

# Stinkin' up the Great Outdoors

## Spinal Tap

Late afternoon in the open air  
A human sea made out of mud and hair  
Ain't nothing like a festival crowd  
There's too many people so we play too loud  
Touch down, plane's on the ground  
Look for the drummer and he's nowhere around  
We're running late, at least an hour  
No time to rest, no time to shower now we're  
Stinkin' up the great outdoors  
Stinkin' up the great outdoors  
But the kids don't mind  
We had a drink going up in the plane  
We had another coming down again  
We had another in the airport bar  
And then some home brewed stuff in the promoters car  
Here we go, on with the show  
We're bubblin' under and we're ready to flow  
Wound up, turned loose  
Ain't got the power but we sure got the juice and now we're  
I was stinkin' up the great outdoors  
Was stinkin' up the great outdoors  
Was stinkin' up the great outdoors  
But the kids don't mind  
No, no, no, no  
We hit the stage, with rock and rage  
And do our best to earn the maximum wage  
The lights are bullshit, the sound's for the birds  
Don't know the music and we don't know the words but still we're  
Stinkin' up the great outdoors  
Stinkin' up the great outdoors  
Stinkin' up the great outdoors  
But the kids don't mind  
No, no, no  
Stinkin' up the great outdoors  
Hey, hey

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