

Six Feet of Mud

By Cyril Tawney.

Roll on the drum, oh! me time has come
Let's get it over with before I start to hum in

Chorus

*Six feet of mud, six feet of mud,
Nine fathoms of water and six feet of mud.*

Haul down the flag and sew up the bag
One consolation - the wife can't nag

Fire the last salute and slide me down the chute
But don't send me overboard in me tiddly suit into

Sound the last post and pray for me ghost
For in three day's time I'll be washed up on the coast

There's a billet to let and I hope you don't forget
To break the news to Greenburgh's I'm in Crown debt

In a year on this tub it's me first green rub
And there ain't a man among you can do me a sub

I said to the doc "It's a race against the clock
'Cos in three hours time we'll be in dry dock"
without the *Six feet, etc.-*