

WinnieWinnieBago

Greg Keeler (1989)

Get your motor running
Head out on the highway
Lookin' for adventure or whatever might come our way
Like true nature's children
We were born to be pilgrims
Roaming wild across the mountains and the valleys and the plains all day

Yes we'll get a radar dish
To fulfill our every wish
We will pick up TV stations everywhere across the nation we go
It will just be our place
We'll snuggle by our fake fireplace
Safe and snug and warm no matter how the winds and storms may blow

We'll have a small refrigerator
We'll take turns being waiter
In our little mobile cafe we'll be sipping cafe-latte with the dawn
From our little gas range
That runs on tanks of propane
Just like a prince and princess we will polish off our blintzes 'for we're gone

And we'll have a little bathroom
On the door we'll put a half-moon
No more waits for filling stations in those desperate situations any more
Our backyard will be Montana
We'll wear hats and red bandanas
If we're up for scenery scopin' all we'll have do is open up our door

By a babbling brook's crescendo
We'll fish out of our window
And go to sleep while yawning to the sounds of water on the rocks and sand
We'll get up with the sunrise
While the Brook Trout one by one rise
And even if it's drizzlin' pretty soon we'll hear them sizzlin' in the pan

Our expenses will be teeny
We'll snack on beanie-weenies
In the evening we'll play gin and pop some popcorn and turn in when we are through
Or maybe when its later
We'll fire up the generator
And make whoopee by the glow of the Johnny Carson Show just me an' you

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