

IS THERE LIFE AFTER THE DUMP STATION, BABY?

My sweetheart and I got married last summer and sealed it with a kiss
And headed on down to the RV dealer with thoughts of life long bliss.
He showed us this wonderful fifth wheel trailer; the great places we would see;
A microwave oven, plush velvet sofa, and a built in color TV.
He showed us the hitch and how to back it,
The buttons and knobs I should pull.
But he never mentioned the problems I face when the holding tanks were full.

So I laid down the money and we headed out in this RV so shiny and plush.
The honeymoon sagged a couple of days later when my wife said the toilet wont' flush.
So I crawled underneath this fifth wheel trailer as my wife began to gripe,
And I found this little push-pull handle that seemed to be blocking the pipe.

Now there are times in my life when I've done something stupid that I know I shouldn't have done, but pulling that handle so close to my face turned out to be dumber than dumb.

Is there life after the dump station, Baby, it's a sad story I tell.
I am down on my luck so I sleep in the truck cause I can't overcome the smell.
Some folks love this RV lifestyle, but I'm not doing so well.
Is there life after the dump station, Baby, can't `ya overcome the smell?

So I took out the manual and I read the instructions for using that little blue hose.
But try as I might I always get covered with yuk from my head to my toes.
My dad was plumber and he always told me "ugly stuff runs downhill".
And if he saw me whenever I dumped, I know I'd get dropped from the will.

My love life is shattered I never did know what problems this RV would pose.
I thought she would always be holding my hand instead she is holding her nose.
Well I never got it all figured out and I guess I never will.
I've spent a year of trying to stop an endless sewage spill.
My wife wouldn't touch me or even come close, and she burned up all my clothes.
All because that sewage never would stay inside that little blue hose.

We sold that rolling septic tank rig, but that's not where this story ends.
Romance is back in my life at last and we've even made some friends.
We're still RVers but now we rent, it's a lovely rig to pull.
And we turn it in for another one when the holding tank is full.

OHHHHHH..

There is life after the dump station, Baby, no more sad stories to tell;
Not down on my luck, don't sleep in my truck, cause I overcame the smell.
I now love this RV life and I'm doing it very well.
There is life after the dump station, Baby,