

## Unknown

### "Campanas"

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CAMPING

(Mark Cohen)

Mist is dancing on the lake

Sun is rising, I'm awake

Feeling every muscle ache

Camping

City born and city bred

City noises in my head

Wrapped up in a nylon bed

Camping

Feel the silence of the trees

Taste the sweetness of the breeze

Wrap a bandage round my knees

Camping

I don't think I've ever seen the sky so full of stars

I don't think I've ever been this far away from cars

I don't think my feet can walk another thirty yards

On a trail aimed at the sky

Must be near a mile high

Wish my pack could learn to fly

Camping

Count the blisters, every sore

Count the bugs declaring war

Count on being back for more

Camping

@outdoors

filename[ CAMPPING

MC

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