

I Could Have Been An All Around Camper

Lyrics by Hank Aberman

When I look back on my life
Sure, I could have tanked from strife
But they never made me blue, it's true
Ah, but there is one thing that still haunts me,
And it haunts me to this day, So, you ask me
what could do that, then, I'd really have to say:

I could have been an All-Around Camper
I could have been the top of the heap
My fame would shine forever
On the wall at Camp Endeavor
And the world will place its laurels at my feet

I don't want to sound too cocky, but I completely ruled knock hockey
And if you saw my cubby, it was almost always neat
No, but all they did remember was the diarrhea in September
From Mom's cookies that gave us all a special treat.
Ah, then there was my scrotum, which I hadn't learned to stow then,
Which completely caught my bed springs and set me down a week.
Although my story is somewhat gory, it's not all just vainglory
As the years come back, they drive me on to speak:

I could have been an All-Around Camper
I could have been the cock of the walk
My feats would just amaze em
As my charms would simply daze them
And as I would pass they all would simply gawk.

I could have been an All-Around Camper
I could have been the top of the heap
My fame would shine forever
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