

THE SERVICE BLUES

Let me tell you the story of a friend's demise,
So please pardon my watery eyes.
A friend that was next to me for years,
close to all PHS officers, many now in tears.

I served with pride with my friend at my side,
In prisons, labs, and a reservation.
We worked together, in all kinds of weather,
And we're recognized throughout the Nation.

There are lots of stories of my friend to share,
Like the time I was on a plane.
"The pilot's aboard" I heard them declare.
Once again I needed to explain.

That I belong to a Service that serves
mankind.
Amazing officers you will find.
Who's mission is health and passion is high
For serving America, and that's no lie.

Yes, I have other friends who help me out.
They serve me well without a doubt.
But they don't compare to the one for me,
The sharpest and most distinguished S&P.

The gold on the hard boards and comfortable
shirt,
The pants that never show the dirt,
And most of all, it's our own unique brand,
No one could say the S&P is bland.

It started with a notion that change is good.
"Let's look like the Navy", which no one
understood.
Forget the distinction, out with the look,
"We can't be different", the S&P gets the hook.

Farewell my friend, you are so dear,
Year after year, with whom I spent my career.
A loyal comrade, the S&P was the best,
After July 31, how sad to get dressed.

Many will shrug and disavow,
When we look at this change years from now.
They'll claim their word was never heard,
And we'll wonder why this ever occurred.

But friends move on and find their place
When forced out in such disgrace.
Other Services will welcome this friend.
A chance for amends may never happen again.

How can I forget this loyal friend of mine?
True "blue" - we would all agree.
Across the land, whenever you take command,
Give three cheers for the S&P.

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