

# Uneasy Rider

## Charlie Daniels Band

I was takin' a trip out to LA  
Toolin' along in my Chevrolet  
Token' on a number and diggin' on the radio  
Jes' as I cross the Mississippi line  
I heard that highway start to whine  
And I knew that left rear tire was about to go  
Well the spare was flat and I got uptight  
'Cause there wasn't a fillin' station in sight  
So I jes' limped 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  
A kind of a redneck lookin' joint called the Dew Drop Inn  
Well 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 'cept for him an' me  
And he just looked disgusted an' pointed toward the telephone  
I called up the station down the road a ways  
And he said he wasn't very busy t'day  
And he could have somebody there in jest 'bout ten minutes or so  
He said now you jes' stay right where yer at  
and I didn't bother  
Tellin' the durn fool  
I sure as hell didn't have anyplace else to go  
I just ordered up a beer and sat down at the bar  
When some guy walked in an' said who owns this car  
With the peace sign the mag wheels and four on the floor  
Well he looked at me and I damn near died  
And I decided that I'd jus wait outside  
So I layed a dollar on the bar and headed for the door  
Jes' when I thought I'd get outta there with my skin  
These five big dude come strollin' in  
With this one old drunk chick and some fella with green teeth  
An' I was almost to the door when the biggest one  
Said you tip your hat to this lady son  
An' when I did all that hair fell out from underneath  
Now the last thing I wanted was to get into a fight  
In Jackson Mississippi on a Saturday night  
'Specially when there was three of them and only one of me  
Well they all started laughin' and I felt kinda sick  
And I knew I'd better think of somethin' pretty quick  
So I jes' reached out an' kicked ol' green-teeth right in the knee  
He let out a yell that'd curl your hair  
But before he could move I grabbed me a chair  
And said watch him folks 'cause he's a thouroughly dangerous man  
Well you may not know it but this man's a  
spy  
He's an 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 everyone else was lookin' and listenin' to me  
And I layed it on thicker and heavier as I went  
I said would you beleive this man has gone as far  
As tearin' Wallace stickers off the bumpers of cars  
And he voted for George McGoveren for president  
Well he's a friend of them long-haired hippie type pinko fags

I betcha 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 jus a disguise  
He's a mastermind in the ways of espionage  
They all started lookin' real suspicious at him  
And he jumped up an' said jes' wait a minute Jim  
You know he's lyin' I've been livin' here all of my life  
I'm a faithfull follower of Brother John Burch  
And I belong to the Antioch Baptist Church  
And I ain't even got a garage you can call home and ask my wife  
Then he started sayin' somethin' 'bout the way  
I was dressed  
But I didn't wait around to hear the rest  
I was too busy movin' and hopin' I didn't run outta luck  
And when I hit the ground I was makin' tracks  
And they were jes' takin' my car down off the jacks  
So I threw the man a twenty an' jumped in an' fired that mother up  
Mario Andretti woulda sure been proud  
Of the way I was movin' when I passed that crowd  
Comin' out the door and headin' toward me in a trot  
An' I guess I shoulda gone ahead an' run  
But somehow I couldn't resist the fun  
Of chasin' them jes' once around the parkin' lot  
Well they're headin' for their car but I hit the gas  
And spun around and headed them off at the pass  
Well I was slingin' gravel and puttin' a ton of dust in the air  
Well I had them all out there steppin' an' a fetchin'  
Like their heads were on fire and their asses was catchin'  
But I figured I oughta go ahead an split before the cops got there  
When I hit the road I was really wheelin'  
Had gravel flyin' and rubber squeelin'  
An' I didn't slow down 'til I was almost to Arkansas  
I think I'm gonna re-route my trip  
I wonder if anybody'd think I'd flipped  
If I went to LA via Omaha!

Songwriters

DANIELS, CHARLES EDWARD

Published by  
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>