Four Wheel Drive

C.W. McCall

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(Bill Fries, Chip Davis)We is screamin' through the valley
Where the Nishnabotna flows
Through the mud and crud and cornfields
Where the mari-ju-wana grows
'Cross the railroad tracks of Persia
Down the hills and up the dale
Had a CJ-5 with a four-wheel drive
And Smokey on my tail.Well, he picked me up at exit 12
On the I-six-eighty ramp
I was doin' 67 per
When I rumbled through his trap
He commenced to whirl his flashin' lights
And he made his siren wail
I slipped on down to four-wheel drive
With Smokey on my tailNow I got racin' stripes and dual pipes
And Smokey's got a Ford
Got a mill with a four pot carb, you know
But Smokey's stroked and bored
Well, the chase was on, but I had the edge
With a rig that'll never fail
Got a CJ-5 with a four-wheel drive
And Smokey on my tailYeah, he was.Well, I dropped on down to granny low
And I made a hard right turn
My big ol' fat Commando tires
Went slashin' through the corn
Well, the tassels blew
And the kernels flew
And it looked like yella hail
Just cookin' alive in a four-wheel drive
With Smokey on my tailWell, we went screamin' through the valley
Where the Nishnabotna flows
Through the mud and crud and cornfields

Where the mari-ju-wana grows
'Cross the railroad tracks of Persia
Up the hills and down the dales
My CJ-5 with four-wheel drive
And Smokey on my tail.[Imagine a series of comic-style thought balloons.]Look out, now. Here he come.Oh, we gonna get it on now.(Don't hit that fella with the banjo.)We gonna swim this here creek now, Smokey.[Pronounced "crick", of course.]Yard wide and a foot deep."Nishnabota River", they call it.Might haveta winch out.Gonna do a wheelie on that there gopher mound now, Smokey.Can you dig it, Smokey?Got four on the floor and four in the air on that one, didn't we?Goodness gracious. 'Bout ta bust my shocks.[Back to our regularly-scheduled rhyming. Add the sound of wailing sirens.]Well, that Jeep of mine made Smokey whine
His rig was made of lead
He was mired in fourteen feet of mud
So he radioed ahead
I pulled up onto the blacktop
Went crashin' on through the rail
Sakes alive! I had twenty-five more
Smokeys on my tail!Now I had racin' stripes and dual pipes
And Smokey had a Ford
Had a mill with a four pot carb, you know
But Smokey's stroked and bored
Well, the race was on, but I had the edge
With a rig that'll never fail
Got a CJ-5 with a four-wheel drive
Settin' out back a' the jail

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