

With His Pants In His Hands

Jerry Reed

With his pants in his hand
Out the window down the alley
He's travelled mountains and valleys
With his pants in his hand

Ole Boston town so sincere
Beautiful girl young musketeer
Then comes along ole Paul Revere
Says hey the redcoats are here

So with his pants in his hand and his shoes
Out the window down the alley and his shirt
He's travelled mountains and valleys and human dale
With his pants in his hand
I love it

When she invited him inside
Well how was he supposed to know she was a bride
Then her husband knocked that frontdoor down
And you outta seen him buggie out of town

When every opportunity knocks
Well he plays it slyer than a box
Well bout the time he gets right down to his sock
He hears a key in the front door lock

So with his pants in his hand...

Sweet land of liberty he craves
Land of the free and the home of the brave
But when his hide he needs to save
That boy ain't gonna turn around to wave

Right down through history he runs
Dodgin' an arrow and a gun
And no matter what the people have to say
He'll live to love another day

Yes with his trousers in his hand honey
He couldn't take the elevator
Don't step on the dog son
And look out for that clothesline
Boogity boogity boogity around them garbage cans