

[Scaffold Camp Creek](#) song lyrics

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Up on Scaffold Camp Creek  
A long time ago,  
My uncles and my dad  
A fishin' they would go.

That Scaffold Camp Creek  
Ran right through the pasture field,  
And the boys always dreamed  
Of the trout that it might yield.

They didn't have any a' them  
Store-bought fishin' poles,  
But they spent a lot of time  
At their favorite fishin' holes.

A sapling and a string,  
A worm on a safety pin.  
Get the old gang together  
And we'll go fishin' once again.

The boys grew into men  
And they drifted far apart,  
But those lazy summer days  
Stayed forever in their hearts.

They got expensive rods n' reels,  
They got rubber wading boots,  
They got handsome fishing vests,  
But they never forgot their roots.

A sapling and a string,  
A worm on a safety pin.  
Get the old gang together  
And we'll go fishin' once again.

Up on Scaffold Camp Creek  
A long time ago,  
My uncles and my dad  
A fishin' they would go.

The brothers, they grew old  
As their fortunes they did seek,  
But they never forgot those days  
Up on Scaffold Camp Creek.

A sapling and a string,  
A worm on a safety pin.  
Get the old gang together  
And we'll go fishin' once again.

Oh, get the old gang together  
And we'll all go fishin' once again.