

GSP's, This song is about you!  
(to the tune of Carly Simon, You're So Vain)

You drove into the campground,  
Like you were having a panic attack,  
You had just driven 500 miles,  
With two screaming kids in the back,  
As night approached it started to rain,  
As you started to unpack,  
And under your breath you said,  
"Why does this happen?  
Every year it happens!!"  
GSP's, You probably think this song is about you,  
GSP's, You probably think this song is about you,  
Don't you, Don't you, Don't you...

Well, I remember several years ago,  
The cars came practically bare,  
But with coolers, tents, propane tanks, and Therm-a-rests,  
You can't fit another damn thing in there,  
It seems like only yesterday,  
Hot dogs and burgers were the fare,  
Now all I hear is,  
"Who brought the salmon?  
Chocolate, port, and salmon?!?"  
GSP's, You probably think this song is about you,  
GSP's, You probably think this song is about you,  
Don't you, Don't you, Don't you...

When the guys went down to get their raft,  
They were looking for the wildest ride,  
When the gals went down to get their rafts,  
They were looking for Lance as their guide,  
But no matter which raft they chose,  
They could never stay inside,  
Hold onto your paddle as you  
Bob through the Keeneys,  
Dudley's Dip and Double Z,

GSP's, You probably think this song is about you,  
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Don't you, Don't you, Don't you...  
When you staked your space around the campfire,  
The smoke blew right in your eyes,  
And you hoped that you would stay up long enough,  
To have a taste of a Budgie Pie,  
You drink beer brewed all over the States,  
And no one is surprised,

If they were to see  
The Moon of a close friend,  
Over and over again,

GSP's, You probably think this song is about you,  
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Don't you, Don't you, Don't you...

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GSP's, You probably think this song is about you,

...And it is!!

EPIC - 2000 Darrel Bourne, 7/3/2000

I fell down moving a picnic table one day,  
Jeff Schwab laughed at me from across the way,  
But this my friends is only a starter,  
When he saw I was in pain he laughed even harder!

Sue Strang saw a man wearing black fleece,  
Thought it was Paul, but was really Jeff Treece,  
It was then that she truly discovered,  
She can't tell the difference unless their butts are uncovered!

Whenever I am in a creative drought,  
I turn to one place, and she helps me out,  
And this year as always she truly delivered,  
When Kim Strang gave a dissertation on Pee Shivers!

At the tequila tasting, Greg Treece started balking,  
Said "My glass is empty, but, Ed, you're still talking!",  
If we hadn't had Ed speed up the lecture,  
The tasting would have had to be continued next year!

Paul's back has been bothering him, I understand,  
And he hasn't been able to paddle as planned,  
For Paul to be on a river was always automatic,  
Sue, you're going to have to be less acrobatic!

[Bridge to the tune of Me and Julio down by the School Yard]

It was late at night, the stars were bright, and the fire was starting to fade,  
And Julio had just passed out in the chair where he laid,  
Well they started to think that some permanent ink, would look good on his face,  
So they took the cap off the marker and wrote on him all over the place,

Dan Brunner said, "You'll never write nothing on me,  
I'm just asleep, I'm not passed out half dead."  
But how do you explain...  
The heart on the top of your head?

Writing on Dan and Julio down by the campfire!

[End Bridge]

Deb Herman and I for two years have spent,  
On a quest that has failed due to lack of equipment,  
But we found the waterfall, and our quest is capped,  
The missing piece of equipment was a map!

Ben and Sherri came into town,  
With 53 bungee cords holding their gear down,  
By day they can hold all your stuff in place,  
By night they can be used as marital aids!

Deb Smith did a great job three years ago,  
Kim and Renee did great putting on this show,  
But guys, I am sure that I am not alone,  
It will be good to have an organizer with testosterone!

Linda and Rick were the first into camp,  
And on that night it was very damp,  
When it was time for bed, they said 'Let's do it',  
But their tent looked like a scene from A River Runs Through It!

Rocking Chairs, Love Seats, Chairs with Leg Stands,  
Chairs with beer holders, one for each hand,  
Technology has improved, but I must convey,  
Nothing tops the Treece Reclining Chair Flambe!

Linda brought an instrument from West Lafayette,  
And practiced it every chance she could get,  
She wanted to do a song, but it was a no-go,  
There aren't many songs with a Bassoon solo!

Two ATV's tore up the muddy path,  
Jeff Schwab was on the side, but he still caught their wrath,  
Him covered in mud, one thought did I see,  
Serves him right for laughing at me!

Four of the original eight are here,  
On this our very own twentieth year,  
Malcolm, Bob, Ken and Paul,

Let's give them a hand, they started this all!

So twenty years have come and gone,  
And the ties that bind us together are strong,  
So as this trip fades like the setting sun,  
Let's drink a toast to trip 21!

So friends, won't you please bring me just one more beer!?  
Then bring me another for the friends who aren't here.  
As we gather round on a warm July night,  
After 20 years, the fire is still burning bright!!