

# 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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