YEE-HAW! Merciful sakes alive! You wanna be one a' them CBers, you gonna lea rn how to ratchetjaw! Pay attention now; I'm only gonna explain it to ya onc 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 10-36This 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. 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 enoug h. [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, [repeated almost ad in finitum, punctuated by bouts of laughter]

[Man's voice. Begins deep, slowly rising to Shirley and Squirrely squeakines s.] 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, y ou puttin' me on, aren't cha? [Laughter] 10-4. 10-4.