

Eileen organized and lead the women singing the following songs. They were spectacularly received!

Boys Want Sex in the Morning

-Uncle Bonsai

Boys want sex in the morning, sex in the morning,
when I'm not my best.

Boys want sex in the morning, petting and pawing,
tearing at my breast.

Boys want someone whose whimsome, someone to pin,
someone to undertake,

Boys want someone to fall on, someone to crawl on,
someone half awake.

Boys want sex in the morning, sex in the morning,
covers at my kness.

Boys want rotten conditions, passive positions,
I am a trapeze.

Boys want someone who's sleepy, someone who's keeping,
nothing in too deep.

Boys want somebody first hand, someone to burst
and then go back to sleep.

There is nothing I like better than a jostle now and then,
With a hand under the sweater and a back that starts to bend.
But before my eyes are open, I don't want to have to hide
From a simpleton still poking with a thimble full of pride.

Boys want sex in the morning, sex in the morning,
soiling the sheets.

Boys want sex while I'm yawning, suddenly spawning,
when I'm half asleep.

Boys want someone unconscious, somebody not just
waiting for a thrill.

Boys want sex with surprises, sex with sunrises,
someone on the pill.

There is nothing like a lover who can satisfy your needs.
And the joy when you discover just how often he succeeds.
But before my eyes can focus, I don't need him to surprise,
By descending like some locust on a field of sleeping thighs.

Boys want sex in the morning, sex in the morning,
when I'm still not fresh.

Boys want something that strikes them, someone who likes them
fondeling their flesh.

Boys want someone to take and someone to break
and comment on their size.

Boys want someone to prod and someone to nod

and then just close her eyes.

Penis Envy
-Uncle Bonsai

If I had a penis I'd wear it outside,
In cafes and car lots with pomp and with pride
If I had a penis I'd pamper it proper,
I'd stay in the tub and use me as the stopper.
If I had a penis I'd take it to parties
I'd stretch it and stroke it and shove it at smarties.
I'd take it to pet shows and teach it to stay.
I'd stuff it in turkeys on Thanksgiving Day.

I'd rival my buddies with sports cars and stick shifts.
I'd shower my spire with girlies and gifts.
I'd peek around corners, I'd aim at my toilet,
I'd poke it at foreigners and soap it and oil it.
If I had a penis I'd run to my mother,
comb out the hair and compare it to brother.
I'd lance her, I'd knight her,
my hands would indulge.
Pants would seem tighter and buckle and bulge.

A penis to plunder, a penis to push
cause one in the hand is worth one in the bush.
A penis to love me, a penis to share,
to pick up and play with when nobody's there.

I'd sit like a guy, I'd straddle the chair
I'd play with my fly, albeit with care.
I'd dip it in chocolate, I'd stick it in sockets,
I'd stroll to the movies with hands deep in pockets.
I'd stick it in vacuums on vacant verandas,
gas fuzzling Volvos, and poodles and pandas,
and puddles and drainpipes
and doggies and ditches
poodles and puddles
and puddles and pitches,
zucchini and zebras,
tomatoes, tomatoes,
and pineapples, pumpkins,
gulches and grottos,
melons and marshmallows,
guns and gorillas,
slurpies and slippers.
Chinooks and chinchillas.

A penis to plunder, a penis to push
cause one in the hand is worth one in th bush.
A penis to love me, a penis to share,
to pick up and play with when nobody's there.

If I had a penis I'd climb every mountain.
I'd force it on females, I'd pee like a fountain.
If I had a penis I'd still be a girl,
But I'd make much more money and conquer the world!

Finally, Rich Kulawiec and Daryl Bourne put together the following review of the week's activities.

Rafting While Blind

With massive apologies to ZZ Top for lifting the melody and chords
of "Arrested for Driving While Blind"

Sitting at the campfire last night
When we felt that Wild Turkey's bite
Don't give Ed Bronson a ride
'Cause his thesis is too damn wide
Well, you could say he was out of his mind,
But let me tell ya, he was typin' while blind

The other day I saw a terrible sight,
Paul Carlile turned the day into night
He was proudly displayin' his buns
We all had to turn and run
Well, you could say he was out of his mind,
But let me tell ya, he was moonin' while blind

Don't cause big Bo to get annoyed
Or he'll force-feed your children steroids
Dana's growth used to lag behind
Now the Laker's are trying to get her signed
Well, you could say he was out of his mind
But let me tell ya, he was parentin' while blind

You know that fuschia boat looked really mean
Was the damndest thing I've ever seen
You know it must have been Eileen
'Cause she put in from U.S. Nineteen (phwooooooooooooooooo...SPLAT!)
Well, you could say she was out of her mind
But let me tell ya, she was flyin' while blind

RSK verse

This year, Darrel got kind lucky,
Well, at least he stayed in his ducky,

Havin' a good time downstream,
You could tell by the tone of his scream,
Well, you could say he was out of his mind
But let me tell ya, he was duckyin' while blind

Some women who are really sick
They call themselves raft chicks
With things on their heads like ducks,
Everyone says their the best exceptionally-educated totally-liberated
phenomenally-attractive women on the river
Well, you could say they were out of their minds,
But let me tell ya, they were raftin' while blind

There's a kayak on the Lower New
Malcolm seems to have dropped from view
Middle Keeney has taken its toll
Maybe next time he'll learn to roll
Well, you could say he was out of his mind
But let me tell ya, he was yakkin' while blind

Schwab's got a tent the size of a mall,
Torches lit up like the Taj Mahal
But ain't seen the half of it fella
'Cause in the basement there's a wine cellar
Well, you could say he was out of his mind
But let me tell ya, he was caterin' while blind

If you need to start a fire for free
Just call on old T3
With lighter fluid and gasoline,
Looks just like a Kuwait scene
Well, you could say he was out of his mind
But let me tell ya, he was torchin' while blind

DFB verse [missing in action, which is fine with me. ---Rsk]

See the guy with hitech raingear on?
Chances are, it must be Don
Laser-guided robotic tent stakes,
That damn fly could survive an earthquake
Well, you could say he was out of his mind
But let me tell ya, he was campin' while blind

If you don't like the words of our song,
Fuck you! We're drinkin' all night long
You'll hear us barfing at dawn
Just to fertilize the lawn (Baaaaaaarf!)
Well, you could say we were out of our minds

But let me tell ya, we were playin' while blind

Gretchen and Steve have gone duncey,
They up and moved to Muncie
Hanging out at Ball State
Should leave them time to procreate
Well, you could say they were out of their minds,
But let me tell ya, they were (hmmm...mumble...yeah, that) while blind

There's some bitchin' whitewater babes
The guides say, "Hey, they're our faves"
It's not their paddling skills
But those late night lycra thrills (Oooooooooooh!)
Well, you could say they were out of their minds,
But let me tell ya, they were fashionable while blind

RSK verse
Now ol' Darrel here is such a hoser,
Got breath just like Ghozer (the Ghozerian!)
He's been drinking night after night
Guess his liver prob'ly gave up the fight
Well, you could say he was out of his mind
But let me tell ya, he was drinkin' while blind

This morning I heard a terrible sound
It seemed to shake the ground
And then *that* smell came around
We knew that Pete was back in town
Well, you could say he was out of his mind
But let me tell ya, he was belchin' while blind (Rrrrrup!)

Herb was walkin' without a care
Stepped in to a yellowjacket's lair
He started running for his life
Too bad he forgot to tell his wife (Yipe! SLAP!)
Well, you could say he was out of his mind,
But let me tell ya, he was runnin' while blind

A good time was had by all
With Deb and her jelly ball
Now when this song hits the big scene
(spoken) People are going to wonder what those last two lines mean
Well, you could say she was out of her mind,
But let me tell ya, that is the most disgusting snot-filled item I've ever seen.

If you want to make a crash and burn tape,
For river virgins, there's no escape
Before the trip is done

Watch them fall in one by one by one by one by one,
Well, you could say they were out of their minds,
But let me tell ya, they were swimmin' while blind

DFB verse [various distorted truths about an excess number of
ex-girlfriends, and other nonsense that we all know
is completely untrue - missing in action. ---Rsk]

Hoch and crew ain't no campers,
They prefer to be pampered
But the joke's on them -- don't tell!
They're stayin' at the Bates Motel (Norman...is that you, Norman?) (Coming, mother!)
Well, you could say they were out of their minds,
But let me tell ya, [spoken] there is no fucking way they should go in the shower.

You know the raft trips have hit the skids,
When the camp is overrun by kids
It'll be okay in a couple of years
We can send them to fetch our beers
Well, you could say they were out of their minds,
But let me tell ya, they'll be fetchin' while blind.

This morning a guy looked half dead,
Don't worry -- it's just DrEd.
He just got his P-H-D,
His thesis killed a million trees (Timm-mm-ber!)
Well, you could say he was out of his mind,
But let me tell ya, he was typin' while blind

We brought the beers in a U-Haul,
But the Strang sisters drank it all
Next time we're going it for real,
We're gonna use eighteen wheels (Oh, there's....1 2 3 4 5...yeah, yeah, you know)
Well, you could say they were out of their minds,
(spoken) and that's exactly right, 'cause one of them married Paul.

You hear the raft guides scream,
"Feet up! and point 'em downstream!"
It's just Treece swimmin' away,
It's only the fifth time today
Well, you could say he was out of his mind,
But let me tell ya, he was on a private trip again.

See those M-R-T guides
Make sure the kids are inside
Better put those cows away
The guides are horny today,
Well, you could say they were out of their minds,

But let me tell ya, they were guidin' while blind.

Rafting with Scott as your guide
Can lead to a wild, wild ride
Takin' a swim can be a real drag
(But what does he say?) "GRAB THE ROPE, NOT THE BAG!!"
Well, you could say he was out of his mind,
But let me tell ya, he was guidin' while blind.

If you really want to take a chance,
Head downstream with a guy named Lance,
He's been setting a whole new trend,
He'd been flippin' rafts end over end,
Well, you could say he was out of his mind,
But let me tell ya, he was guidin' while blind.

Cindy made her guidin' debut
You could tell she was brand new
She made a big mistake the other day
She went and rescued R-S-K,
Well, you could say she was out of her mind,
But let me tell ya, she was guidin' while blind.

The ladies all like Cliff,
They say his is really stiff
But they're not talkin' 'bout him in bed
They're talkin' 'bout his paddle instead (Oooh, Cliff!)
Well, you could say he was out of his mind,
But let me tell ya, he was guidin' while blind.

Mark, he is a bicycling fool,
Thinks tipping people out of rafts is cool
But he had better watch his step
Kim hasn't got her revenge yet
Well, you could say he was out of his mind,
But let me tell ya, he was tippin' while blind.

We've departed the one true path,
We've felt the River God's wrath (kaboom!)
If there's on thing this trip we've learned,
Next year the shoes must be burned!
Well, you could say we were out of our minds,
But let me tell ya, we got *creamed* out there today!

We need another verse for Paul,
'Cause he has the best buns of all,
He'll be floating down that miracle mile,
Just flashin' that vertical smile,

Well, you could say he was out of his mind,
(spoken) and that's exactly right, 'cause he married one of the Strang sisters.

See those empty bottles of beer,
You know the G-S-P's were here,
Don't bother askin' them why,
They'll say "Friends Don't Let Friends Raft Dry!"
Well, you could say they were out of their minds,
But let me tell ya, they were raftin' while blind.

D. Frayne Bourne and RSK, July, 1991

Finally, this isn't a song, but the following list was being passed around the campfire in 1991.

You know you're a hick from Indiana when:

Your richest relative buys a new house and you have to help take the wheels off.

You've ever used lard in bed.

You think potted meat on a saltine is hors d'oeuvre.

You think a six pack of beer and a bug zapper are quality entertainment.

Less than half the cars you own run.

Your Mother doesn't remove the Marlboro from her lips before telling the State Patrolman to "kiss her ass".

The primary color of your car is "Bond-O".

Directions to your house include "turn off the paved road".

You honset-to-God think that women are turned on by animal noises and seductive tongue gestures.

Your family tree doesn't fork.

Your wife's hairdo has ever been ruined by a ceiling fan.

You've ever hollered "Rock the House, Bubba" during a piano recital.

You've ever barbecued Spam on the grill.

The neighbors started a petition over your Christmas lights.

Your Brother-In-Law is also your uncle.

You prominently display a gift you bought at Graceland.

The diplomas hanging in your den include "The Trucking Institute".

Your Mother keeps a spit-cup on the ironing board.

You think beef-jerky and Moon Pies are two of the major food groups.

You think Campho-Phenique is a miracle drug.

You have more than two brothers named Bubba or Junior.

Your Father encourages you to quit school because Larry has an opening on the lube rack.

You think Volvo is part of a woman's anatomy.

You've ever been too drunk to fish.

You think the Styrofoam Cooler is greatest invention of all time.

You had a toothpick in your mouth when your wedding pictures were taken.

You have a rag for a gas cap.

Your lifetime goal is to own a "Fireworks Stand".

YOU THINK THEY INVENTED BASKETBALL IN BLOOMINGTON.