

We Might As Well All Go to Camp

When we were in grade school, our life was so tough, but we had a goal in mind.
We worked hard, got in and tried not to sin.
It's just what we were hoping to find.
We spend endless hours doing stuff we don't like,
When there's one thing we can't get enough of.
When it all comes down to it, we all want to do it.
We'd all rather just go to camp.

Chorus:

So when your life as you know it don't exist anymore,
And the ship of your soul has been sunk,
Put those notebooks away; we're gonna pass anyway.
We might as well all go to camp.

We don't like Van Halen. We don't like the Crue.
We hate how it rots out our brains.
We want Kyla's piano and her soprano.
Richard Pepper blows Springsteen away.
There's all kinds of music polluting the air.
The solution, it's not hard to find.
We'd soon feed the hungry souls of the world,
If we'd broadcast a LIVE AID from camp.

Repeat Chorus.

“Extra Bill” Neilipovitz 1986