

You Don't Have to Camp Around

Todd Rundgren

Daddy don't like it but mommy still wonders, sweet boy
But you're allowed to try it and I point no fingers
Sweet boy, but I'm still wonderin' what it means, boy
You hold your wrist so limply
You don't have to camp around Save all your money, go confess on sunday, sweet boy
And you get your copy of "honey,"
Back on the street by monday
Sweet boy, but tell me where does that leave me, boy
Save the satin undies, don't pluck out your eyebrows
Stow the mincey lisping, you don't have to camp around

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