

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Winnebacome, Winnebago

Winnebacome, Winnebago
(Jon Campbell)

Come summer, they flock to the beaches and docks
They've got brown vinyl sandals and black nylon socks.
They've a red peeling nose and synthetic clothes
And from June to September it's anything goes
Where's my flipflop? Where's the gift shop?
Are you feeling sad?
Winnebacome, Winnebago
Clam cakes and chowder and stuffies to go,
There's a slick on the bay of Ban de Soleil
And Labor Day weekend seems light-years away.

They're out fishing for flats wearing Budweiser hats
They got a new Boston Whaler with a cooler up in back,
Well they go for a spin, loaded on gin,
And get stuck hard aground till the tide comes back in.
There'll be gridlock at the town dock
Are you feeling sad?
Winnebacome, Winnebago
It's a long rainy weekend with no place to go
There's a red tide today and a shark in the bay
And Labor Day weekend seems light-years away.

When the flea bites, jellyfish stings, are you feeling sad?
Watch a mobster eat a lobster, are you feeling sad?

They've got sand in their eyes and a burn on their thighs
And the last tuna grinder is covered with flies,
There's a squid in the sink, the TV's on the blink
They've a bucket of crabs that's beginning to stink.
Citronella, beach umbrella, are you feeling sad?
Well, it's Winnebacome, Winnebago
There's no place to park anyplace that you go,
So let's count license plate from the Midwestern states
And hope after Labor Day things will get straight...
And hope after Labor Day things will get straight...

Recorded by The Short Sisters A Little Gracefulness
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