

Campin

Norman Greenbaum

Mama, mama, take a look
Sittin' by a babblin' brook
Waitin' for my chops to cook
I'm campin'

The altitude eight-thousand feet
Area's clean and sweet
Snow on the mountain peak
Where I'm campin'

Well, I feel so good
Just like a hoot owl hootin' in a tree
I'll make friends with the animals
And they made friends with me

I get up at the break of dawn
It ain't hard for me to get it on
Mama, mama, when I'm goin' campin'

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