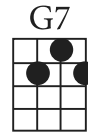
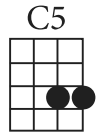
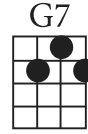
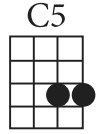


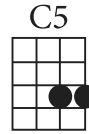
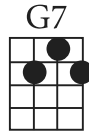
# Camptown Races



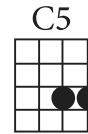
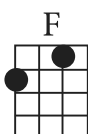
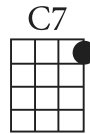
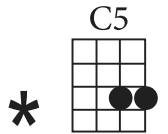
O the Camptown ladies sing this song, dooda dooda



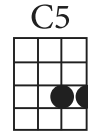
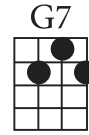
The Camptown race track's five miles long,



oh dadooda day

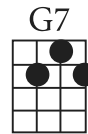
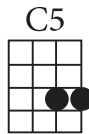


Goin' to run all night Goin' to run all day

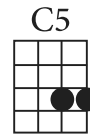
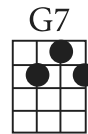
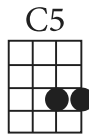


I bet my money on a bob-tailed nag – Somebody bet on the bay

*2nd time repeat & end*



I went down South with my hat caved in, dooda dooda



\*

I come back North with a pocket full of tin, oh dooda day