

# Heightened State of Awareness

Ron White

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Folks, I believe in my heart that the Department of Homeland Security's color-coated heightened-state-of-awareness system might be the most useless thing ever shoved down the the throats of the American people. In all my travels I've yet to meet one person who knows what to do different if the heightened-state-of-awareness is yellow or orange or orange or yellow. Nothin' ever happens anyway. I haven't met person that knows that there are five. heightened-states-of-awareness in this country. Did you know that sir? Fuck no you didn't. \*chuckles\* I don't know. Blue, green, yellow, orange and red.

Apparently

when the heightened-state-of-awareness is blue, you don't even need sunscreen. You can just walk outside naked.

\*in Scotsman's voice" You can't even burn my cock! I'm not sure why the Scottish guy said that haha. \*in Scotsman's voice" You can't even burn my cock. The biggest problem I have with the heightened-state-of-awareness system in this country is that it makes no sense, the second biggest problem I have with it is that it scares my mother...thanks. The last time the heightened-state-of-awareness switched from yellow to orange my mother called me, and my mother is very...um...rural. As am I. And mother called me and she goes, "The heightened-state-of-awareness just switched to orange." And I said, "I know mother, I was watching television." She goes, "I don't know what to do." I said, "Mother, no one knows what to do, they didn't even print a flier with this program. But sense we were attacked on 9/11 we've all been in a heightened-states-of-awareness." She goes, "I don't know what that means." I said, "M-m...Well mom, if the person in front of you has 7 h's in there name and a basket of fucking cobras...check there shoes for fuses." And that's not racism, that's profilin'. And ya have to do some profilin, you can't frisk 10 grandmothers just to pretend that guy doesn't look susupicious. Bullshit. Go frisk his ass and when he gets all pissed of go 'sorry'.

And

if he's still pissed off after that go "Hey you wore the fuckin turbin to the airport buddy." Buy a John Deer cap for

travel days. Fuck I don't know. Buy a John Deer turbin do they make em? I'm sorry, we're a little edgy. If I were in charge of the Department of Homeland Security we'd have a heightened-states-of-awareness system in this country that's for sure, but we'd have one that made sense and one that the fine citizins of this country understood. And we would have two heightened-states-of-awareness; Go find a helmet. Put on the fucking helmet. That way I know what to say to my mother when she calls "I don't know what to do, it's put on a fucking helmet day!" Put on a fucking helmet. \*imitates mother putting on helmet\* That strap goes under your chin mother. \*imates mom moving like robot\* When mother has her helmet on she forgets her neck works.

"Just turn your head mom," \*imates mom moving like robot\* "...you're gettin' it."

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