

## Unknown

### "Camping"

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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  
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