Uneasy Rider

Charlie Daniels Band

I was takin' a trip out to LA
Toolin' along in my Chevrolet
Tokin' on a number and diggin' on the radioJes' as I cross the Mississippi line
I heard that highway start to whine
And I knew that left rear tire was about to goWell 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 rimI 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 InnWell 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 oneThere 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 telephoneI 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 soHe 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 goI 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 floorWell 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 doorJes' 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 teethAn' 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 underneathNow 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 meWell 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 kneeHe 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 manWell 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 KlanHe 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 wentI 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 presidentWell 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 garageHe'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 espionageThey 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 lifeI'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 wifeThen 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 luckAnd 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 upMario 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 trotAn' I guess I shoulda gone ahead an' run
But somehow I couldn't resist the fun
Of chasin' them jes' once around the parkin' lotWell 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 airWell 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 thereWhen 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 ArkansasI 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
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