

## Camping Life – Key F - Guitars Capo 3

**D** **A7**  
They say that in the camp ground, the apple juice is fine.  
**D**  
It's good for cuts and bruises, but tastes like turpentine!

Chorus:

<b>G</b> <b>D</b> I don't want no more of camping life. <b>A7</b> <b>D</b> Gee, Ma, I wanna go home!
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**D** **A7**  
The biscuits served at dinner, they say are mighty fine.  
**D**  
One rolled off the table, and killed a pal of mine!

(Chorus)

**D** **A7**  
They treat us all like robots and make us stand in line.  
**D**  
My pal was forced to run 12 miles, and he was only nine.

(Chorus)

**D** **A7**  
The bug spray at Camp Quest, I thought was might fine.  
**D**  
A swarm of mosquitoes flew off with a friend of mine.

(Chorus)

**D** **A7**  
The counselors at Camp Quest, They say are mighty fine.  
**D**  
With tender words and candy canes, they keep us all in line.

(Chorus)

**D** **A7**  
We are little angels, especially at meals.  
**D**  
Unless we get a little bored, then we're Heck on wheels.  
**G** **D** **A7**  
I don't want no more of camping life. Gee, Ma, I wanna go,  
**A7** **A7** **D**  
Please, Ma, I wanna go, But, they, won't let us go, home!