

Campbell and Houlihan "Winnebacome, Winnebago"

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Winnebacome, Winnebago
(Jon Campbell)

Every summer they flock to the beaches and the docks
They've got brown vinyl sandals and black nylon socks.
They've got a red peeling nose and synthetic clothes
And it's from June to September now it's anything goes.

Where's my flipflop? Where's the gift shop?
Are you feeling sad?
And it's Winnebacome, Winnebago
Clam cakes and chowder and stuffies to go,
There's a slick on the bay of Ban de Soleil
And Labor Day weekend seems light-years away.

They're out fishing for flats wearing Budweiser hats
They got a new Boston Whaler with a cooler in the back,
Well they go for a spin, loaded on gin,
And get stuck hard aground till the tide comes back in.

There'll be gridlock at the town dock
Are you feeling sad?
And it's Winnebacome, Winnebago
A long rainy weekend with no place to go
There's a red tide today and a shark in the bay
And Labor Day weekend seems light-years away.

When the flea bites, the jellyfish stings, are you feeling
sad?
Watch a mobsta eat a lobsta, are you feeling sad?

They've got sand in their eyes and a burn on their
thighs
And the last tuna grindah is covahed with flies,
There's a squid in the sink, the TV's on the blink
They've got a bucket of crabs that's beginning to stink.
Citronella, beach umbrella,
are you feeling sad?

And it's Winnebacome, Winnebago
And There's no place to park anyplace that you go,
So let's count license plate from the Midwestern states

And hope after Labor Day things will get straight...
And hope after Labor Day things will get ...

When the sun shines comes the gas lines
are you feeling sad?

(Get your quahogs)
(Hey Mo, look at the gales, uw)
(Hewie)
(How do you get to Point Judith?)
(One of them told it was 8 o'clock it leaves)
(I was on the Vineyard for a week)
(Parking lot all full)
(They've been in the sun for too long)
(What do you mean I have ... to myself)
(Bag of belly buttons)
(Rhode Island Registration CG-621 please move your
car, you will be towed)
(How do you get to Point Judith?)
(how come they don't write song like ... Irene anymore)
(I'm sick and tired of you saying you don't have your
bathing suit)
(Get your feet inside the railing kid)
(Now one clamboy and an order of fries please)

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