

OH COME CENSOR THE MAIL

Flight quarters were sounded at quarter to one
The skipper was raving to get our nav done.
When up from the wardroom the squawk was begun
Oh, pilots, come down get your censoring done.

Oh, come censor the mail, oh, come censor the mail
We haven't time for the Air Group to play
For down in the wardroom we censor today
Oh, come censor the mail.

The Japs never censor they just have to fly
Now the hell can we lick them if we don't hit the sky
The Navy no knows how to win through the fight
We censor by day and we censor by night
Oh, come censor the mail, oh, come censor the mail
We're men of the Navy we censor instead
Oh, come censor the mail.

POOR LIL

Her name was Lil and she was a cutie
She lived in a house of ill repute
The boys all came from miles away
To see poor Lil in her negligee

Poor Lil, Do-le-a-da-da-do-day
Poor Lil, Do-le-a-da-da-do-day

Day by day poor Lil grew thinner
Due to the lack of vitamins within her
She started taking Fleischman's yeast
And still her clientele decreased

Poor Lil, etc.

As she lay in the depths of her dishonor
She felt the hands of the Lord upon her
She said, "dear Lord, I do repent
But this is going to cost you seventy-five cents."

Poor Lil, etc.