

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Uneasy Rider

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I was taking a trip out to L.A.,
Toolin' along in mah Chevrolet,
Token' on a number and diggin' on the radio.
Just as I crossed the Mississippi line,
I heard that highway start to whine,
And I knew that left-rear tire was about to go.

Well the spare was flat, and I got uptight,
'Cause there wasn't a filling station in sight,
So I just limped on down the shoulder on the rim.
I went as far as I could, and when I stopped the car,
It was right in front of this little bar,
A kind of a redneck looking joint, called the "Dew Drop Inn."

Well I stuffed my hair up under my hat,
And told the bartender that I had a flat,
And would he be kind enough to give me change for a one?
Well there was one thing I was sure proud to see,
There wasn't a soul in the place 'cept for him and me,
And he just looked disgusted and pointed toward the telephone.

I called up a station down the road aways,
And he said he wasn't very busy today,
And he could have somebody there in just about ten minutes or so.
He said, "Now you just stay right where you're at."
And I didn't bother to tell the darned fool that
I sure as Hell didn't have anyplace else to go.

I just ordered up a beer and sat down at the bar,
When some guy walked in and said, "Who owns this car,
With the peace sign, and the mag-wheels, and four-on-the-floor?"
Well he looked at me and I damn near died,
And I decided that I'd just wait outside,
So I laid a dollar on the bar and headed for the door.

Just when I thought I'd get outta there with my skin,
These five big dudes come stollin' in,
With this one old drunk chick and some fella with green teeth.
And I was almost to the door when the biggest one
Said, "You tip your hat to this lady son!"
And when I did, all that hair fell out from underneath.

Now the last thing I wanted was to get in a fight
In Jackson, Mississippi on a Saturday night,
'Specially when there was three of them and only one of me.
But they all started laughing, and I felt kind o' sick,
And I knew I better think of something pretty quick,
So I just reached out and kicked old green teeth right in the knee.

Now he let out a yell that would curl your hair,
But before he could move I grabbed me a chair,
And said, "Watch him folk, 'cause he's a thoroughly dangerous man.
Well, you may not know it, but this man's a spy.
He's a undercover agent for the FBI,
And he's been sent out here to infiltrate the Ku Klux Klan."

He was still bent over, holdin' on to his knee,
But everybody else was looking' and listenin' to me,
And I laid it on thicker and heavier as I went.
I said, "Would you believe this man has gone as far
As tearing `Wallace' stickers off the bumpers o' cars,
And he voted for George McGovern for President."

"Well, he's a friend of them long-haired, hippy-type, pinko fags,
I betcha he's even got a Commie flag,
Tacked up on the wall inside o' his garage.
He's a snake in the grass, I tell ya guys,
He may look dumb, but that's just a disguise,
He's a mastermind in the ways of espionage."

They all started lookin' real suspicious at him,
And he jumped up and said, "Now just wait a minute, Jim,
You know he's lying, I've been living here all of my life.
I'm a faithful follower of Brother John Birch,
And I belong to the Antioch Baptist Church,
And I ain't even got a garage, you can call home and ask my wife."

Then he started saying something 'bout the way I was dressed,
But I didn't wait around to hear the rest,
I was too busy moving, and hoping I didn't run outta luck.
And when I hit the ground, I was making tracks,
And they were just takin' my car down off the jacks,
And I threw the men a twenty, and jumped in and fired that mother up.

Mario Andretti would a' sure been proud,
Of the way I was movin' when I passed that crowd,
Comin' out the door, and headed toward me in a trot.
And I guess I should o' gone ahead and run,
But somehow I just couldn't resist the fun,
Of chasing them all, just once, around the parking lot.

Well, they headed for their car, but I hit the gas
And spun around and headed them off at the pass.
I was slingin' gravel and puttin' a ton o' dust in the air.
Well I had 'em all out there, steppin' and fetchin'
Like their heads were on fire and their asses was catchin',
But I figured I better go ahead and split before the cops got there.

Well, when I hit the road, I was really wheelin',
Had gravel flying and rubber squealing,
And I didn't slow down 'til I was almost to Arkansas.
Well, I think I'm gonna re-route my trip,
I wonder if anybody'd think I'd flipped,
If I went to L.A., via Omaha.

talking blues style

JY