

# 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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