

# Camp, Century Plant

Outside my house is a cactus plant  
they call the century tree  
Only once in a hundred years  
it flowers gracefully  
and you never know when it will bloom

CHORUS:

Hey, do you wanna come out  
and play the game?  
it's never too late (2x)

Clementine Hunter was fifty-four  
before she packed up the pain  
Old Uncle Taylor was eighty-one  
when he rode his bike  
across the plains of China (uh-huh)  
And the sun was shining on that day  
just like today

CHORUS:

Do you wanna come out  
and play the game?  
it's never too late  
Hey, do you wanna come out  
and play the game?  
it's never too late

Didn't know how to tell her  
for all the thirty years  
kept locked up inside himself  
and no one saw the tears  
and then she went away  
and he woke up that day

now he brings roses to his sweetheart  
she lives most anywhere  
he sees someone suffering  
he knows that despair  
he offers them a rose  
and some quiet prose  
'bout dancin' in a shimmering ballroom  
'cause you never know when  
it will bloom

CHORUS:

Hey, do you wanna come out  
and play the game?  
it's never too late (8x)