

# Quincy Punx, High Impact Camping

Load the Beerbuster in the truck  
We're going camping don't give a fuck  
About the wildlife or the trees  
Fuck the birds and fuck the bees  
Got a chainsaw to blaze the trail  
DDT to keep the bugs away  
M-16's for hunting deer  
And a keg of Bud, the king of beers

[Chorus:]

Punk rock party in the great outdoors  
Lots of beer & drugs & whores  
Nothing could be more hard-core  
Than camping with the Quincy Punx

Diesel generator in the camp  
To run the stage lights and the amps  
Plus bug zapper neon lights  
And groupie sluts in fishnet tights  
A gallon of gas to start the fire  
It'll be some chipmunks funeral pyre  
We'll shoot ones with our BB guns  
And chop em up just for fun

[Repeat Chorus]

The campsites full of broken glass  
If the rangers come we'll kick their ass  
Our six-pack holders drown the ducks  
But who really gives a fuck  
At dawn we've left a blackened crater  
We're leaving now but we'll be back later  
To add to the pile of beer soaked trash  
And burn more trees down to ash

[Chorus 2]

Its a wasteland kind of scene  
Tree-huggers think we're really mean  
Nothing could be more obscene  
Than camping with the Quincy Punx