



A MATE IN NAVY BLUE

Never doubt the Gospel or what I'm about to say to you,
God loves the lads aboard the ships, the boys of Navy blue.

The girls back home who had round eyes were the ones we dreamed about,
Surely they were there a waitin' for us, of this we had no doubt.

We wrote our letters to these girls back home to say that I love you,
Then we looked upon a foreign land that seemed, to us, a hellish view.

Around the world so far away with our mates aboard a ship,
We took a can to drown the truth and upon it we would sip.

Dear John he got from his gal back home and the news he could not bear,
So he bought the lie, you're no longer loved, for life he did not care.

On fantail watch standing in the dark I heard these words that still resound,
Man overboard! Can you see him? Where is he now? He's nowhere to be found.

Watchful eyes and a prayer for him that came from the throne above,
"FATHER, please forgive him, for he knows not what he does".

It matters not how far from home they are, HIS love is always true,
Like an anchor in a storm, GOD loves those boys, dressed up in Navy Blue.

Roy Nielsen, Vietnam '70 - '71' author/Street Minister
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