

Cledus Maggard And The Citizen's Band "The White Knight"

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Now on 75 or 85 or I-20, tother way
Turn your squelch to the right
And in the night
You'll hear some good buddy say

Breaker, breaker
Got a picture taker
On Smokies at 43

It's that Japanese toy
The truckers joy
That everybody calls CB

Yeah, citizens band
Keeps you up to date with the
Fender benders and the Tijuana Taxis
And all them bears out there
Flip, flop

Now ahead of your children
And ahead of your wife
On the list of the ten best things in life
Your CB's gotta rate right around number four
Course, beavers, hot biscuits, and Merle Haggard
Come one, two, three, you know

Well, I's loaded down coming outta Lake City
I was checking out seat covers young and pretty
When all of a sudden, there come a call
Over my CB, ringing wall to wall

Said go to double nickels
As you hit the ridge
Cause there's a Smokie picture taker
Just aside of the bridge

Oh, mercy, preciate that, good buddy
Uh, what's your handle, there, come on
Got any county Mounties out there prowling
Come on, and he said

Ten four, Back door

Put the pedal to the metal and let it roar
Hammer down to Macon town
Gonna see my Mama, sure

Well, the bears are gone
Let's bring it on
The Georgia lines outta sight
Pulled outta Richmond town
Last Saturday night and my handle is
The White Knight, how 'bout it

All right, White Knight
Hammer down, you got
The Mean Machine here

Well, there I was a streaking
My needle was a peaking right around 79
That old diesel juice was a getting loose
And everything was fine

When wall to wall, I got a call
From my front door big bear trapper
Said, break one nine, good buddy of mine
You got a Smokie in a plain white wrapper

Well, I jammed my stick and lost twenty quick
You could hear them gears a tapping
I got passed by a beaver in a Camaro
And I was cruising along a going so slow
I could count every button on that
Filly blouse she was wearing
Course, they weren't but one

Hey there, Super Trooper
Yeah, that's that crafty smokie
Over there with a CB of his own
Hey, White Knight, let's slide one off
The Super Trooper, come on

Ten four, Back door
Put the pedal to the metal
Whatcha waiting for
If that old white can't stay in sight
Gonna leave you here and say no more
How 'bout it

Whoa, now, buddy, that's fighting talk
I'll get up there and blow your doors off

Well, I hammered down like I had wings
Little gravels in my wheels

Going ping, ping, ping
'Bout the time I hit ninety-two
I saw something flashing in my rear view

Thought to myself, that can't be true
But there it was, going blue, blue, blue
Uh oh, bubblegum machine done hit the jackpot

Well, I could see that bear
All laughing big, hanging in tight
On the back of my rig
And right there and then
It come to me wall to wall

So in that cold, dark Georgia night
In the shadow of Smokie Bear's blue light
I decided to make just one more CB call

Break one nine for the Super Trooper
Hey there, Smokie old buddy
Tell me if I'm right
Are you my front door
Are you the White Knight, come on
And he said

Ten four, Back door
You in a heap a trouble, boy, for sure
Gonna read you your rights and treat you fair
Just pull over there with your rocking chair

Want you boys to know each other real well
'Cause you gonna be sharing the same jail cell
You make twelve cotton pickers I've caught tonight
Running front door as that White Knight

How 'bout it
Forty miles over the speed limit
You boys gonna be here a spell

That's it, cotton-pickers
I've done been grounded
My tail in jail and my rig impounded
So when you're coming
Through the Georgia night
Don't bever get no front door
Called the White Knight

No, sir
Wind in up the pokey with Smokie
I'm gonna pull that ole CB thing
Out by the wires

I don't care if it is a Johnson

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