# Ratchetjaw

## C.W. McCall

(C.W. McCall, Bill Fries, Chip Davis)YEE-HAW! Merciful sakes alive! You wanna be one a' them CBers, you gonna learn how to ratchetjaw! Pay attention now; I'm only gonna explain it to ya once.You gotta go runnin' amuck in a pick-'em-up truck
With one a' those fancy sidebands?
Get four-on-the-floor and two on the door
Get a power mike in yer jaw-hand
Prepare to strike when ya key the mike
'Cause ya never know who's a-listenin'
Some clown insists on a 10-36
This here's what you give 'im:"Four, good buddy, I made me a study
An' I figger it's the dark a' the moon, son
It's half-past spring an' a quarter ta fall
An' the big hand's a-settin' on noon, son
Now if the fish don't bite and the almanac's right
And the groundhog sees his shadow
A 10-36 goes tick-tock-tick."
And that's what I call ratchetjaw!Gotta git ya a base, out there at yer place
With a forty-foot pole on the chimney
With a thousand watts in yer flowerpots
And a ree-mote line in the biffy
If ya feel a twitch when ya throw the switch
Ya gonna dim all the lights in Wichita
Gonna send out a wave ta make the government rave
And this here's whatcha tell 'em all:"Yeah, four, good buddy, yer comin' in cruddy
But yer walkin' right through my wall, boy
Yer carrier's cool, you makin' me drool
You were definitely battin' my ball, boy
You hittin' me round about fifteen pound
You cut me up like a bandsaw
But what the heck, it's just a radio check."
And that there's how to ratchetjaw[CB conversations. They're overlaid, as if you're listening to a party line.][Woman's voice] Breaker, breaker, breaker, breaker. We lookin' for that one Buffalo Roy out there. Buffalo Roy, what's your twenty? Where are you anyway, Buffalo Roy? Are you out there? Come on in there, Buffalo Roy. 10-4.[Man's voice] Lissen, you. Shut up on all them breakers. One breaker's enough. [words missing]...channel all the time. Can't hear a damn thing anybody's sayin'.[C.W.] Buffalo Roy? That's a dumb handle.Wanna feel some pain? Just turn up yer gain
Get a fearful earful a' garbage
Ta suppress a belch, just hit yer squelch
You can cut out all the carnage

You wanna have fun, you son-of-a-guns
Just get on the press-ta-talk switch
You gonna amuse 'em an' really confuse 'em
With a little ol' thing called ratchetjawYeah, let them suckers think yer a trucker
Say stuff they can't understand, son
Just bounce up-an'-down while yer toolin' around
Gonna sound like a truck-drivin' man, son
Just tell yer beaver that you gonna leave 'er
You catch her on the bounce-around
If she comes back with a smart-off crack
Say "X-Y-L, it's show-an'-tell. We definitely got us to go now.
Keep yer pants on honey, hang onto the money
Yer X-Y-M's gotta blow now
Eighty-eight, thirds, and feed my bird
An' all them numbers upon ya all
If speed don't kill, then CB will."
And that's what I call ratchetjaw[More CB conversations.]Breaker, breaker, breaker, breaker, breaker, breaker, [repeated almost ad infinitum, punctuated by bouts of laughter][Man's voice. Begins deep, slowly rising to Shirley and Squirrely squeakiness.] Yeah, 10-4, we got ya, breaker. Come back on that? Say, what kind a'... s'not? some kind a' cotton-pickin'... you puttin' me on, aren't cha? Yeah, you puttin' me on, aren't cha? [Laughter] 10-4. 10-4.

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