

I'm Hanging Up My Rifle

Bobby Bare

I'm a-hangin' up my rifle, war suit and all
Goin' back to Memphis where they're havin' a ball
Tell all the chicks, uh, here I am
Like, later, Big Uncle Sam
I want my guitar back
My hair, sideburns and Cadillac

Well, on the day I make that all-American scene
It's gonna be like a Battle of New Orleans
Walk right in just like a big herd of cattle
Say: "Alright, tiger, out of the saddle"
That's mine, Cap
Yeah, Uncle Same can use you
Take your Kookie comb

Bandstands in Hollywood is the places I go
I knock 'em out with every rock and roll show
Keep it swingin', I'm travellin' light
Make like Palladin on a Saturday Night
Have guitar, will travel
Have wiggle, will a-wiggle
Yeah, dig

All the cats are thinkin' I got it made
Standin' tall upon the Hit Parade
Countin' my money and on my Cadillac
Lovin' the girls and payin' income tax
Oh, Holy Mackerel
Look at the goodies

Here I am, girls
Yeah, come and get me
Come help