

The Musicians:

Mark Pierce: Lead Vocals, Acoustic Guitar, Electric Guitar, Bass, Backing Vocals

Sam Chester: Banjo, Acoustic Guitar, Bass

Johnny Bregar: Electric Guitar, Acoustic Guitar, Piano, Hammond B3 Organ, Drums, Bass, Backing Vocals

Pope Ward: Lead Vocals, Backing Vocals

Robert Brent: Lead Vocals, Backing Vocals

Ben Swan: Lead Vocals, Backing Vocals, Acoustic Guitar

Toby Bregar: Lead Vocals, Backing Vocals, Electric Guitar

Nicky Isles: Lead Vocals, Backing Vocals

Maura Ahearne: Backing Vocals

Edwin McCain: Lead Vocals (recorded in Greenville, SC)

Matt Morgan: Slide Guitar (recorded in Greenville, SC)

Corinne Alsop: Lead Vocals (recorded in New York City)

Natalie Burr: Backing Vocals (recorded in New York City)

The Henchmen: Pope Ward, Ben Swan, Johnny Bregar, Maura Ahearne, Jameson Bregar, Toby Bregar, Robert Brent, Nicky Isles, Mark Pierce

The Songs:

1. The Titanic
2. I'm a Camper at PIC
3. A Camper Named Sue
4. On the Cover of the Pine Needle
5. Tangled Up in Blues
6. Please Don't Bury Me
7. Should I Sail or Should I Row
8. Mountain Dew
9. We're Women at PIC
10. Keep on Ridin' on the Tilt-a-Whirl
11. My Sweet Pine Island
12. Chicken Train

Lyrics

“The Titanic”

Traditional

(lead vocals) Pope; (guitar) Sam; (drums and piano) Johnny; (bass) Mark; (backing vocals) The Henchmen

Oh, they built the ship *Titanic* to sail the ocean blue
And they thought they had a ship that the ocean never knew
It was on its maiden voyage when the iceberg hit the ship
It was sad when the great ship went down

Chorus:

Oh it was sad (so sad)

So sad (so sad)

It was sad when the great ship went down to the bottom of the sea...husbands and wives little children lost their lives

It was sad when the great ship went down

Oh, they were not far from England and soon would reach the shore

When the rich refused to associate with the poor
So they put them down below
Where they'd be the first to go
It was sad when the great ship went down

(chorus)

Well, they put the lifeboats out on the deep and raging sea
And the band struck up with "Near My God To Thee"
Men and women and children cried as they all prepared to die
It was sad when the great ship went down

(chorus)

Oh, they built another ship called the *SS Forty-Two*
And the bow was painted pink and the stern was painted blue
So they christened it with beer and it sank right off the pier
It was sad when the great ship went down

(chorus)

"I'm a Camper at PIC"

Original Song – "Country Club" by Travis Tritt

Rewrite – Johnny Creditcard

(vocals) Edwin; (slide guitar) Matt

When I was ten I thought I knew then what camping was all about
I usta pitch a tent in my back yard, I was a regular boy scout
But then one day a guy named Ford stopped by and put on a show
One look and I could see it was the place for me, told my parents I just had to go

Chorus:

Now I'm a camper at PIC, what you get is what you see
I like arch and riflery, got a great view when I pee
Hey I'm a bonafide trippin' fool, don't swim in no swimmin' pool
I'm bulk now look at me, I'm a camper at PIC

My friends at home, they all said, man, you are such a fool
We're stayin' here near the country club with its chlorinated pool
But the boat dropped me off, I took a look around, and it was paradise to me
It was my friends back in suburbia who were fools it was plain to see

(chorus)

Now I've been a camper at PIC for nearly half my life
I've had all kinds of ups and downs, cut myself with my boss knife
But I built a shelf, and I've hiked and paddled all over the north woods
Yeah, PIC it's the place for me, that's why I think everybody should

Be a camper at PIC... (chorus)

“A Camper Named Sue”

Original song: “A Boy Named Sue” performed by Johnny Cash, written by Shel Silverstein

Rewrite: Johnny Creditcard

(lead vocals and guitar) Ben

Well my daddy left home when I was three
And he didn't leave much to my mom and me
Just his credit cards and his BMW
Now I don't blame him 'cause he run and hid
But the meanest thing that he ever did
Was before he left he went and named me Sue

Well Ma sent me off to PIC
That name sure wasn't any help to me
Seemed I had to fight the whole summer through
My tent mate would giggle and I'd get red
Some aristocrat would laugh and I'd bust his head
I tell you camp ain't easy for a boy named Sue

Well I grew up fast and I grew up mean
My fists got hard my wits got keen
I went out on bulk trips to hide my shame
One night I made a vow by kerosene lamp
That if he ever visited camp
I'd kill the man that gave me that awful name

Well it was after activities in mid-July
I'd taken rowing and my throat was dry
So I stopped at the pump to have a cup or two
Well the big boat docked and to my surprise
Sittin' in the stern just talking to the guys
Sat the dirty yuppie dog who named me Sue

Well I knew that snake was my own sweet dad
From a worn-out picture that my mother had
I knew those madras shorts and his evil tie
He was cut right from the Brooks Brother's mold
I looked at him and my blood ran cold
And I said

My name is Sue!
How do you do?!
Now you're gonna die
Yeah, that's what I told him

Well I hit him right between the eyes
And he hit the dock but to my surprise
He grabbed my knife and cut off a piece of my ear
But I busted my pack frame across his nose
And we rolled up the Ridge and down to the Cove

A-kickin' and a-gougin' in the mud and the blood in the Dust Court

Well I tell you I've fought tougher men
But I really can't remember when
He made mighty Chot seem like a toy for a child
Then I heard him laughin' and I heard him cussin'
And he grabbed for a rock and I got there first
And he lay there lookin' at me and I saw him smile

He said son this camp is rough
If a boy's gonna make it he's gotta be tough
I knew I wouldn't be there to help you along
So I give you that name and said, "Solong shrimp"
I knew you'd have to be bulk not wimp
And it's that name that helped to make you strong

He said now you've just fought one heckofa fight
I know you hate me and you've got the right
To kill me now, I wouldn't blame you if you do
But you oughta thank me before I die
For the fact that you're such a big bulk guy
'Cause I'm the *%#@* who named you Sue

Yeah, what could I do?
Got all choked up and told him camp was fun
I called him dad and he called me son
And I come away with a different point of view
And I think about him now and then
Like on a tough trip with Sumner or Ben
And if I ever have a son...
Think I'll name him Ned, or Chris, or Harry
Anything but Sue!

"On the Cover of the Pine Needle"

Original song: "Cover of the Rolling Stone" performed by Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show, written by Shel Silverstein

Rewrite: Mark Pierce

(lead vocals and guitar) Mark; (banjo) Sam; (bass) Johnny; (backing vocals) The Henchmen

Well we're big rock singers, we got golden fingers
And we're loved everywhere we go.
We sing about beauty and we sing about truth
For ten thousand dollars a show
We've spent so much time chillin' with Mr. Bob Dylan
That it's really gotten kinda dull
We want the thrill that only gets ya, when you get your picture
On the cover of the *Pine Needle*.

Chorus:

(Pine Needle) wanna see my picture on the cover
(Needle) wanna send five copies to my mother
(Needle) wanna see my smilin' face on the cover of the *Pine Needle*.

Travel miles around to big and little towns
From New York to Tennessee
But we never feel as grand as when the party barge lands
And drops us off at PIC
We're always hired to close out campfire
And every year we rock Honk Hall
But it seems they never need us smilin' sayin' Cheese
On the cover of the *Pine Needle*

(chorus)

We've paid our dues, played rock and blues
Acts like ours are hard to find
And don't you start with Johnny Creditcard
'Cause Johnny Creditcard got declined!
Well truth be told the music's in our souls
Bur our hearts just won't be full
'Till we go from the stage straight to the front page
And the cover of the *Pine Needle*

(chorus)

“Tangled Up in Blues”

Original song: “Tangled Up in Blue” by Bob Dylan

Rewrite: Pope Ward

(lead vocals) Pope; (acoustic guitar) Johnny; (electric guitar) Mark

Early one morning the sun was shining, I was laying in bed
Thinking about challenge plays---- blue flag and red
One more game without a win sure is gonna be rough
Blues have won for way too long. I think enough's enough.
And I was standin' on the side of the road, rain fallin' on my shoes
Hoping to score at East Gate. Lord knows I was trying to
But I can't get through. I was...
Tangled up in Blues

My first year, I won the donut race. My, vic'try uncontested
Scored twice on day one----town center to get well rested
Southeast gate was pretty quiet. The squadron there was fake
We were plugged for most-a-the day. It was hard to stay awake
And all the while I couldn't tell... Were we ahead or well behind?
Not knowing either way was messin' with my mind
If I only knew! ...We were...
Tangled up in Blues

Morning dew soaking through my jeans, bellying up to the road
Sneaking our fingers over the line before anybody know'd
Are they in the gate are they outta the gate? My mind is filled with doubt.
Thank the lord for this camo paint, but curse that red flag scout.
And we started runnin' down the road... Like a flock of birds we flew.
But sweaty hands became unlinked. It was too late before we knew...

We were... in big trouble.
Tangled up in Blues
Medusa's clanging in my skull. That caller's raspy voice!
We pretend not to hear, as though we had a choice.
Parties streaking down town line ignoring pains and aches
Steam rising off their backs like fog from a lake.
A whispered conversation between general and XO
How many scores and challenge points? Honestly, I don't know.
Do you? ...I think we're ...
Tangled up in Blues

Now I'm going back again, I gotta win this game somehow
All those plays I didn't make, they're an obsession for me now.
This winter I've been planning how to beat those dark blue men
But if we can't get Gray Victory, at least Pine Island wins.
From the night of Declaration and the stomping camper shoes
To the final Rah Rah Rah, Athena is my muse.
I'm a burning fuse. Who's...
Tangled up in Blues

“Please Don't Bury Me”

Original song: John Prine
Rewrite (last verse): Johnny Creditcard
(lead vocals) Ben; (guitar, bass, drums, and piano) Johnny; (backing vocals) The Henchmen

Woke up this morning, put on my slippers
Walked in the kitchen and died
Oh, what a feelin' when my soul went through the ceiling
And on up into heaven I did rise
When I got there they did say John it happened this a-way
You slipped upon the floor and hit your head
And all the angels say just before you passed away
These were the very last words that you said

Chorus:
Please don't bury me down in the cold, cold ground
I druther have 'em cut me up and pass me all around
Throw my brain in a hurricane and the blind can have my eyes
The deaf can take both my ears if they don't mind the size

Give my stomach to Milwaukee if they run out of beer
Put my socks in a cedar box, just get 'em outta here
Venus de Milo can have my arms, look out, I've got your nose
Sell my heart to the junk man and give my love to Rose

(chorus)

Give my feet to the footloose, careless, fancy free
Give my knees to the needy, don't pull that stuff on me
Hand me down my walkin' cane it's a sin to tell a lie
Send my mouth way down south, and kiss my a** goodbye

(chorus)

Give my pack to a pack horse, he won't believe how much it weighs
Give my trunk to Captain Mildew, he's livin' there anyway
Give the bugs my bugdope, they seem to like it fine
Guess I've taken my last activity you can have my place in line

(chorus)

“Should I Sail or Should I Row”

Original song: “Should I Stay or Should I Go” by The Clash

Rewrite: Peter Ward, Ben Swan, Pope Ward, and Mark Pierce

(lead vocals and electric guitar) Mark; (electric guitar) Toby; (bass) Sam; (drums) Johnny; (backing vocals) The Henchmen

OD you've got to let me know
Should I sail or should I row
I'm just standing here in line
Chills running up and down my spine
So come on and let me know
Should I sail or should I row

So many hard activities
Hurry up says the OD
I don't want to tie a dry fly
And I can't relate to Shop Guy
Well come on and let me know
Should I sail or should I row

Chorus:

Should I sail or should I row now
Should I sail or should I row now
If I wait I'll get in trouble
Choose too fast it could be double
So come on and let me know
Should I sail or should I row

This indecision's killin' me
(that guy in front of me just cut)
Don't want no rife no archery
(I've gotta get out of this rut)
Last canoe I took I sunk it
(don't kill it...jeeze)
Wet water exit always flunk it
(can't get my spray skirt off my knees)
So what I really need to know
(there's got to be another way)
Is should I sail or should I row
(‘cause I had kay kay yesterday)

It's always choose choose choose
(got my swim trunks on the line)

Waiter games I always lose
(don't even know if those are mine)
This is such a massive bummer
(don't kill it...he said...)
What a way to spend the summer
(a.m. woodcraft now is dead)
So come on and let me know
(I guess I'll just accept my fate)
Should I sail or should I row
(once again in line too late)

(chorus)

“Mountain Dew”

Traditional

(lead vocals) Ben, Nicky, Pope, Robert; (guitar, bass, and drums) Johnny; (banjo) Sam; (backing vocals) The Henchmen

Well my brother Bill has a still on the hill
Where he turns out a gallon or two (or two!)
And the birds in the sky get so drunk they can't fly
Just from smellin' that good old Mountain Dew

Chorus:

They call it that good ole Mountain Dew
And them that refuse it are few (mighty few!)
I'll hush up my mug if you'll fill up my jug
With that good ole Mountain Dew

My Uncle Mort he is sawed off and short
And he measures 'bout four foot two (four two!)
But he feels like a giant if you give him a pint
Of that good ole Mountain Dew

(chorus)

Well my sister Sue has a brand new perfume
And it gives off an awful smell (p u !)
Wasn't she surprised when she had it analyzed
It was nothin' but good ole Mountain Dew

(chorus)

Not far from me there's an old hollow tree
Where you put in a dollar or two (or two!)
If you go 'round the bend and come back again
There's some good ole Mountain Dew

(chorus)

“We're Women at PIC”

Original song: "In Spite of Ourselves" by John Prine
Rewrite: Corinne Alsop and Natalie Burr
(lead vocals) Corinne; (backing vocals) Natalie; (guitar) Mark

The whistle blows and we know it's time
to start our day on the isle of Pine
But when we're late to the dining hall
you know that Needlepoint missed the call
Don't you worry
We're in no hurry
We're women at PIC!

Gracious living is our goal
and we're so glad to play a role
We love this island in Great Pond
from Ridge to Range and well beyond
We aren't many,
But, hey, we're plenty
We're women at PIC

Chorus:
In spite of ourselves, we'll end up back at Pine Island.
Against all odds, we'll drive down that old camp road.
It's a little strange, to be a woman at Pine Island,
But we'd be lyin' if we said we didn't love it so!

Please don't ask us what's for lunch,
if you do, you might get punched.
We do it all, from A to Z:
counselor, K.C., and A.D.
It's our summer,
thanks to Sumner,
we're women at PIC!

We try our best to fit right in,
but there's only TEN women!
We don't blend in, but have no fear:
King Kababa's glad we're here!
We aren't men,
but thanks to Ben,
we're women at PIC!

(chorus)

Needlepoint's the place to be,
It's shrouded in mystery--
cause you can't come, you know it's true,
we'll all be there except for you!
Ha HA HA!
HA HA HA!
We're women at PIC!

It may sound like we're pokin' fun

at our island in the sun.
You may think that it's kinda weird
that we're so darn happy here,
but my favorite
thing to be
is a woman at PIC!

(chorus)

“Keep on Ridin’ on the Tilt-a-Whirl”

Original Song: “Keep on Rockin’ in the Free World” by Neil Young

Rewrite: The original Hippy Cowboys – Dan Steinhacker and Joe Kovaz

(lead vocals) Mark; (bass) Sam; (drums, electric guitar, hammond B3) Johnny, (electric guitar) Toby; (backing vocals)
The Henchmen

In an old mill town, in central Maine
There’s a statewide fair, for the people who’re deranged
So you park your car, and you have a look
And there’s not one person who’s ever read a book
So you buy a ticket and you go inside
Just to find a spot on the Tilt-a-Whirl ride

Chorus:

Keep on ridin’ on the Tilt-a-Whirl!
Keep on ridin’ on the Tilt-a-Whirl!
Keep on ridin’ on the Tilt-a-Whirl!
Keep on ridin’ on the Tilt-a-Whirl!

Carnies sleepin in the street, packs of dogs in heat
Acid wash and big hair, or a tattoo for a flair
You eat cotton candy ‘cause the time is near
And you stick your belly out and you have no fear
And it tastes real good, and you start to drool,
But you don’t care ‘cause at the fair you’re cool.

(chorus)

The man at the gate, his teeth aren’t straight
His beard is dirty, and his rent is late
And he has long hair, and he looks pretty mean
And his eyes are red and he smells like Jim Beam
So you buy a poster of a heavy metal band
Or have an old gypsy read your hand

(chorus)

You see the lights, and you start to run
It’s the Tilt-a-Whirl, oh man what fun
So you hop aboard, and it starts to spin
And your body gets torn limb from limb
And you get thrown off and you start to fly
Then the crowd goes wild ‘cause you’re gonna die!

(chorus)

“My Sweet Pine Island”

Original Song: “Sweet Carolina” by Ryan Adams

Rewrite: Ben Swan and Matt Clarke

(lead vocals) Toby; (backing vocals) Maura; (all instruments) Johnny

I came up to Belgrade, with my pack and trunk
The boat met me there on the mainland shore
I was lookin’ for some good times, and maybe a friend or two
But I ended up with so much more

I went out on Old Speck, got chilled down in the notch
Carried a heavy load and learned to hike
At the summit you could see forever, but the clouds were closin’ in
So we set up camp and slept all warm and dry.

Chorus:

Oh my sweet Pine Island, wish I didn’t have to go
Oh my sweet Pine Island, may you someday carry me home

I paddled down the St. Croix, shot those many rips
Down the border line with Canada
The wind and rain tried to get us, but we set up camp in time.
Six days on the river made us strong.

(chorus)

Now I’m headed back to the city, feels like things are closin’ in
The sunset’s just my lightbulb burnin’ on
Oh I miss Pine Island, like I miss my family
All the sweetest winds they blow across Great Pond.

(chorus) (last line) You’re with me wherever I roam.

“Chicken Train”

Original song: The Ozark Mountain Daredevils

Rewrite: Harry Swan and Ben Schachner

(vocals) The Henchmen

Chicken train
Runnin’ all day
Chicken train
Runnin’ all day

Chicken train, runnin’ all day
Can’t get it on, can’t get it off
Chicken train...
Take the chickens away

Laser beam

In my dream
Laser beam
In my dream

Laser beam, in my dream
Can't get it on, can't get it off
Laser beam...
Like a sawed-off dream

Underwear
On my head
Underwear
On my head

Underwear, on my head
Can't get it on, can't get it off
Underwear...
Gotta wear it to bed

Internet
On my plate
Internet
On my plate

Internet, on my plate
Can't get it on, can't get it off
Internet...
Like a worldwide steak

Motorboat
Sittin' in a tree
Motorboat
Sittin' in a tree

Motorboat, sittin' in a tree
Can't get it on, can't get it off
Motorboat...
Like an outboard leaf

Flaming Go
Drummin' all night
Flaming Go
Drummin' all night

Flaming Go, drummin' all night
Can't get it on, can't get it off
Flaming Go...
Set the drums on fire

Chicken train
Runnin' all day
Chicken train
Runnin' all day

Chicken train, runnin' all day
Can't get it on, can't get it off
Chicken train...
Take the chickens away

[chicken noises]