

Hoyt Axton

"Officer Ray"

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(Hoyt Axton)

Officer Ray, may your hens never lay
May the rats eat your mail
May your testicles fail
Officer Ray, may you have a bad day
May your wife run away
With a hippie.

Cruisin' down Sunset Boulevard
Takin' it easy, wasn't thinkin' too hard
All of a sudden in the mirror, behind me
Red lights flashin', Lord, it liked to blind me.

It was Badge 140, LAPD
Motorcycle cop, he was capturing me
With his boots, black an' shiny an' his headlight a storm
Would've been happy if he'd let me alone.

Well, I had me some tickets I forgot to pay
Sure made him happy, that Officer Ray
Put the cuffs on me an' he took me to jail
Where is my lawyer? Won'tcha get me my bail?

Where is my lawyer? Won't you get me my bail?
Don't think I like it in the Hollywood jail
Officer Ray, if I had my way
Send you to watts in the mornin'.
In the front line with your hands tied behind you
You might find your thoughts quite alarmin'
You just might not arrest the next brother you see
You might hang up your gun an' go to farmin', oh.

Officer Ray, may your hens never lay
May the rats eat your mail
May your testicles fail
Officer Ray, may you have a bad day
May your wife run away
With a hippie, oh...

