

Words to Bob Dorion's Greatest Hits

(The Mayflies are)Blowin' in the Wind

How many times must a man turn his head to shake off all the flies?
Yes, 'n' how many hands must one man have to swat them out of his eyes?
Yes, 'n' how many days will it take 'til we know that all of those critters have died?
The mayflies, my friend, are blowin' in the wind. The mayflies are blowin' in the wind.

(Switch to "blackflies" in season.)

Your Clothes, They Need A-Changin'

Come gather round, campers, wherever you roam
And admit that the odour around you has grown
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched in the foam.
If your life to you is worth savin'
Then you'd better start swimmin' or you'll stink like an old bone,
For your clothes, they need a-changin'.

Andy's Camp

I ain't gonna work at Andy's Camp no more. No, I ain't gonna work at Andy's Camp no more.
I wake in the mornin' and I pray it doesn't rain.
I've a cabin full of campers and they're drivin' me insane.
They talk while I sing and I just get bored. I ain't gonna work at Andy's Camp no more.

I ain't gonna work at Andy's Camp no more. No. I ain't gonna work at Andy's Camp no more.
He hands you a nickel; he hands you a dime. He asks you with a grin if you're havin' a good
time.
It's a shame the way he makes me mop the floor. I ain't gonna work at Andy's camp no more.

Force Minus Zero/No Limit

My counsellor, he likes silence. He enforces it with violence.
He doesn't have to say he's grouchy. He just shows it with his eyes like fire.
Campers carry flashlights. They shine them for hours.
My counsellor, he has the power to take them when he's tired.

The cabin at midnight trembles; the pillowfighter rambles.
Campers seek protection, expecting bruises all over the place.
The pillow hits like a hammer. The camper cries loud and lonely.
My counsellor's like some raven at his window with a broken pillow case.

All Along the Dining Hall

There must be some way outa here, said the kitchengirl to the cook.
My hands are gettin' so wrinkled; I don't even wanna look.
Counsellors, they drink my Kool-Aid. Some campers act like jerks.
None of them at the tables know how hard I work.

No need to get excited, the cook, she kindly said.
There have been many kitchengirls before you who worked until they dropped dead.
But you and I, we've been through all that; it's not pleasure that we seek.
So let us not talk falsely now, besides it's only your first week.

All along the dining hall, Andy kept the view
While all the campers came and went, barefoot Jameses, too.
Outside in the distance, the wind began to howl
While in Parkdale Place Joe began to growl.

Positively POT IKO

You've got a lotta nerve to say you are my friend.
When I'm tryin' to sleep, you just lie there snorin'
You've got a lotta nerve to say you got a helpin' hand to lend.
When you talk for an hour, it's really borin'.
I know the reason that you talk behind my back.
You like to tell jokes about me at staff meetin'.
Do you take me for such a fool to think I'd try and make contact
With one who in pillowfights gives me a beatin'?

Song to a Fictional Kitchengirl

Go 'way from my table. Leave at your own chosen speed.
I'm not the one you want, babe. I'm not the one to feed.
You say you're lookin' for someone who wants some more spaghetti,
Someone who won't say to you, "Stop makin' eyes at me."
Someone who held his bowl up for more.
Well, it ain't me babe. No, no, no. It ain't me you're lurkin' for, babe.

Just Like a Gourmet

Nobody feels pain at all, when they're eatin' in the dinin' hall.
Everybody eats snacks and yummy treats and chocolate chip cookies that just can't be beat
By any others in the whole world.

She bakes just like a gourmet and she makes loaves just like a gourmet
And she cooks tube steaks just like a gourmet and she aches more than a kitchen girl.

Cont'd

Just Like a Gourmet cont'd

Well, it was rainin' from the first and I was dyin' there of thirst. So I came in here.
The long brew'd coffee hurts, but what's worse are these hunger pains in here.
I gotta stay in here. Ain't it clear

That I just can't quit? Yes, I believe I'll have just a little bit.
When we meet again and they say I ate ten, please, don't let on that you saw me when
I was hungry and ate **all** your cinnamon swirls.
You bake just like a gourmet...etc..

Depraved

My name is Allan Drinkwalter and I was growin' a beard.
I woke up in the mornin' and was feelin' kinda weird.
I reached for my chin. What did I find there? Just a little stubble, but not too much hair,
'Cuz I've been shaved in the middle of the night.
And I'm so sad. I just want to cry to the Lord.

I'm blinded by the soapsuds, hands already ruined.
I feel stone cold dead like I'm standin' in my tomb.
Nobody to rescue me; nobody would dare.------(Original words
Goin' down for the last time with Javex in my hair-----lost.)
'Cuz I'm enslaved by the head kitchengirl.
And I'm so sad. I just want to cry to the Lord.

Rainy Day Kitchengirls #12 and 35

Well, they'll phone you when you're at the table eatin'.
And they'll phone you when you're busy in a meetin'.
And they'll phone you when you're tryin' to wash your hair.
And they'll phone you when you're not found anywhere.
Well, I would not feel so all alone. Everybody must get phoned.

Ballad of a Thin Counsellor

You walk into the cabin with the snack in your hand.
You see a camper in his gautch and you say, "What's goin' on here, man?"
He hits you with his pillow and you just don't understand
Why you didn't stay at home.
'Cuz something is happenin' here but you don't know what it is. Do you, Georgie Jones?

You used to make contact out behind the laundry shack, but the facts were prone to exaggeration.
But now campers expect that they're goin' to get decked, if they try to neglect
Tax-deductible mission organizations.

You walk into the kitchen where the china is plastic.
The cook says she thinks the way you sing is spastic.
She asks you, "How does it feel to be so Elastic?"
You say, "Impossible, I'm not an Elvis clone." 'Cuz something etc..