

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 ratchetjaw Yeah, 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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