

# Appalachian Trail Lyrics © 2022 Bob Heim

Composed on the trail by Bob Heim (trail name Topo), a Long Section Hiker  
2021 NOBO (northbound), 2022 SOBO (southbound)

Inspired by the song "King of the Road" by Roger Miller, 1964

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-A7ljk0r16k>

## 2021 NOBO:

I woke up in a tent,  
Dang how fast the night went.  
Hav'n oatmeal for my food,  
With cranberries it tastes pretty good.  
Check the map to see where I'll be,  
Up ahead I water a tree.  
Rocks, roots, and rattlesnakes,  
What a good time that makes!  
Don't know how far I'll get,  
Haven't walked enough miles yet.  
My shoulders, neck, and back,  
Ache because of this heavy pack.

## Chorus:

Better take some Ibuprofen,  
Three for the road – *600 milligrams (in a deep guttural baritone)*

Young hikers have it made,  
Six months off and daddy paid.  
Got their trail legs in Tennessee,  
On the hills they blow past me.  
Figur'n what they'll do with their lives,  
Don't yet have husbands and wives.  
Guessing when their trail is done,  
They'll just EXPECT that life is fun!  
As for me, I do not whine,  
I just crossed another state line!  
(Chorus)

Middle-age hikers I am told,  
Have to put their lives on hold.  
Not so many of them on the trail,  
Some seem just released from jail.  
Not gonna wait till they're old and gray,  
To be out here hiking day after day.  
Bosses call to ask when they're coming back,  
"Pretty soon, unless there is a bear attack!"  
When they do, there is a longing still,  
To get back out and hike another big hill.  
So... (Chorus)

Old hikers are so fun,  
We don't want to be outdone.  
Family at home thinks our lives will end.  
Wouldn't be here without my Depends!  
Got my trail legs but no one can tell,  
Least they got me over that hill.  
Hey, is that the continental divide?  
"What? Did you say your cousin died?"

NO, anyway I'm hiking free,  
Be'n the guy I want to be.  
Couldn't take the regular life,  
Gave my duties to my wife.  
Tree fell on the house, she don't even care –  
Called the roofer for repair.  
Ouch, there goes my knee!  
What's that gonna do to me?  
(Chorus)

Today I resupply,  
Walk into town like a homeless guy.  
Have some ice cream, fruit and a beer,  
Cause soon I'll have to be out of here.  
But first I go to the IGA,  
Where for my groceries I pay and pay.  
Back up the mountain with my HEAVY booty,  
Wish I didn't buy so much Tooty Fruity!  
(Chorus)

Lyme ticks jump from the air,  
They just want into your hair.  
I'm bald, my head is smooth as my \*\*s,  
They look at me and usually pass.  
But if they get their little jaws in,  
You need to be on Doxycycline.  
Ticks are wise, they get their way,  
It's not like they were nymphs just yesterday –  
Or maybe they were!  
Anyway you must take care,  
And pull your gators to your underwear.  
And if you have that ring,  
Better go and get some doctoring.  
And ... (Chorus)

"Trail Magic" is a real blessing,  
Happens at the road crossings.  
Water, Gatorade, and candy bars,  
Offered out of people's cars.  
Yes I'll have that clementine,  
Thank you and you are so kind.  
They take my picture, I don't know why,  
I'm just an ordinary guy.  
You see friends you've met on the trail,  
Each with their particular smell.  
After this woodsy Meet 'n Greet,  
It's time to get back upon your feet.  
But "Hiker Entitlement" you may soon display,  
If you expect these goodies every day.  
So... (Chorus)

*Next one is sung in a hushed & reverent tone...*

And now I'm going to share,  
How to save your underwear.  
When you pooh in a cat hole,  
Man you just bare your sole!  
You dig it deep because you are kind,  
Don't want others see'n what you left behind!  
Never, never, never rush,  
When you're done there is no flush.  
Usually this works out pretty neat,  
Keeps you kind of light on your feet.  
So if you don't want a trail cramp,  
Do this before you leave camp.  
And...(Chorus)

In Vermont there was some mud,  
Made my feet look like crud.  
It rained and rained and then got cold,  
All my stuff began to mold.  
I took refuge in a trail-side shelter,  
Everyone's gear was thrown helter-skelter.  
The sun came out and cured my rainy day blues,  
Even caught some Vermont clear sky views!  
New Hampshire's ahead with its mountains tall,  
Got to just get on with it all.  
And... (Chorus)

New Hampshire was a whole new game,  
Thought that I would end up lame.  
Trail goes straight up to the sky,  
While up there God stopped by.  
Chatted with him and accepted his grace,  
Cause going back down I could fall on my face.  
When you are where the eagles soar,  
Man you just want to see more and more.  
I am glad it has been my fate,  
To spend time in the Granite State.  
(Chorus)

Never had been to Maine before,  
There were mountains more and more.  
Notches, lakes, and rivers to ford,  
Bogs to cross on rotten boards.  
In the Wilderness I just kept on ploddin,  
Cause up ahead there was Mt. Katahdin.  
At its summit you strike a victory pose.  
And SUDDENLY, the adventure comes to a close.  
I'd be lying to say a tear was not shed,  
But I SURE AM LOOKING FORWARD TO SLEEPING IN MY BED!  
(Chorus)

#### **2022 SOBO:**

Hiked Virginia south in the spring,  
Winter hadn't cured my need for wandering.  
Laurels and wildflowers in full display,  
Great to be out here in May!  
Northbound hikers kept passing by,

Enough time to say hello then goodbye.  
Cold and foggy turned to blistering hot,  
Mailed back home some of the clothes I brought.  
More miles than any other state,  
A quarter of the trail I calculate.  
Didn't try to walk my fastest,  
But made it from Harper's Ferry to Damascus.  
When I hit the Tennessee line,  
Felt that I was doing just fine!  
But... (Chorus)

When I got to Tennessee,  
My son came and hiked with me.  
Met nice people with a southern drawl,  
Showered in a waterfall.  
Cowboy camped on a mountain ledge,  
Our feet sticking right out to the edge.  
The Smokies were beyond compare,  
Bears popping out from everywhere.  
Dropped on down to Fontana Dam,  
Had a meal that didn't include Spam!  
Two weeks left on this long trail,  
Believing now I cannot fail.  
So... (Chorus)

Carolina was so sweet,  
Mountain air held much less heat.  
This was good in mid-July,  
Underneath that bright blue sky.  
Stealth camped a lot through here,  
Enjoying the solitude I hold so dear.  
Cobwebs against my nose and face,  
Even so, I love this place!  
Georgia is not far away,  
Making progress every day.  
But... (Chorus)

Georgia was surprisingly tough,  
Mostly because I'd had about enough.  
Hot and buggy it must be said,  
The sound of buzzing all around my head.  
Made it to where the shoe tree grows,  
Decorated by those disillusioned NOBO throws.  
Blood Mountain was a final test,  
A little bit steeper than some of the rest.  
But Springer Peak was the ultimate prize,  
There at mile two thousand, one hundred ninety-five.  
Words cannot express how I've been blessed to be,  
Out in the real world and living this free.  
Then down below was my wife, it was like our first date!  
Yet we both wonder – CAN I REHABITUATE?  
(Chorus)



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