

To the Roughweelers

4-83

It's Friday night lets pack our load

It's 8:00 p.m. lets hit the road

We drove and ate, then found our spot

Unload our shit that we all brought

Pitched our tents and hit the hay

Get ready for a roughweelers day

Right off the bat its 10-100, short
for a dump,

Then Drive, Drive, Drive and Bump
Bump, Bump.

They say this lake is dry, but its
just our luck

You know fearless he got stuck
This mud is fun but its time to
go

Fun awaits us, we all know
Rest our butts & eat our lunch
Jesus Christ what a mottley bunch
No time to waste, lets hit the
trail.

Fun awaits us, without fail.
Over-Under, up & Down,
Its getting late were campward
bound.

Light the fire, mix the Booze,
Some will joke and some will Snooze.

It's morning time, the sun is up
Where the hell's my coffee cup
For instant coffee this shit ain't
bad

It's not the best I've ever had
It's time to rough it, but some-
ones down.

It's a jeep I heard, that's the
news around.

It's fixed, it's running, let's split
this place

Off & Running, it's a race
To the hills today, to search for
treasure

To pass the time or just for
pleasure

Well I'll be damned, there are
caves here.

It's only dark, no need to fear.
Turn off the darkness, we can't
see,

What a crazy place to be!

Hey there's rats in here with big
bright eyes

They caught the roughweelers
by suprise

You can split but don't back up,
In cave its only down not up.

The sun is brighter now than
ever,

Don't you wish we could stay
forever.

Its lunch again, our last day
here.

Lunch and B.S., drink some beer.

On the trail its getting rough,

But don't you worry, we're all
tough.

Well... Usualy.... except for jeeps
I guess you could call them heeps.

Another stop to repair the brcken,
Anothers stuck, but no ones spoken.

Fixed and moving, but getting late

For the roughweelers this is fate.

Back to camp, its a water fight

Some fought back with all thier
might

Some were packing, some were not
Whys there more than we thought
we brought

Some leave early some leave late,

As we were leaving we stopped
and ate.

Home again, what a bummer
The fun we had you can wonder

Thanks again to the roughweeler

The Perolio's
Cheryl

Marty &

Melanie

(Maria was at
home - she sends
love to all).

P.S. A weekend well remembered !

You Wanta Buy a Duck

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