

What is Crew?

It's the dull ache of your limbs, from rowing that 2K
It's the wall of pain you hit and you've only rowed half way
It's the bleeding blisters on your rowing calloused hands
And your fanatic crew obsession that no one understands

It's wanting to quit, and asking "Why do I still row?"
It's running the Rocky Stairs after eating too much at Stotes
It's the crew drama, the dating amongst the team,
It's the bossy coxswain, with his annoying high-pitched screams

It's winter conditioning, with the erg sprints in the hall
It's needing the Chuck-It Bucket when you could be at the mall
It's hot docking to row again when all you want is rest
And it's the pain from knowing that the Average is your best

It's the fire deep within your lungs when you can hardly breathe
It's when the cox says "Twenty more!" and really means forty-three
It's being waked by the refs when you've fallen in last place
And it's when Stroke gets anxious and keeps taking up the pace

It's the coaches during practice, pushing you for more
It's set the boat, don't rush the slide and feathering your oar
It's the handshake on the dock, just before a race
And it's the words of encouragement, no matter where you placed

It's losing by a landslide, boat lengths behind the other teams
And it's losing by a bow ball, and the heartache that it brings
It's walking through second place on your final weary drive
And it's the chill of that gold medal that you'll remember all your life

Written by:

Sarah Jones
MV Crew
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