

Hang Up and Drive

Ray Stevens

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 waivin', and the Vanguard's and Motorcycle Corps
Clowns 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 mile.

Chorus

It'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 Shrine

Girls:

Meanwhile back at the Motel.....

Spoken

"Hello, 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 an't 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, son! 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 all.

And 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 pride!Chorus

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Spoken

"Operator, 321, please. Thank 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 Ever'body seen the little redhead. That's right, ever'body!
Why she come runnin' right 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'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, Dad blame it, Coy! We gonna have to have a special meetin', we get back to

Hahira, about your conduct at this here convention.
Embarrassin'!! Now Coy, you be at the secret conclave tonight! You hear me?! And keep it a secret! Hah" Well,
it was a secret meeting in the dead of the night with mysterious sanctimony
In accordance with prescribed rituals of time honored ceremony
Matters of grave concern were weighed with dedicated caution
Like whether or not to raise at stud or draw or spit in the ocean

Chorus

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Spoken

"Operator, room three-twenty...Uh, H-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 Loom's 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 burn 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, heh-heh, you are out of
the Shrine!

That's right! You gonna have to pack your bags and leave town! You gonn be black-balled, Coy! What do you
mean you might join the Hell's Angels?

Coy! Coy! Don't you hang up on me! Don't you crank that motorcycle! Who's that gigglin' in the background,
Coy?

Huh? Hello, hello operator! we was cut off! Yeah, room 321. Coy! Don't you hang up on me!
I'm the Illustrious Potentate! This is the IP, Coy! This is Bubba! Coy! Bubba! Coy!....."

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