

# The Charlie Daniels Band

## "Uneasy Rider '88"

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By Charlie Daniels

Me and my buddy got us a wild hair  
And figured we wanted to go somewhere  
So we loaded up in my ragtop Chevrolet  
We had a little bit of money  
And a whole lot of show  
Adn with Hank Jr. blaring on the radio  
We got us a tank full of gas  
And we was on our way

We figured we'd go down to New Orleans  
We were barrelling down old 17  
When a man with a blinking red light  
Was on our tail  
He said you were doing 60 in a 45  
But I'm gonna let you go this time  
But if I catch you again  
I'm gonna slap you in the county jail

We said thank you sir you sure been nice  
And you ain't gonna have to tell us twice  
And we were Southbound and down with the wind  
Blowing in our faces  
We kept on rolling and pretty soon  
The radio was cooking out a Haggard tune  
And we were pulling into Houston  
Checking out all them places

I was feeling dry and I said I think  
We ought to stop and get ourselves a drink  
And old Jim said yeah 'cause we got time to kill  
We kept on rolling and I seen this spot  
And we pulled into the parking lot  
Of this place called the Cloud Nine Bar and Grill  
We walked through the door  
And the place was jammed  
The lights were low they had a punk rock band  
And some orange haired feller singing about suicide  
I said Jim this ain't our kind of place  
He said well let's just have one round anyway  
So against my better judgement we walked on inside

Went up to the bar and we sat down  
This feller walked up and said I'll buy this round  
And he sat down on the barstool next to Jim

He looked like a girl but he talked like a guy  
He had lipstick on and mascara in his eyes  
And everybody in that place looked just about like him  
I said Jim this ain't our kind of bar  
Let's just go on out and get back in the car  
'Cause there's gonna be trouble  
Ain't no sense in taking a chance  
We was getting up getting ready to leave  
When somebody grabbed old Jim by the sleeve  
And this good looking girl was asking my buddy to  
dance

I said Jim don't do it there's something missing  
There's fellers dancing and fellers kissing  
There's a feller in high heeled shoes wearing panty  
hose  
He said partner I just can't turn this down  
You just go over there and have one more round  
And I'll dance with the lady  
And we'll get on down the road

So he walked away and left me alone  
But this funny looking feller kept coming on  
And he was making me mad with some of the things he  
said  
Then he put his hand on my knee  
I said if you don't get your paw off me  
I'm gonna locate your nose around  
The other side of your head

He said I love it when you get that fire in your eye  
I said well partner try this on for size  
And I unloaded on him and he went out like a light  
Everybody in that place must have been his friend  
They all headed for me I said this is the end  
But where I come from we don't give up  
Without a fight

They were screaming and yelling and scratching and  
clawing  
I was punching and hitting and kicking and pawing  
I was holding my own 'cause I've been in a scrap or two  
Old Jim come running up out of the blue  
And that gal he was with come running up too  
And proceeded to beat on me with a high heel shoe

I grabbed her by the hair it came off in my hand

And that beautiful girl was just a beautiful man  
And old Jim just got sick right there on the floor

He dropped that dude like a shot from a gun  
Smear'd his lipstick made his makeup run  
And me and old Jim started fighting our way to the  
door

We lit out of there in that Chevrolet  
I put in on the floor and it stayed that way  
We were going down the highway  
Doing about a hundred and ten  
We were headed for home and we was getting nearer  
Then a red light came on the rear view mirror  
And that same blame cop was pulling us over again

Now I'm sitting here in this county jail  
I had to call my daddy to go our bail  
But I learned me a lesson  
That I never will forget again  
I've done give up drinking I've give up bars  
And running around the country in souped up cars  
I'm going back where the women are women  
And the men are men  
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