

## Johnnies - Royal Naval House known as “Johnnies”



It was two o'clock that afternoon in the Sin Bin down below. Mustering up three chairs I thought a table would be the go There was me Spike and Shiner, and the joint was filling fast, And the sailors all cheered loudly as a new keg gave a blast The arrival of two kiwi frigates and the pommy ship Renown, Everyone's at Royal Naval House it's the sailors favourite haunt We might get lucky with some sheilas with heaps of skin to flaunt

The sailors from all the ships in town arrived in a constant stream Dressed in No. 2's and their best tid gear, spit polished shoes gleaming. A cab pulled in with the Kirribilli gorilla from a pub up around the Cross She filed through with some other sheilas, the crushers not caring a toss. Doctors advised her against a bra after examining her special case that way the weight of her tits would pull the wrinkles from her ugly face The sailors knew her well and warned newcomers against getting close She's as welcome as a fart in a phone box and known to pass on a dose Around two thirty the joint was crowded, the place was in full swing Full as a seaside dunny on boxing day, the sailors all doing their thing If you turned your back your beer disappeared, the sheilas you couldn't trust. Most were there for all the free booze, others were there for lust Lenny the Loop and Jeff the Jaw selectively buying the sailors a beer. Trying to con some drunken OD, their objectives plain and clear. The room was loud and full of smoke the sailors were having fun Most sang along as the juke box again played the House of the Rising Sun

We need a volunteer for the dance of the flamers who thinks that he is able?

One drunken figure with bleary eyes began climbing on the table His bell bottoms already around his feet and being assisted by some joker A sailor with such a hairy behind like his has got to be a stoker. Two of the sheilas braved the crowd and

climbed up alongside to take part. The paper burnt right down to the end the extra methane fanned the flames The stoker's arse was doused by a jug of beer but none wasted on the dames

The Kirribilli gorilla was drunk and upset and looking for a place to sit. Come on you bastards, come pour me a beer I'm as dry as a witch's tit. One drunken pommy bought her a beer plus a fiver that he gave her, it'll take him six weeks to get over the dose she returns him as a favour. And Shiner looked up as he emptied a jug as we joked about whose turn to shout. In time these days we'd never forget, I fell silent as I looked about. Suddenly the picture loses all sound as I remember mates from past days Sunday at Johnnies the memories of faces fade to little more than a haze

Aahhh! JOHNNIES!!! The good ol' days (& nights)