

Uneasy Rider

The Charlie Daniels Band

I was takin a trip out to L.A.
Toolin along in my cheverolet
Token on a number and diggin on the radio
Just as I crossed the Mississippi line
I heard that highway start to whine
And I knew that left rear tire was about to blow
Well the spare was flat and I got uptight
Cause there wasn't a filling station in sight
So I just limped on down the shoulder on the rim
I went as far as I could and when I stopped the
car
It was right in front of this little bar
Kind of a red-neck lookin joint called the Dew Drop Inn
I stuffed my hair up under my hat
And told the bartender that I had a flat
And would he be kind enough to give me change for a one
There was one thing I was sure proud to see
There wasn't a soul in the place except for him and me
He just looked disgusted and pointed toward the telephone
I called up the station down the road
a ways
He said he wasn't very busy today
And he could have somone out there in just about 10 minutes or so
He said, " Now, you just stay
right where yer at!"
And I didn't bother to tell the darn fool
That I sure as hell didn't have anyplace else to go
So I ordered up a beer and sat down at the bar
When some guy walked in and said, "Who owns this car
With the peace sign, the mag wheels and fur on the floor?"
He looked at me and I damn near
died
And I decided that I'd just wait outside
So I laid a dollar on the bar and headed for the door
Just when I thought I'd get outta there with
my skin
These 3 big dudes come strollin in
With one old drunk chick and some fella with green teeth
Now the last thing I wanted was to get into a fight
In Jackson Mississippi on a Saturday night
Especially when there was three of them and only one of me
I was almost to the door when the
biggest one
Said, "You tip your hat to this lady, son!"
And when I did, all that hair fell out from underneath
They all started laughin and I felt kinda
sick
And I knew I better think of something pretty quick
So I just reached out and kicked old green teeth right in the knee
Now he let out a yell that'd curl
yer hair
But before he could move I grabbed me a chair
And said "Now watch him Folks cause he's a fairly dangerous man!"
"You may not know it but
this man is a spy.

He's a undercover agent for the FBI
And he's been sent down here to infiltrate the Ku Klux Klan!"He was still bent over holdin on
to his knee
But everybody else was looking and listening to me
And I laid it on thicker hand heavier as I went"He's a friend of them long haired, hippy-type,
pinko fags!
I betchya he's even got a commie flag
tacked up on the wall inside of his garage."He's a snake in the grass, I tell ya guys.
He may look dumb but that's just a disguise,
He's a mastermind in the ways of espionage""Would you believe this man has gone as far
As tearing Wallace stickers off the bumpers of cars.
And he voted for George McGovern for President."They started lookin real suspicious at him
He jumped up and said "Now just wait a minute Jim!
You know he's lying I been living here all of my life!"I'm a faithful follower of Brother John
Birch
And I belong to the Antioch Baptist Church.
And I aint even got a garage, you can call home and ask my wife!"Then he started saying
somethin bout the way I was dressed
But I didn't wait around to hear the rest
I was too busy moving and hoping I didn't run outta luckWhen I hit the door I was making
tracks
And they were just taking my car down off the jacks
So I threw the man a twenty and jumped in and fired that mother upMario Andretti wouldda
sure been proud
Of the way I was movin when I passed that crowd
Coming out the door and headed toward me at a trotNow I guess I should of gone ahead and
run
But somehow I just couldn't resist the fun
Of chasing them all just once around the parking lotI had them all out there steppin and fetchin
Like their heads was on fire and their asses was catchin
then I figgered I had better go ahead and split before the cops got thereWhen I hit the road I
was really wheelin
Had gravel flyin and rubber squeelin
And I didn't slow down till I was almost to ArkansasI think I'm gonna reroute my trip
I wonder if anybody'd think I'd flipped
If I went to L.A., via Omaha

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