

Da Yoopers "Second Week Of Deer Camp"

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SECOND WEEK OF DEER CAMP

Da Yoopers

(Dr. Demento's 25th anniversary tape)

Note: This transcription is dedicated to my uncle and confirmation sponsor, Mr. Anthony Mazanec, who was the best hunter in the Cleveland area and who passed away last year

Hey there goes one (BANG!) Hey you shot my cow!
It's the second week of deer camp
I got a swollen head
I'm lying with the dustballs
Underneath the bed
An icy breeze is blowing
Into 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 durty (thirty) cans of beer
It musta been that last shot
That put me under here

REFRAIN

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
That weasel musta won
He's wearing my new swampers
And sleeping with my gun
He's snoring like a chainsaw
The camp smells like a dump
Someone's dirty underwear
Is hanging on the pump
Mickey's in the woodbox
Weener's on the stove

His flannel shirt is smoking (sniff)
I wonder if he knows (YEOW!)

REFRAIN

Beadle'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 hit it with his truck
Musty cracked a beer and said
Let's celebrate
Goofus caught the first buck
Since 1968

REFRAIN

fade while repeating refrain

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