

Rod Hart

"C.B. Savage"

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We was huntin' bear in our rockin' chair out on I-40
Dodgin' bumps in pick-up trucks in west New Mexico
It was a cloudy day and me and ole Jay just about
bored to tears
But we come awake when a C.B. breaker come a ringin'
loud and clear

We heard this voice that we ain't never heard before
sayin'
(Break 19, I'm C.B. Savage, Hi all you 18 wheelers
Anyone seen any smokey bears,
How about some bears smoking, aha C.B. Savage here
come-on)

Well, I looked at Jay, and I said Hey, did you hear what I
just heard
He nodded his head, and his face got red, we never
said a word
We both reached for the mike, a thinkin' we might, just
answer that 19 call
When that C.B. device came back alive, just a lispin'
wall to wall

And that unusual voice came on again sayin'
(Break 19 again, this is your one and only C.B. Savage
Mercy sakes good buddy, aha, could I please have
your 20
I'd settle for a big 10-4, mercy, mercy, how 'bout a mile
ha post
Listen, you can't keep your handle down forever you
know
Speak to me peddle pumpers, how about it)

Well the box went dead and we looked straight ahead
and didn't say a word at all
We had 4 in the chair, and the door back there,
nobody'd answer that call
A while went by, and Jay and I, we started breathin'
again
We figured this stranger was plumb out of range, when
all at once he come back in

It was that same odd voice sayin'
(Breakers, Breakers, any takers, Hi Hi, it's me again
I'm in your chair and I love it there
Say you truckers really know how to take a person for a
ride
Speak to me you Diesel Deamon, I'd love to get to know
your handle aha
C.B. Savage here, come-on, come-on)

Well I grabbed the mike, and I held it tight, and my
hand began to sweat
I looked at Jay, and he was grinnin' away, like a big ole
bird fed cat
So I put down the talker, and turned up the squaker,
and got a good grip on the wheel
I decided the trucker that answered this nut sure a
heck wasn't gonna be me

'Bout that time that wierd voice came back on again
sayin'
(You Hoo, Breakeroo, Hi Hi you Jim Dandy Jimmy John
review
Do I ever have a surprise for you
If you listen real close, you'll find my voice is changin'
And if you'll start checkin' your rear views, you'll find
you got company
Fine plain white smokies dressin' up for a ticket written
party
Y'all was so busy copyin' my put on, you didn't notice
your little convoy was being infiltrated
You can start shuttin' 'em down any time now
This is your C.B. Savage, the smokies friend, wall to
wall and tree top tall
That is all, bye bye)

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