

LAST LAUNCH

Head out of the wind, no flight quarters to sound
But another AB is retirement bound.
Tonight we'll crack a keg or two,
Gather 'round, drink a toast to you:
We'll toast the CARQUALS, Cycle Ops days,
General quarters, & securing hangar bays.
We'll toast dragging hoses, hot fueling
Re-spotting decks, days that were grueling.
We'll toast catapults firing,
Manning arresting gear
Sometimes laughter, sometimes fear.
We'll toast chock ing 'em up, tying 'em down,
Fighting fires, the turnarounds.
We'll toast liberty calls, the fun we had
Past shipmates, times both good & bad.
So with this toast
We bid a fond farewell
Your turn on deck has passed
And regardless of what
The future holds
These memories with you shall last.

Presented to

This _____ day of _____

President, ABMA

Secretary, ABMA