

C.W. McCall

"Lewis And Clark"

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(C.W. McCall, Bill Fries, Chip Davis)

Now Arnold Jones an' MaryBeth Jensen's in a 'Vette
down by the Deep Rock
Had John Denver on the 8-track, gettin' high
MaryBeth's wig was on the floor
An' Arnold's feet was out the door
When we shined our flashlight in Arnold's startled eyes
I says "What chew doin' boy?
Don't chew know that's against the law?
We just gonna hafta get this situation under control
Now my name is Fairweather Lewis an' this here's
Willard Clark
We the Pottawattamie County Love Patrol."

Then two hippies in a Chevy's puffin' grass an' sippin'
wine
'Bout fourteen mile south-east a' Council Bluffs
They's passin' 'round the peace-pipe
When we caught 'em with our flashlight
An' Willard's hairy hands applied the cuffs.
I says, "Boys you got some trouble
You committin' herb-i-cide.
We just gonna hafta get this situation under control
'Cause I'm Fairweather Lewis, an' this here's Willard
Clark
We the Pottawattamie County Weed Patrol."

Then we spied ol' Marvin Kline a-headin' south on
twenty-nine
Like a midnight auto ac-cessory store on wheels
His trunk was full a' hub caps
An' his back seat full a' tires
When we picked him up and made him spread his
heels
I says, "Hands up-on the wall, boy
You allowed t' make one call
We just gonna hafta get this situation under control
Cause, see, I'm Fairweather Lewis, an' this here's
Willard Clark
We the Pottawattamie County Rip-off Patrol."

Then Orval Hinkle left the Go-Go Club on his brand-new
motor-sickle
Runnin' stop-lights, raisin' hell an' causin' accidents
His brain was doin' wheelies
An' his blood was three-two beer
When we nailed him in his driveway at his residence
I says, "Orval, you're in trouble boy
But if you'll blow this here balloon up
We gonna get your situation under control
Now I'm Captain Fairweather Lewis an' this here's
Willard Clark
We the Pottawattamie County Juice Patrol."

Then we's passin' by the Dew Drop Inn when he heard
this woman scream
So we pulled on in an' parked an' got the guns out
Well we bashed on through the lobby into unit
seventeen
There's twenty-eight folks in there without no clothes
on.
I says "Everbody up against the wall; show us yer
identification.
We just gonna definitely get this situation under control
'Cause my name is Fairweather Lewis, an' this here's
Willard Clark
We the Pottawattamie County Sin Patrol."

C'mon, Willard, let's go sneakin' 'round in the dark
some more, never know what yer gonna find.

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