

Spinal Tap, Stinkin' Up The Great Outdoors

Late afternoon in the open air;
A human sea made out of mud and hair.
Ain't nothing like a festival crowd:
There's too many people so we play too loud.
Touch down, plane's on the ground,
Look for the drummer, he's nowhere around.
Running late, at least an hour,
No time to rest, no time to shower now we're

Stinkin' up the great outdoors
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Stinkin' up the great outdoors
But the kids don't mind!

We had a drink going up in the plane,
We had another coming down again.
We had another in the airport bar,
And then some home-brewed stuff in the promoter's car.
Here we go, on with the show,
We're bubblin under and we're ready to flow
Wound up! Turned loose!
Ain't got the power but we sure got the juice and now we're

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We hit the stage, with rock and rage
And do our best to earn the maximum wage.
The lights are bullshit, the sound's for the birds,
Don't know the music and we don't know the words but still we're

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And the kids don't mind!