

Walking through Bryce,
There wasn't a trail we missed.
But we had to look around. To see if we lost Chris.

Then there's Fribitzio from Italy
who never seemed to tire.
Doing what he does best, eating toilet paper on fire.

Sitting in our hotel room. Stayin' up 'till four.
Smoking a bowl in the bathroom.
With a towel under the door.

There was a knock on the door,
While smokin' our Chicken-Foot pipes.
We all got paranoid,
But Groucho said "it's alright".

'cause it was only Dave.
And he knew we were high.
He didn't really care and let us slide by.
(He's gettin' high)

Woke up this mornin', fell out of bed.
If I hadn't awoken, Ellen said I'd be dead.
(Now everyone sing along on this verse)

In the afternoon, it was very hot.
Oh what a bummer, no beer or pot.
(That one's a classic)

Walkin thru the arches, but at what a cost.
That idiot Dave, he got us all lost.