

The following is a short collection of cadences. Since many people sing them differently, you probably have heard different versions of each of these. There is (virtually) no right or wrong, the only thing that matters is what sounds good, keeps people in step and motivated!

UP IN THE MORNING

Up in the morning with the rising sun,
Gonna run, run, run 'till the day is done.
Up in the morning at the break of day,
Navy living is the only way.

C130

C130 rollin' down the strip,
Bravo company's gonna take a little trip.
Mission top secret, destination unknown,
Don't even know if we're ever coming home.
Just when you think the trip will never end,
Light goes green and the jump begins.

Stand up, buckle up, shuffle to the door,
Jump right out at a count of four.
One, two, three, four!
What are you waiting for.
Five, six, seven, eight!
Pull the cord and don't and don't be late.

If I die in a combat zone,
Box me up and ship me home.
Pin my medals upon my chest,
Tell my mama I done my best.
Tell my girl friend not to cry,
The Navy way is to do or die.

CAPTAIN JACK

Hey, Captain Jack!
Meet me down by the railroad track.
With my seabag in my hand,
I want to be your sailin' man!
Your sailin' man,
The best that I can,
For Uncle Sam!

Hey, Captain Jack!
Meet me down by the railroad track.
With my rifle in my hand,
I want to be your shottin' man!
Your Shottin' man,
Your sailin' man,
The best that I can,
For Uncle Sam!

Etc., etc.

GOT A LETTER IN THE MAIL

Got a letter in the mail,
Go to war or go to jail!
Got a letter in the mai—ai—ai—I,
Go to war or go to jail.

So I asked him where to sign,
He said to sign on the dotted line.
So I asked him where to si—i—i—gn,
He said to sign on the dotted line.

Feelin' fine and lookin' good,
We outta be in Hollywood!
Feelin' fine and lookin' go—o—o—d,
We outta be in Hollywood!

See the Seabee on the hill,
Locked and loaded and ready to kill.
See the Seabee on the hi—i—i—ll,
Locked and Loaded and ready to kill.

Momma, momma don't you cry,
Your baby isn't gonna die.
Momma, momma don't you cry—y—y—y,
Your baby isn't gonna die.

See the father by the grave,
'Cause the Seabee was so brave.
See the father by the gra—a—a—ve,
'Cause the Seabee was so brave.

HEY ARMY...

Hey Army!
Where are you goin' (or Back packin' Army, etc.)
Get in your tanks and follow me,
We are the US Navy!

Hey Air Force!
Nine to Five Air Force. (or always on the golf course)
Get in your planes and follow me,
We are the US Navy!

Hey Coast Guard!
You don't even work hard! (Puddle pirate Coast Guard)
Get in your boats and follow me,
We are the US Navy.

MAMA, MAMA

Mama, Mama Can't you see,
What the Navy's doin' to me.
Took away my Cadillac.
I've got my seabag on my back.
Took away my Nike shoes,
Now I'm wearin' Navy blues.
Took away my faded jeans,
Now I'm wearin' Seabee greens.

Etc., etc.

GRAND MAMA

When my grand mama was ninety one,
She did PT just for fun.
When my grand mama was ninety two,
She did PT better than you.
Singin' Left righty left right...

When my grand mama was ninety three,
She did PT better than me.
When my grand mama was ninety four,
She did PT and she begged for more
Singin' . . .

When my grand mama was ninety five,
She did PT just to stay alive.
When my grand mama was ninety six,
She did PT just for kicks
Singin' . . .

When my grand mama was ninety seven,
She up and died and she went to heaven.
When my grand mama was ninety eight,
She did PT at the pearly gate.
Singin' . . .

BACKWOODS JOHNNY

Backwoods Johnny was a wrestlin' fool,
Wrestled alligators on the way to school.
Rub 'em on the belly,
Throw 'em in a sack.
Went off to school with that gator on his back.
Teacher saw him coming,
Jumped up in the chair.
Said to little Johnny,
"Get that Gator outta here!"
Johnny just smiled and sat down in his seat,
Said, "You better mind your manners cause my gator
wants to eat!"

THEY SAY THAT IN THE NAVY

They say that in the Navy, the coffee's mighty fine,
It looks like muddy water and tastes like turpentine.
Oh, oh I want to go home,
But they won't let me go!
Oh, oo, Oh, oo, Oh, oo, Oh, oo, Oh, Hey!

They say that in the Navy, the pay is mighty fine.
They give you a hundred dollars and take back ninety
nine!
Oh, oh I want to go home,
But they won't let me go!
Oh, oo, Oh, oo, Oh, oo, Oh, oo, Oh, Hey!

They say that in the Navy the chicken's mighty fine
One jumped on the table and started markin' time!
Oh, oh I want to go home,
But they won't let me go!
Oh, oo, Oh, oo, Oh, oo, Oh, oo, Oh, Hey!

JOHNNY B. GOODE

(During the chorus, everyone sings the **BOLD**)

Down in Louisiana, down in New Orleans,
Back up in the woods among the evergreens.
There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood,
Where lived a country boy named of Johnny B.
 Good.
He never ever learned to read or write so well,
But he could play a guitar just like he's ringin' a bell.

Go, **go**,
Go Johnny go go go, **go**
Go Johnny go go go, **go**
Go, Johnny go go, **go**
Go, go Johnny go go go **go**
Johnny B. Goode!

He used to carry his guitar in a burlap sack,
Sit beneath the trees by the railroad track.
Engineers could see him sittin' in the shade,
Strummin' to the rhythm that the driver made.
People passing by you know they'd stop and say,
"Oh my but that little country boy sure can play!"

Go, **go**,
Go Johnny go go go, **go**
Go Johnny go go go, **go**
Go, Johnny go go, **go**
Go, go Johnny go go go **go**
Johnny B. Goode!

His mama told him, "One day you will be a man,
And You will be the leader of a big old band!
People gonna come from miles around,
To listen to you play it till the sun goes down.
One day maybe your name gonna be in lights,
Sayin' Johnny B. Good tonight!"

Go, **go**,
Go Johnny go go go, **go**
Go Johnny go go go, **go**
Go, Johnny go go, **go**
Go, go Johnny go go go **go**
Johnny B. Goode

SEABEE

Seabee, seabee, that's my name,
"We Build We Fight!" our claim to fame!
Started back in Forty-two,
They made John Wayne; I wanted to be one too!

So they swam across the ocean into Tokyo,
Told Hiro Hito just where he should go!
Fought the Reds in Korea and Vietnam,
A few years later we whooped Saddam!

WHEN I GET TO . . .

When I get to Cuba,
Castro's gonna say,
"How'd you get to Cuba,
In only one day?"

I replied with a whole lot of anger,
"Blood and guts and a little bit of danger!"

When I get to Iraq,
Saddam's gonna say,
"How'd you get to Iraq,
In only one day?"

I replied with a whole lot of anger,
"Blood and guts and a little bit of danger!"

When I get to Kosovo,
Milosavitch will say,
"How'd you get to Kosovo,
In only one day?"

I replied with a whole lot of anger,
"Blood and guts and a little bit of danger!"

When I get to Heaven,
Saint Peter's gonna say,
"How'd you Earn your living?
How did you earn your pay?"

I replied with a whole lot of anger,
"Blood and guts and a little bit of danger!"

When I get to Hell,
Satan's gonna say,
"How'd you Earn your living?
How did you earn your pay?"

I replied as I clutched my knife,
"Get out of my way or else I'll take your life!"

This is of course, just a small sample of the cadences that are out there. BE CREATIVE! Hopefully this will be useful and can keep us from just singing, "Left, Right, Left" for miles on end. If you have any questions about what tune goes with what song, please feel free to contact me! LT(jg) Timothy Marinelli, CEC, USN