

Charlie Daniels Band**"Uneasy Rider"**

Visit "[Uneasy Rider](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I was takin' a trip out to LA,
toolin' along in my Chevrolet,
token' on a number and diggin' on the radio
jes' as I cross 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 fillin' station in sight
so I jes' limped 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 lookin' 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
there was one thing I was sure proud to see
there wasn't a soul in the place 'cept for him an' me
and he just looked disgusted an' pointed toward the
telephone
I called up the station down the road a ways
and he said he wasn't very busy t'day

and he could have somebody there in jest 'bout ten
minutes or so

he said now you jes' stay right where yer at and I didn't
bother

tellin'

the durn fool I sure as hell didn't have anyplace else to
go

I jes ordered up a beer and sat down at the bar

when some guy walked in an' said who owns this car

with the peace sign the mag wheels and four on the
floor

well he looked at me and I damn near died

and I decided that I'd jus wait outside

so I layed a dollar on the bar and headed for the door

jes' when I thought I'd get outta there with my skin

these five big dude come strollin' in

with this one old drunk chick and some fella with green
teeth

an' I was almost to the door when the biggest one

said you tip your hat to this lady son

an' when I did all that hair fell out from underneath

now the last thing I wanted was to get into a fight

in Jackson Mississippi on a Saturday night

'specially when there was three of them and only one
of me

well they all started laughin' and I felt kinda sick

and I knew I'd better think of somethin' pretty quick

so I jes' reached out an' kicked ol' green-teeth right in
the knee

he let out a yell that'd curl your hair
but before he could move I grabbed me a chair
and said watch him folks 'cause he's a thouroughly
dangerous man
well you may not know it but this man's a spy
he's an undercover agent for the FBI
and he's been sent down here to infiltrate the Ku Klux
Klan
he was still bent over holdin' on to his knee
but everyone else was lookin' and listenin' to me
and I layed it on thicker and heavier as I went
I said would you beleive this man has gone as far
as tearin' Wallace stickers off the bumpers of cars
and he voted for George McGoveren for president
well he's a friend of them long-haired hippie type pinko
fags
I betcha he's even got a Commie flag
Tacked up on the wall inside of his garage
he's a snake in the grass I tell ya guys
he may look dumb but that's jus a disguise
he's a mastermind in the ways of espionage
they all started lookin' real suspicious at him
and he jumped up an' said jes' wait a minute jim
you know he's lyin' I've been livin' here all of my life
I'm a faithfull follower of Brother John Burch
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 sayin' somethin' 'bout the way I was
dressed

but I didn't wait around to hear the rest

I was too busy movin' and hopin' I didn't run outta luck

and when I hit the ground I was makin' tracks

and they were jes' takin' my car down off the jacks

so I threw the man a twenty an' jumped in an' fired that
mother up

Mario Andretti woulda sure been proud

of the way I was movin' when I passed that crowd

comin' out the door and headin' toward me in a trot

an' I guess I shoulda gone ahead an' run

but somehow I couldn't resist the fun

of chasin' them jes' once around the parkin' lot

well they're headin' for their car but I hit the gas

and spun around and headed them off at the pass

well I was slingin' gravel and puttin' a ton of dust in the
air

well I had them all out there steppin' an' a fetchin'

like their heads were on fire and their asses was
catchin'

but I figured I oughta go ahead an split before the cops
got there

when I hit the road I was really wheelin'

had gravel flyin' and rubber squeelin'

an' I didn't slow down 'til I was almost to Arkansas

I think I'm gonna re-route my trip

I wonder if anybody'd think I'd flipped

if I went to LA via Omaha

Visit [Charlie Daniels Band](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.