

CAMP OHR KEDUSHA - ALMA MATER

LOW 1:

We pull up to our camp, down the familiar roads we roam,
See that beloved worn out sign, _ruchim ha__im, _elcome _ome,
We see our head counselor's face, filled with loathing and disdain
Hobbling down the street to greet us, waving wildly with his cane

As we amble down the rocky road, solemn faces, ear to ear
We heard so much about the upgrades, that they've added here this year
Insulation, running water, crazy rumors crowd the halls
As we pull up - yes, we see it's true - the bunks all now have walls

CHORUS

Ohr Kedusha I am somewhat fond of you
My feelings of ambivalence forever might be true
Ohr kedusha you inspire me
To strive for mediocrity
No matter what the other camps may say
Forever I'll be fine with camp ok

Low

Well, we're only one week in now, and already things are...mild
I just love my rebbe's motto, "Spare the shotgun - spoil the child"
My favorite sport is "Hunter / Gatherer", which really is a treat,
For each day that we play it, that night we all get to eat

My counselor is alright I guess, the shy and quiet type,
At first I found him kinda lazy, though I'm never one to gripe
And he lets us play outside, a freedom we don't get alot here,
We were sad when we discovered that he's been dead since we got here

SING CHORUS

BRIDGE:

Where the zemiros are so quiet, you can hear the angels sing,
And with the recent rise in stabbings, achdus is a fickle thing
And as I think of you, through a winter cold, forbidding,
My eyes may shed a tear, but then again, who am I kidding?

LOW 3:

Now that childhood's gone, we've since moved on, as real life takes its toll
My JC's on trial for murder, and my co-counselor's on parole
And the grounds are now a prison, what a sentimental touch
Though with the windows barred already I guess it did not take much