

# Uneasy Rider '88

## Charlie Daniels Band

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 way  
We 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 places  
I 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 inside  
Went 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 him  
I 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 dance  
I 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 fight They 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 shoe I 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  
Smear'd his lipstick, made his makeup run  
And me and old Jim started fighting our way to the door Man, 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 again Now 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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