

# WE ARE THE CREW OF THE KUKUI

Who are we, what is our calling,  
many ports we visit, many hours we work.  
No one realizes the agony, nor the pain.  
On we go, how many more stops?  
All the same, just another name.  
We are the crew of the KUKUI.  
will anyone hear our story  
We rise before the sun  
we set only after work is done.  
No rewards, no thanks,  
only our blood and sweat.  
We are the crew of the KUKUI.  
Death follows our every move,  
no one thinks of his presence  
he is here watching our actions  
one mistake is all it takes.  
Some should be in school  
laughing and raising hell  
yet they work like men  
they have a job to do  
and do it well they do.  
On we go, how many more stops?  
All the same, just another name.  
I ask you, will no one realize.  
Just look at them laugh,  
are you really surprised.  
We are the crew of the KUKUI.  
We serve our Captain well,  
Coast Guard regulations can go to hell.  
Our beards are thick and hair long.  
Is this our reward, why call us wrong?  
Steel breaks lose, someone is lame  
whose fault, there is no one to blame.  
Many of our actions are crude,  
some would call us rude.  
We are the crew of the KUKUI  
On we go, how many more stops?  
All the same, just another name.  
We dream of our loved ones  
hope they understand our situation  
our trip is not all fun.  
To have them on the dock, an illusion?  
We are many miles from home  
little girls minds like to roam.  
Oh Lord help her to be true,  
our job will soon be through.  
On we go, how many more stops?  
All the same, just another name.  
We are the crew of the KUKUI.

WILLIAM MICHAEL TRYDER III