

Shriner's Convention

Ray Stevens

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Here they come down main street
Drums a flailin' and the sirens a wailin', what a roar!
Bands are a playin' and flags are a wavin'
And the Vanguards and Motorcycle CorpsClowns are a clownin' to the crowd
And pinchin' every pretty girl who dares to smile
It's a glorious mess, everybody wears a fez
The parade stretches out for a mileIt's a typical American phenomenon
Where all the members have a fine old time
It's the Forty-Third Annual Convention
Of the Grand Mystic Royal Order
Of the Nobles of the Ali Baba Temple of the ShrineMeanwhile, back at the motel"Operator, give me room 321,
please
Hello, Noble Lumpkin?
This here is the illustrious Potentate
I said it's the illustrious Potentate
The illustrious, Coy!""Dad blame it! This here's Bubba!
Coy, why are'nt you at the parade?
What? Well, how'd you get that big Harley
Up there in your room?""What? I can't hear ya' Coy!
Quit revvin' it up, boy! Turn it off!
Listen, I just want you to know one thing
You have embarrassed us all, the whole Hahira delegation! ""Now I'll see you at the banquet tonight, son
And you be there Coy, you hear me?
Black tie! Seven o'clock! Be there Coy!
And Coy, don't answer the phone, 'udden udden!"Well, it was all arranged by the Ladies Auxiliary
In the downtown Convention hall
Cold roast beef, string beans, mashed potatoes
And nine boring speeches in allAnd all the tables looked fine with their Mogen David wine
And Chrysanthemums on each side
And the Hahira leaders in their rented tuxedos
Made the local hearts swell with prideIt's a typical American phenomenon
Where all the members have a fine old time

It's the Forty-Third Annual Convention
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 You!
 Hello, Coy? What are you doin'?
 What do you mean, who is this?
 This is Bubba? Why wasn't you at the banquet?""What do you mean all you had to wear
 Was a Hawaiian flowerdy shirt?
 Well, you may think you're foolin' some people
 But I know what's goin' on""Yeah, everybody seen the little redhead
 That's right, everybody!
 Why she come runnin' through the dinner
 Right in the middle of the pineapple sherbet""Didn't have nothin' on but your fez, Coy!
 Coy, you the only one who's got a fez with a propeller on top!
 Yeah, yeah and she was a yellin' out the secret code too, Coy
 We gonna have to change it now, Coy! Dad, blame it, Coy!""We gonna have to have a special meetin', we get
 back to Hahira
 About your conduct at this year convention! Embarrassin'!
 Now Coy, you be at the secret conclave tonight, you hear me?
 And Coy, keep it a secret! Huh!"Well, it was a secret meeting in the dead of the night
 With mysterious sanctimony
 In accordance with prescribed
 Rituals of time honored ceremonyMatters of grave concern
 Were weighed with dedicated caution
 Like whether or not to raise at stud
 Or draw or spit in the oceanIt's a typical American phenomenon
 Where all the members have a fine old time
 It's the Forty-Third Annual Convention
 Of the Grand Mystic Royal Order
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 How, How'd you know?
 Oh! Hello Coy! Where have you been?
 No, you wasn't at the meeting!""Well, I found out that at three o'clock this mornin'
 You was out there, in your fruit of the looms
 In the motel swimmin' pool with a bunch
 Of them waitresses from the Cocktail Lounge!""I just hope Charlene don't find out about this, Coy!
 What? Well, how'd you get that big motorcycle
 Up there on the high dive, Coy?
 Now Coy, Dad blame it, that ain't no way to act""We supposed to be pillars of the community
 When we get back to Hahira, you can just turn in your ring
 And your tie tack 'cause Coy, hehe, you are out of the shrine!
 You gonna be blackballed, Coy! That's right!""You may have to pack your bags and leave town!
 What do you mean, you might join the Hell's Angels?
 Coy! Don't you hang up on me!
 Don't you crank that motorcycle!""Who's that gigglin' in the background, Coy?

Hello, hello operator! Yeah, we's cut off! Room 321
Coy! Don't you hang up on the illustrious Potentate!
I said the illustrious Potentate!
This is Bubba! Bubba! Coy! Coy!"

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