

Clifford T. Ward, Campers In The Night

I know some people, some fine people

Who make me feel the way I do

And if you've met 'em

Maybe you've met them

Well I'm sure you'll feel the same way too.

I guess they need me

But not as much as I need them

For what I'm not quite sure

And who will mend their broken limbs

Or pretend that they're not there?

For them there is no cure.

They're just campers in the night

Laughin' at the fireside of life

For you, and for me

They're just campers in the night

Laughin' at the fireside of life

For you, and for me.

With sticks and wheelchairs

They go stumbling through their lives

Of their fine dreams and aims they're sure

And you must listen to them talk

Won't you listen to them talk?

And you will see a heart that's pure.

They're just campers in the night

Laughin' at the fireside of life

For you, and for me

They're just campers in the night

Laughin' at the fireside of life

For you, and for me.

INSTRUMENTAL

They're just campers in the night

Laughin' at the fireside of life

For you, and for me

They're just campers in the night

Laughin' at the fireside of life

For you, and for me

(Repeat and fade)