Uneasy Rider

McTuff

Me and my buddy got us a wild hair
And figured we wanted to go somewhere
So we loaded up in my ragtop Chevrolet
We had a little bit of money and a whole lot of show
And with Hank Junior blaring on the radio
We got a tank full of gas and we was on our wayWe figured we'd go down to New Orleans
We were barrelling' down old 17
When a man with a blinking red light was on our tail
He said, "You were doin' 60 in a 45
But I'm gonna let you go this time
But if I catch you again, I'm gonna slap you in the county jail"We said, "Thank you sir, you sure been nice
And you ain't gonna have to tell us twice"
And we were Southbound and down with the wind blowing in our faces
We kept on rolling and pretty soon
The radio was cooking out a haggard tune
And we were pulling into Houston and checking out all the placesI was feeling dry and I said, "I think
We ought to stop and get ourselves a drink"
Old Jim said, "Yeah 'cause we got time to kill"
We kept on rolling and I seen this spot
We pulled into the parking lot
Of this place called, 'The Cloud Nine Bar and Grill'We walked through the door and the place was jammed
The lights were low, they had a punk rock band
And some orange haired feller singing about suicide
I said, "Jim, this ain't our kind of place
He said, "Well, let's just have one round anyway"
So against my better judgment we walked on insideWent up to the bar and we sat down
This feller walked up and said, "I'll buy this round"
And he sat down on the barstool next to Jim
He looked like a girl but he talked like a guy
He had lipstick on and mascara in his eyes
And everybody in that place looked just about like himI said, "Jim, this ain't our kind of bar
Let's just go on out and get back in the car
'Cause there's gonna be trouble, ain't no sense in taking a chance"
We was getting up, getting ready to leave
When somebody grabbed old Jim by the sleeve
And this good looking girl, she was asking my buddy to danceI said, "Jim, don't do it, there's something missing
There's fellers dancing and fellers kissing
There's a feller in high heeled shoes wearing panty hose"
He said, "Partner, I just can't turn this down

You just go over there and have one more round
I'll dance with the lady and we'll get on down the road"So he walked away and left me alone
But this funny looking feller kept coming on
And he was making me mad with some of the things he said
Then he put his hand on my knee
I said, "If you don't get your paw off me
I'm gonna locate your nose around the other side of your head"He said, "I love it when you get that fire in your eye
I said, "Well, partner try this on for size"
And I unloaded on him and he went out like a light
Everybody in that place must have been his friend
They all headed for me, I said, "This is the end"
But where I come from, we don't give up without a fightThey were screaming and yelling and scratching and clawing
I was punching and hitting and kicking and pawing
I was holding my own, 'cause I've been in a scrap or two
Old Jim come running up out of the blue
And that gal he was with, come running up too
And proceeded to beat on me with a high heel shoeI grabbed her by the hair it came off in my hand
And that beautiful girl was just a beautiful man
And old Jim just got sick right there on the floor
He dropped that dude like a shot from a gun
Smeared his lipstick, made his makeup run
And me and old Jim started fighting our way to the doorMan, we lit out of there in that Chevrolet
I put in on the floor and it stayed that way
We was going' down the highway doing about a hundred and ten
We were headed for home and we was getting nearer
Then a red light came on the rear view mirror
And that same blame cop was pulling us over againNow I'm sitting' here in this county jail
I had to call my Daddy to go our bail
But I learned me a lesson that I never will forget again
I've done give up drinking', I've give up bars
And running around the country in souped up cars
I'm going back where the women are women and the men are men

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