

# Camper's Paradise

by Mike Hurlbert, 1996

As I walk through the campground where I counsel you campers,  
I'm glad you're not much younger, you'd still be wearing Pampers.  
But that's just perfect for a counsellor like me; you know I hate dirty things like smelly laundry.  
At 8:30 in the morning we drink milk from cows, scrambled eggs we eat from chickens  
and bacon from sows - FOOD!

And sometimes at flag raising we haven't eaten in so long  
That when we sing O Canada! my stomach sings along.

I'm a man in command, I'm into discipline  
Got a Bible in my hand and a beard on Renny's chin.  
Now you put those socks in my drawer or out on the line,  
Or we might get points deducted when it's Cabin Clean-up time.

## CHORUS:

We've been spending most our lives living in a Camper's Paradise  
We don't fight; we all play nice, living in a Camper's Paradise  
There's no time for sin and vice, living in a Camper's Paradise  
We're all praying for you guys, living in a Camper's Paradise.

Some girls and boys came to know the Lord this week.  
They learned to smile and grin. They learned to turn the other cheek.  
I'm glad they learned what's right. I hope we taught them well.  
The narrow road leads to Salvation, the other ... well  
Now, I ain't never splashed a camper even if they deserved it.  
A counsellor... you know that's unheard of

If you come to visit, you'll hear roars and cheers  
On Variety Night if Happy McFriendly appears.  
But we ain't really quaint, so please don't point and stare.  
It's just Dicky Marvellous's hair.

## Bridge:

Give us a place to camp and place for fun and call this place Camp Dorion.  
A place to swim where waves are high. The greatest place underneath the sky.

## CHORUS:

We've been spending most our lives living in a Camper's Paradise.  
We've had bedhead once or twice, living in a Camper's Paradise.  
We don't fight we all play nice, living in a Camper's Paradise.  
Except during pillow fights, living in a Camper's Paradise.

RAP:

Swimming with your buddy. Leaning lots of Scripture.  
Raised the flag on Monday. Soon we'll play "Kill Richard".  
I think you probably like this, except for one part.  
There's a million kinds of bugs that like to bite you in these parts.  
We've got all kinds of flies ... all the insects that want to bite through our jeans day and night.  
Getting sores from the afterbites.  
You'll be in pain and you'll get whiny  
'Cause you'll be scratching all the bites from the mosquitoes on your heiny.

CHORUS:

We've been spending most our lives living in a Camper's Paradise.  
We've seen millions of mayflies, living in a Camper's Paradise.  
We've seen huge fires from the maintenance guys, living in a Camper's Paradise.  
We're all praying for you guys, living in a Camper's Paradise.  
I've made mistakes once or twice, singing "Camper's Paradise".  
The words were hard to memorize, the words to "Camper's Paradise".  
We've shared Jesus with you girls and guys, so you can find the way to Paradise.  
We hope that you realize this has been a Camper's Paradise.

FAKE ENDING:

Ah ah ah-ah-ah Ah-ah Ah Ah Ah Ahh. (PAUSE. Then DRUMS rat-tat-tat-tat)

CHORUS:

We've been spending most our lives living in a Camper's Paradise.  
We burn Pics most every night, living in a Camper's Paradise.  
For the most part its been nice, living in a Camper's Paradise.  
Except for mosquito bites, this has been a Camper's Paradise.

Choral singing: Ahh Ahh Ahh-Ahh Ahhh

Mosquito Whining: Ahh-Ahh Ahhh Ahhhh Ahhh-Ahhh **SPLAT!**

© 1996 by Mike Hurlbert, based "Amish Paradise", a parody by A. Yankovic, based on "Gangsta's Paradise", words and music by Coolio, based in part on "Pastime Paradise", words and music by S. Wonder.