

Summer Stock

John Vanderslice

Ever since the world began
Kids were kids and men were men
With their aging river crossed
Into hell they both were tossed

Lights out
Lights out
Lights out
Lights out

I lost my childhood
Out to camp in the bunk in the woods
Leaving all the summer stock
I was dying in the wind so stark

Lights out
Lights out
Lights out