High Impact Camping

Quincy Punx

Load the Beerbuster in the truck
We're going camping don't give a fuck
About the wildlife or the trees
Fuck the birds and fuck the bees
Got a chainsaw to blaze the trail
DDT to keep the bugs away
M-16's for hunting deer
And a keg of Bud, the king of beers

[Chorus:]
Punk rock party in the great outdoors
Lots of beer & drugs & whores
Nothing could be more hard-core
Than camping with the Quincy Punx

Diesel generator in the camp
To run the stage lights and the amps
Plus bug zapper neon lights
And groupie sluts in fishnet tights
A gallon of gas to start the fire
It'll be some chipmunks funeral pyre
We'll shoot ones with our BB guns
And chop em up just for fun

[Repeat Chorus]

The campsites full of broken glass
If the rangers come we'll kick their ass
Our six-pack holders drown the ducks
But who really gives a fuck
At dawn we've left a blackened crater
We're leaving now but we'll be back later
To add to the pile of beer soaked trash
And burn more trees down to ash

[Chorus 2]
Its a wasteland kind of scene
Tree-huggers think we're really mean
Nothing could be more obscene
Than camping with the Quincy Punx