

Yoopers Da, Da Second Week Of Deer Camp

ITS THE SECOND WEEK OF DEER CAMP
I GOT A SWOLLEN HEAD
I'M LYING WITH THE DUST BALLS
UNDERNEATH MY BED

AN ICY BREEZE IS BLOWING IN
THROUGH THE TONGUE AND GROOVE
MY PANTS ARE FROZEN TO THE FLOOR
AND I'M TOO SICK TO MOVE

I DIDN'T DRINK SO MANY
JUST TURDY CANS OF BEER
IT MUSTA BEEN THAT LAST SHOT
THAT PUT ME UNDER HERE

CHORUS:
IT'S THE SECOND WEEK OF DEER CAMP
AND ALL THE GUYS ARE HERE
WE DRINK PLAY CARDS AND SHOOT THE BULL
BUT NEVER SHOOT NO DEER
THE ONLY TIME WE LEAVE THE CAMP
IS WHEN WE GO FOR BEER
THE SECOND WEEK OF DEER CAMP
IS THE GREATEST TIME OF YEAR

I REMEMBER PLAYING POKER
DAT WEASEL MUSTA WON
HE'S WEARIN MY NEW SWAMPERS
AND SLEEPIN WIT MY GUN

HE'S SNORING LIKE A CHAIN SAW
DA CAMP SMELLS LIKE A DUMP
SOMEONE'S DIRTY UNDERWEAR
IS SITTING ON THE PUMP

MUKKUS IN THE WOOD BOX
EENER'S ON THE STOVE
HIS FLANNEL SHIRT IS SMOKING
I WONDER IF HE KNOWS

CHORUS

VITO'S CRAWLING THROUGH THE DOOR
I THINK HE GOT FROSTBITE
HE PASSED OUT IN THE OUTHOUSE
AND HE'S BEEN THERE SINCE LAST NIGHT

GOOFUS STUMBLED THROUGH THE DOOR
HE SAYS HE GOT A BUCK
HE WAS COMING FROM THE WAYSIDE
AND HE KILLED IT WITH HIS TRUCK

MUSTI CRACKS A BEER AND SAYS
ITS TIME TO CELEBRATE
GOOFUS GOT THE FIRST BUCK
SINCE 1968

CHORUS