

Hang Up and Drive

Ray Stevens

He had a cheeseburger in one hand, french fries propped up on the seat

An ice-

cold cola in his cup holder and to make the scene complete

He was searchin' for a pen and paper to make a note of things to take home

Still, he might have missed that concrete truck but he was talkin' on his mobile phone

Hang up and drive, you're drivin' me crazy

Put down that phone, put both hands on your steerin' wheel

Hang up and drive, you're drivin' me crazy

That ain't no phone booth son, it's your automobile

She had that vanity mirror down in her face, messin' with her hair

In her high rise four wheel drive sittin' way up in the air

She'd just put on her makeup, plugged her curlin' iron into the dash

But when she tried to dial her mobile phone that's when she heard the crash

Hang up and drive, you're drivin' me crazy

Put down that phone, put both hands on your steerin' wheel

Hang up and drive, you're drivin' me crazy

That ain't no phone booth son, it's your automobile

You've seen em' out there friends, it's scary

Every Tom, Dick, Jane and Mary

Drivin' with a phone stuck in their ear

Laughin', cryin', yellin', talkin'

Those same folks can't chew gum while they're walkin'

What makes them think they can talk on a phone and steer

Hang up and drive, you're drivin' me crazy

Put down that phone, put both hands on your steerin' wheel

Hang up and drive, you're drivin' me crazy

That ain't no phone booth son, it's your automobile

I said that ain't no phone booth son, it's your automobile