

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

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

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