

## **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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