

## Yoopers Da "Da Second Week Of Deer Camp"

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ITS THE SECOND WEEK OF DEER CAMP  
I GOT A SWOLLEN HEAD  
I'M LYING WITH THE DUST BALLS  
UNDERNEATH MY BED

AN ICY BREEZE IS BLOWING IN  
THROUGH THE TONGUE AND GROOVE  
MY PANTS ARE FROZEN TO THE FLOOR  
AND I'M TOO SICK TO MOVE

I DIDN'T DRINK TOO MANY  
ONLY THIRTY CANS OF BEER  
IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT LAST SHOT  
THAT PUT ME UNDER HERE

CHORUS:  
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 CHAIN SAW  
THE CAMP SMELLS LIKE A DUMP  
SOMEONE'S DIRTY UNDERWEAR  
IS HANGING ON THE PUMP

MUKKUÂ'S IN THE WOOD BOX  
EENERÂ'S PASSED OUT ON THE STOVE  
HIS FLANNEL SHIRT IS SMOKING  
I WONDER IF HE KNOWS

CHORUS

VITOÂ'S CRAWLING THROUGH THE DOOR  
I THINK HE GOT FROSTBITE  
HE PASSED OUT IN THE OUTHOUSE  
AND HE'S BEEN THERE SINCE LAST NIGHT

THEN GOOFUS STUMBLES THROUGH THE DOOR  
HE SAYS HE GOT A BUCK  
HE WAS COMING FROM THE WAYSIDE  
AND HE KILLED IT WITH HIS TRUCK

THEN MUUSTI CRACKS A BEER AND SAYS  
ITS TIME TO CELEBRATE  
GOOFUS GOT THE FIRST BUCK  
SINCE 1968

CHORUS

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