The Captain checks the recipes that I read all the time,  
he tastes my soup and spits it back and says I must be blind.

"Just fooling" now the Captain said his hand placed on both hips,  
"I like your stew your chipped beef too, but love your chocolate chips!"

A Navy chef is just the guy you don't want to offend,  
cause we have ways to make you heave, over the side you'll bend.

You bitch and moan to the folk's back home, our food's not fit to eat.  
I must be true and say to you, "Go eat across the street!"

The cook's motto: "No matter how long it takes, our service is fast."

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