

# Shriner's Convention

## Ray Stevens

Here they come down main street  
Drums a flailin' and the sirens a wailin', what a roar!  
Bands are a playin' and flags are a wavin'  
And the Vanguards and Motorcycle CorpsClowns are a clownin' to the crowd  
And pinchin' every pretty girl who dares to smile  
It's a glorious mess, everybody wears a fez  
The parade stretches out for a mileIt's a typical American phenomenon  
Where all the members have a fine old time  
It's the Forty-Third Annual Convention  
Of the Grand Mystic Royal Order  
Of the Nobles of the Ali Baba Temple of the ShrineMeanwhile, back at the motel"Operator, give me room 321,  
please  
Hello, Noble Lumpkin?  
This here is the illustrious Potentate  
I said it's the illustrious Potentate  
The illustrious, Coy!""Dad blame it! This here's Bubba!  
Coy, why are'nt you at the parade?  
What? Well, how'd you get that big Harley  
Up there in your room?""What? I can't hear ya' Coy!  
Quit revvin' it up, boy! Turn it off!  
Listen, I just want you to know one thing  
You have embarrassed us all, the whole Hahira delegation! ""Now I'll see you at the banquet tonight, son  
And you be there Coy, you hear me?  
Black tie! Seven o'clock! Be there Coy!  
And Coy, don't answer the phone, 'udden udden!"Well, it was all arranged by the Ladies Auxiliary  
In the downtown Convention hall  
Cold roast beef, string beans, mashed potatoes  
And nine boring speeches in allAnd all the tables looked fine with their Mogen David wine  
And Chrysanthemums on each side  
And the Hahira leaders in their rented tuxedos  
Made the local hearts swell with prideIt's a typical American phenomenon  
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You!  
Hello, Coy? What are you doin'?  
What do you mean, who is this?  
This is Bubba? Why wasn't you at the banquet?""What do you mean all you had to wear

Was a Hawaiian flowerdy shirt?  
Well, you may think you're foolin' some people  
But I know what's goin' on""Yeah, everybody seen the little redhead  
That's right, everybody!  
Why she come runnin' through the dinner  
Right in the middle of the pineapple sherbet""Didn't have nothin' on but your fez, Coy!  
Coy, you the only one who's got a fez with a propeller on top!  
Yeah, yeah and she was a yellin' out the secret code too, Coy  
We gonna have to change it now, Coy! Dad, blame it, Coy!""We gonna have to have a special meetin', we get  
back to Hahira  
About your conduct at this year convention! Embarrassin'!  
Now Coy, you be at the secret conclave tonight, you hear me?  
And Coy, keep it a secret! Huh!""Well, it was a secret meeting in the dead of the night  
With mysterious sanctimony  
In accordance with prescribed  
Rituals of time honored ceremonyMatters of grave concern  
Were weighed with dedicated caution  
Like whether or not to raise at stud  
Or draw or spit in the oceanIt's a typical American phenomenon  
Where all the members have a fine old time  
It's the Forty-Third Annual Convention  
Of the Grand Mystic Royal Order  
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How, How'd you know?  
Oh! Hello Coy! Where have you been?  
No, you wasn't at the meeting!""Well, I found out that at three o'clock this mornin'  
You was out there, in your fruit of the looms  
In the motel swimmin' pool with a bunch  
Of them waitresses from the Cocktail Lounge!""I just hope Charlene don't find out about this, Coy!  
What? Well, how'd you get that big motorcycle  
Up there on the high dive, Coy?  
Now Coy, Dad blame it, that ain't no way to act""We supposed to be pillars of the community  
When we get back to Hahira, you can just turn in your ring  
And your tie tack 'cause Coy, hehe, you are out of the shrine!  
You gonna be blackballed, Coy! That's right!""You may have to pack your bags and leave town!  
What do you mean, you might join the Hell's Angels?  
Coy! Don't you hang up on me!  
Don't you crank that motorcycle!""Who's that gigglin' in the background, Coy?  
Hello, hello operator! Yeah, we's cut off! Room 321  
Coy! Don't you hang up on the illustrious Potentate!  
I said the illustrious Potentate!  
This is Bubba! Bubba! Coy! Coy!"

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