

# Uneasy Rider

The Charlie Daniels Band

I was takin a trip out to L.A.  
Toolin along in my cheverolet  
Token on a number and diggin on the radio

Just as I crossed the Mississippi line  
I heard that highway start to whine  
And I knew that left rear tire was about to blow

Well the spare was flat and I got uptight  
Cause there wasn't a filling station in sight  
So I just limped on down the shoulder on the rim

I went as far as I could and when I stopped the car  
It was right in front of this little bar  
Kind of a red-neck lookin joint called the Dew Drop Inn

I stuffed my hair up under my hat  
And told the bartender that I had a flat  
And would he be kind enough to give me change for a one

There was one thing I was sure proud to see  
There wasn't a soul in the place except for him and me  
He just looked disgusted and pointed toward the telephone

I called up the station down the road a ways  
He said he wasn't very busy today  
And he could have someone out there in just about 10 minutes or so

He said, "Now, you just stay right where yer at!"  
And I didn't bother to tell the darn fool  
That I sure as hell didn't have anyplace else to go

I just ordered up a beer and sat down at the bar  
When some guy walked in and said, "Who owns this car  
With the peace sign, the mag wheels and the four on the floor?"

He looked at me and I damn near died  
And I decided that I'd just wait outside  
So I laid a dollar on the bar and headed for the door

Just when I thought I'd get outta there with my skin  
These 5 big dudes come strollin in  
With one old drunk chick and some fella with green teeth

I was almost to the door when the biggest one  
Said, "You tip your hat to this lady, son!"  
And when I did, all that hair fell out from underneath

Now the last thing I wanted was to get into a fight  
In Jackson Mississippi on a Saturday night  
Especially when there was three of them and only one of me

They all started laughin and I felt kinda sick  
And I knew I better think of something pretty quick  
So I just reached out and kicked old green teeth right in the knee

Now he let out a yell that'd curl yer hair

But before he could move I grabbed me a chair  
And said "Now watch him Folks cause he's a thoroughly dangerous man!"

"You may not know it but this man is a spy.  
He's a undercover agent for the FBI  
And he's been sent down here to infiltrate the Ku Klux Klan!"

He was still bent over holdin on to his knee  
But everybody else was looking and listening to me  
And I laid it on thicker and heavier as I went

I said, "Would you believe this man has gone as far  
As tearing Wallace stickers off the bumpers of cars.  
And he voted for George McGovern for President."

"Well, he's a friend of them long haired, hippy-type, pinko fags!  
I betchya he's even got a commie flag  
tacked up on the wall inside of his garage."

"He's a snake in the grass, I tell ya guys.  
He may look dumb but that's just a disguise,  
He's a mastermind in the ways of espionage"

They all started lookin real suspicious at him  
And he jumped up and said "Now just wait a minute Jim!  
You know he's lying I been living here all of my life!"

"I'm a faithful follower of Brother John Birch  
And I belong to the Antioch Baptist Church.  
And I ain't even got a garage, you can call home and ask my wife!"

Then he started saying somethin bout the way I was dressed  
But I didn't wait around to hear the rest  
I was too busy moving and hoping I didn't run outta luck

When I hit the ground I was making tracks  
And they were just taking my car down off the jacks  
So I threw the man a twenty and jumped in and fired that mother up

Mario Andretti wouldda sure been proud  
Of the way I was movin when I passed that crowd  
Coming out the door and headed toward me at a trot

And I guess I should of gone ahead and run  
But somehow I just couldn't resist the fun  
Of chasing them all just once around the parking lot

Well they headed for their car, but i hit the gas  
And spun around and headed them off at the pass  
I was slinging gravel and putting a ton of dust in the air

I had them all out there steppin and fetchin  
Like their heads was on fire and their asses was catchin  
then I figgered I had better go ahead and split before the cops got there

When I hit the road I was really wheelin  
Had gravel flyin and rubber squeelin  
And I didn't slow down till I was almost to Arkansas

I think I'm gonna reroute my trip  
I wonder if anybody'd think I'd flipped  
If I went to L.A., via Omaha