

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

Songwriters

Nigel Tufnel;David St. Hubbins;Derek SmallsPublished by
DISCHARGE MUSIC;UNIVERSAL-MCA MUSIC PUBLISHING, A DIVISION OF UNIVERSAL
STUDIOS INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.