

The Simpsons, Hail To Thee, Kamp Krusty

Hail to thee, Kamp Krusty,
By the shores of Big Snake Lake.
Though your swings are rusty,
We know they'll never break.
From your gleaming mess hall,
To your hallowed baseball field,
Your spic n' span infirmary,
Where all our wounds are healed.
Hail to thee, Kamp Krusty,
Below Mount Avalanche.
We will always love Kamp Krusty,
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