

THE AMPHIBIOUS MAN

You've heard of the fliers, the marines and the troops,
The Navy and the Commandos and all sorts of groups,
But think and think as hard as you can,
Have you ever heard of the Amphibious Man.
He might be a battleship sailor from a cruiser or off a tin can,
He may be fresh out of boot camp, or may be a 2nd cruise man,
They picked the men at random for how else did they decide,
A few may have chosen it but some of them were shang-hied.

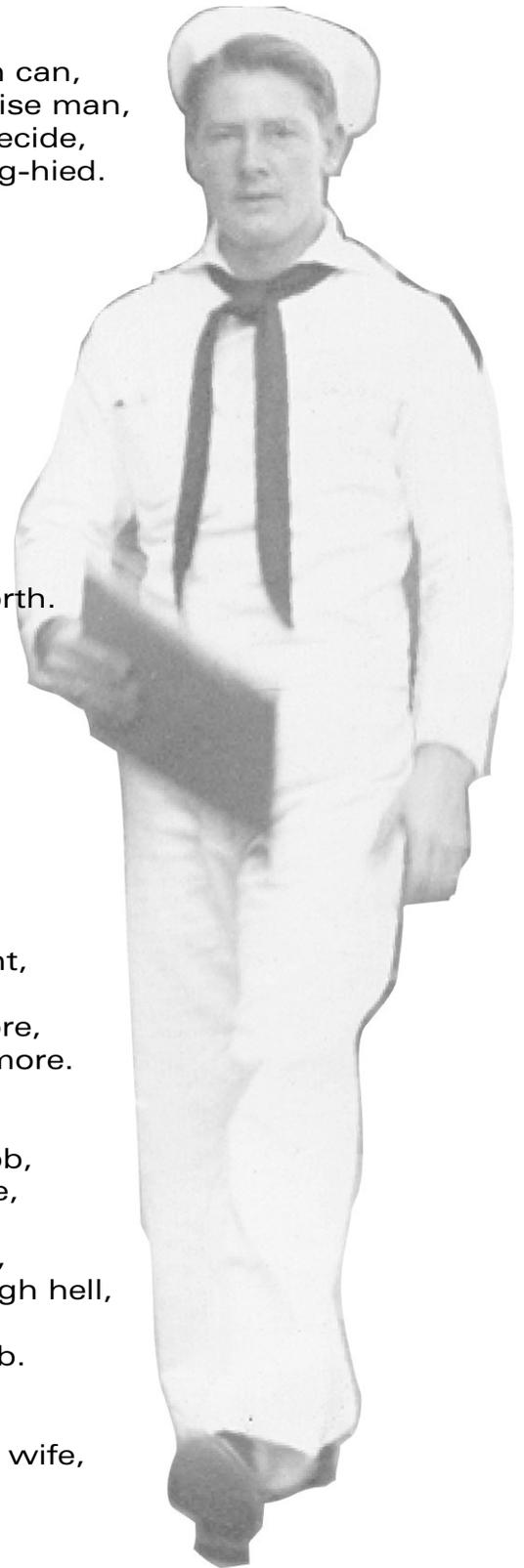
The Amphibious Gob is a real rugged sort,
But unlike the fleet he has no home port,
Goes where he is needed and does what he can,
This port orphan sailor -- the Amphibious Man.
No one has told you of him or his job,
Neither known or heard of this Amphibious Gob,
He runs landing boats both him and his crew,
You never heard of him so you never knew.

Regardless where he's from, no matter what he knew,
He got some special training before he made the crew,
Showed him how to run 'em--told him what they're worth.
Taught him how to land 'em and back 'em in the surf.
You've heard of the Navy both fore and aft,
But you've never heard of the landing craft,
Well our Nation is building lots more,
For we need them to win this damned war.

They're building all kinds to suit special needs,
LCV's, LSTs, LCI's and LCT's,
I won't name them all but that's just a few,
There's lots of others and all of them new.
They're loaded from transports in the middle of the night,
Sail around in a rendezvous, can't even show a light,
Find their way through darkness and land upon the shore,
The surf's a pounding on his neck as he goes back for more.

Bringing in the first wave doesn't end his job,
For the troops upon the beach can't live without this gob,
He brings in the reinforcements and everything they use,
His job is full of danger but he never makes the news.
For when the beach is taken, and the radio starts to tell,
You'll hear of marines or soldiers--how they went through hell,
You'll listen to a gruesome story of their heroic job,
But you'll never hear a word of the poor amphibious gob.

Oh when the war is over and he's back in civilian life,
How can he explain to his friends to the kiddies and his wife,
They know he's in the Navy, but he never had a ship,
He's just an orphan sailor, now isn't that a pip.
You'll remember the fliers, the troops and the draft,
The marines and the Navy, but the poor landing craft,
No one has told you of them or their jobs,
So you have never heard of those poor orphan gobs.



In Memory of
Veral Whittle