

Thank God, We're at Family Camp!

(sung to the tune of "Thank God, I'm a Country Boy!")

Well, life at Family Camp is pretty laid-back,
Just walkin' to the beach and maybe walkin' back.
Gotta get me good and tired 'fore it's time to hit the sack.
Thank God, we're at Family Camp!

There's the Lemonade Lake and the ice cream stand
An' alotta nice people playin' Boggle in the sand.
And the fires in the evenin' where the s'mores a just grand!
Thank God, we're at Family Camp!

Well, I got me a camp stove that works when I fiddle.
At Wensdy mornin' potluck, there's cakes on the griddle.
By the end of the week, you know ev'ry single kid'll (*hold
just a bit*)
Thank God, we're at Family Camp!

There's a monster in the lake, 'least that's what I'm told.
Whether swimmin' or just wadin', the water's mighty cold!
So build a sand castle, if you're young or if you're old.
Thank God, we're at Family Camp!

Well, we're snackin' all day, just as much as we can swalla
We try to keep it clean, but the showers cost a dolla
Maybe in the afternoon we'll go an' see Valhalla.
Thank God, we're at Family Camp!

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At Wensdy mornin' potluck, there's cakes on the griddle.
By the end of the week, you know ev'ry single kid'll (*hold
just a bit*)
Thank God, we're at Family Camp!

I'd swing in my hammock all day if I could,
But I gotta fetch the water and gather firewood.
So I hammock when I can and work when I should.
Thank God, we're at Family Camp!

At night I got my flashlight and my long underwear,
Lookin' for the bathroom, hope I find my way there.
Never know when I might run into a bear!
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At Wensdy mornin' potluck, there's cakes on the griddle.
By the end of the week, you know ev'ry single kid'll (*hold
just a bit*)
Thank God, we're at Family Camp!

Well, Thursdy Night comes and it's time to do my skit.
All week long, I been workin' hard on it.
Some it is funny and some it's just...not
Thank God, we're at Family Camp!

My Daddy taught me campin' since I was jus' little
How to light a fire or just sit an' whittle.
All the settin' up and tearin' down and fun in the middle!
Thank God, we're at Family Camp!

Well, I got me a camp stove that works when I fiddle.
At Wensdy mornin' potluck, there's cakes on the griddle.
By the end of the week, you know ev'ry single kid'll (*hold
this one long*)
Whoo! Thank God, we're at Family Camp! Yeah!