

2010 Campfire Songs

This song was performed at the Saturday night pre-rafting campfire by Gene Cowen, with Darrel Bourne on guitar.

Lyrics by Gene Cowen

Sung to the tune of "Margaritaville" by Jimmy Buffet

Gravy Sucking Pigs

Nibblin' on chocolate
Watchin' those piglets
Do skits on subjects of which I know not
Darrel's strummin' his six-string
While some of us sing
Smell that kettle corn beginnin' to pop

Chorus:

Wastin' away again with Gravy Sucking Pigs
Pullin' off a jump rock somersault
Some people claim that there's a Malcolm to blame
But I know, it's Gary S. Peterson's fault

I don't know the reason
We come back here each season
Nothin' to show but Dan's brand new tattoo
But it's a real beauty
A black sharpie cutie
How it got there he hasn't a clue

Chorus:

Wastin' away again with Gravy Sucking Pigs
Making a New River amphibious assault
Some people claim that there's a Malcolm to blame
Now I think, it's prob'ly Higgins' fault

We rock-hopped in Babcock
Jef slipped on a slick rock
Broke his ankle got carried from there on
But there's beer in the cooler
And GSP's will deliver
That hoppy elixir that helps him hang on

Chorus:

Wastin' away again with Gravy Sucking Pigs
Dr. Ed's brewin' up a barrel of malt
Some people claim that there's a Malcolm to blame
But I know, it's our own damn fault
Yes and some people claim that there's a Malcolm to blame
But I know, it's our own damn fault

This song was performed at the Sunday night post-rafting campfire by Gene Cowen with backing vocals by Debby Herman & Deb Smith and Darrel Bourne on guitar.

Lyrics by Gene Cowen

Sung to the tune of "Cheeseburger in Paradise" by Jimmy Buffet

Budgie Pie Made By A Treece

Tried to amend my late-night eating habits
Made it one week short of a year
Eating no food after one is better for you my son
If you do you might find yourself a bit larger right here
(visual aid: point to belly)

But at night I'd had these wonderful dreams
Some kind of sumptuous treat
Not granola, diet cola, or soylent green
But two slices of bread fried with stuff in between

Chorus:

Budgie pie made by a Treece (by a Treece)
Campfire fare for a late-night feast (by a Treece)
Not always nutritious not too much grease (by a Treece)
I want a budgie pie made by a Treece

Heard about the old time rafting men
They'd eat the same thing again and again
Hot dogs and buns they said were mighty fun
Well it reminds me of the menus from school lunches my friend

Times have changed for rafters these days
When I'm in camp I seek what I need
Not chocolate truffles, barbecue Ruffles or wine and cheese
But that campfire creation on which I feed

Chorus:

Budgie pie made by a Treece (by a Treece)
My craving for them just will not cease (by a Treece)
Hand me that cherry pie filling please (by a Treece)
I want a budgie pie made by a Treece

I like mine with peanut butter and jelly
Baked beans or cheese would satisfy my belly
Try one with chili and a nice cold beer
Well river gods almighty which way do I steer for my

Chorus:

Budgie pie made by a Treece (by a Treece)
A food that's its own conversation piece (by a Treece)

Satisfying our late-night munchies (by a Treece)

To get a budgie pie made by a Treece

To eat a budgie pie made by a Treece

I want a budgie pie made by a Treece

I like mine with peanut butter and jelly

Baked beans or cheese would satisfy my belly

Try one with chili and a nice cold beer

Well river gods almighty which way do I steer