

Larry The Cable Guy

"No Hair-Just A Redhead"

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I always get really irritated when you go out to eat, and stuff, you know. I took this girl out to eat a while back, we had a nice place. I rolled the window up and the tray fell off, and, uh, she's like, "You got mustard on my jacket!"

I'm like, "What the hell are you bitching about? I had to smoke 800 packs of cigarettes to get the jacket!"

Ungrateful, is what she was. I'd have madder than a deaf mute playing "Bingo", getting "Bingo", and trying to holler out "Bingo!".

That's funny!

"B5."

"Nga, nga!"

I ain't gonna get married, though, I thought I was once. I met this red head, uh, no hair, just a red head, and, uh, yeah, she burnt up in a trailer fire a while back there. Yeah, it was my fault. It was her birthday and I was lighting farts, and, uh, she was a little too close to me and I singed her eyebrows, her hair burnt up and she running around the trailer and caught the trailer on fire, and I called the fire department. They couldn't find us no where and we had to meet them halfway, you know. Good thing we ran a couple red lights or we'd have lost a whole kitchen on that place there.

My Grandma been married 'bout 60 years. And, uh, she just died recently, 104, and, uh, but they saved the baby. Lord, I apologize for talking about my Grandma like that, and be with the starving pygmies down there in New Guinea. Amen.

But, my Grandma, she'd been married about 60 years, and I was asking her about marriage, you know, 'cause she ought to know, and we was talking the other day about an hour, you know, she sitting there.

I said, "You think I ought to get married?"

You know what she said? "Shut the door I'm trying to poop!"

You believe that? And then she kept talking to me with the door there.

Daggone. "Why don't you drop the chalupa, and then come on out and talk to me. I mean this is ridiculous!"

And that's the thing about relatives, you know. They don't care if you're in the toilet, you know. They just walk right in on you. I was in there the other day.

[makes struggling noise]

Here come my sister, barging in. "I gotta get my hairspray."

"Hello! McFly, hello!"

Then she like, "Ooooooh, it smells like crap in here!"

"What do you think's coming out of my hind end? Twizzlers? Daggone, you heard me 'huuugh' going like that, didn't you? What do you think I'm doing, lifting weights in here? Daggone, I'm trying to drop a stink pickle for Pete's sake. You are harder to understand than a hairlip ordering Biggy Fries, I tell you."

Haha, that's funny.

"Can I help you?"

"Uh, wiggly fifes?"

"What the hell are wiggly fifes?"

Lord, I apologize for talking about the retard ordering wiggly fifes, and be with the starving pygmies down there in New Guinea. Amen.

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