

A LETTER FROM CAMP

Probably by Alan King

HELLO MUDDAH, HELLO FADDAH
HERE I AM AT CAMP GRENADA
CAMP IS VERY ENTERTAINING
AND THEY SAY WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN IF IT STOPS RAINING

I WENT HIKING WITH JOE SPIVEY
HE DEVELOPED POISON IVY
YOU REMEMBER LEONARD SKINNER
HE GOT PTOMAINIE POISONING LAST NIGHT AFTER DINNER

ALL THE COUNSELLORS HATE THE WAITERS
AND THE LAKE HAS ALLIGATORS
AND THE HEAD COACH WANTS NO SISSIES
SO HE READS TO US FROM SOMETHING CALLED ULYSSES

NOW I DON'T WANT THIS SHOULD SCARE YA'
BUT MY BUNKMATE HAS MALARIA
YOU REMEMBER JEFFERY HARDY
THEY'RE ABOUT TO ORGANIZE A SEARCHING PARTY

TAKE ME HOME, OH MUDDAH, FADDAH
TAKE ME HOME, I HATE GRENADA
DON'T LEAVE ME OUT IN THE FOREST WHERE
I MIGHT GET EATEN BY A BEAR

TAKE ME HOME
I PROMISE I WILL NOT MAKE NOISE, OR
MESS THE HOUSE WITH OTHER BOYS
OH PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME STAY
I'VE BEEN HERE ONE WHOLE DAY

DEAREST FADDUH, DARLING MUDDAH
HOW'S MY PRECIOUS LITTLE BRUDDAH
LET ME COME HOME IF YOU MISS ME
I WOULD EVEN LET AUNT BERTHA HUG AND KISS ME

WAIT A MINUTE, IT'S STOPPED HAILING
GUYS ARE SWIMMING, GUYS ARE SAILING
PLAYING BASEBALL, GEE THAT'S BETTAH
MUDDAH, FADDAH KINDLY DISREGARD THIS LETTER

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