

The Charlie Daniels Band

"Uneasy Rider"

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I was takin' a trip out to LA, toolin' along in my
Chevrolet
Token' on a number and diggin' on the radio
Just as I crossed the Mississippi line I heard that
highway start to whine
And I knew that left rear tire was about to go

Well, the spare was flat and I got uptight 'cause there
wasn't a fillin' station in sight
So, I just limped on down the shoulder on the rim
I went as far as I could and when I stopped the car it
was right in front of this little bar
A kind of a redneck-lookin' joint called the Dew Drop Inn

Well, I stuffed my hair up under my hat and told the
bartender that I had a flat
And would he be kind enough to give me change for a
One
Well, there was one thing I was sure proud to see -
there wasn't a soul in the place 'cept for him and me
And he just looked disgusted and pointed toward the
telephone

I called up a station down the road a ways, and he said
he wasn't very busy today
And he could have somebody there in just about ten
minutes or so
He said, "Now, you just stay right where you're at," and
I didn't bother to tell the durn fool
That I sure as hell didn't have anyplace else to go

I'd just ordered up a beer and sat down at the bar when
some guy walked in and said,
"Who owns this car with the peace sign, the mag
wheels, and four-on-the-floor?"
Well, he looked at me and I damn-near died, and I
decided that I'd just wait outside
So, I laid a dollar on the bar and headed for the door

Just when I thought I'd get out of there with my skin
these five big dudes come strollin' in
With this one ol' drunk chic and some fella with green

teeth

And I was almost to the door when the biggest one
said, "You tip your hat to this lady, son"
And when I did all that hair fell out from underneath

Now, the last thing I wanted was to get in a fight in
Jackson, Mississippi on a Saturday night
'specially when there was three of them and only one
of me
But, they all started laughin' and I felt kind of sick, and
I knew I better think of somethin' pretty quick
So, I just reached out and kicked old green-teeth right
in the knee

Now, he let out a yell that'd curl your hair, but before he
could move I grabbed me a chair and said,
"Watch him folks, 'cause he's a thoroughly dangerous
man.
Well, you may not know it, but this man's a spy; he's a
undercover agent for the FBI
And he's been sent down here to infiltrate the Ku Klux
Klan."

He was still bent over holdin' on to his knee, but
everybody else was lookin' and listenin' to me
And I laid it on thicker and heavier as I went
I said, "would you believe this man has gone as far as
tearin' Wallace stickers off the bumpers of cars
And he voted for George McGovern for President."

"He's a friend of them long-haired, hippie-type, pinko
fags
I betcha he's even got a commie flag tacked up on the
wall inside of his garage
He's a snake in the grass, I'll tell ya, guys, he may look
dumb but that's just a disguise
He's a mastermind in the ways of espionage."

They all started lookin' real suspicious at him, and he
jumped up and said,
"Now, just wait a minute, Jim. You know he's lyin' - I
been livin' here all of my life.
I'm a faithful follower of Brother John Birch, and I
belong to the Antioch Baptist Church
And I ain't even got a garage - you can call home and
ask my wife."

Then he started sayin' somethin' 'bout the way I was
dressed, but I didn't wait around to hear the rest
I was too busy movin' and hopin' I didn't run outta luck
And when I hit the ground I was makin' tracks, and they

were just takin' my car down off the jack
So, I threw the man a Twenty and jumped in and fired
that mother up

Mario Andretti would'a sure been proud of the way I
was movin' when I passed that crowd
Comin' out the door and headed toward me in a trot
And I guess I should'a gone ahead and run, but
somehow I couldn't resist the fun of
Chasin' them all just once around the parkin' lot

Well they're headed for their car but I hit the gas and
spun around and headed 'em off at the pass
I was slingin' gravel and putting a ton of dust in the air
I had 'em all out there steppin' and fetchin' like their
heads were on fire and their asses was catchin'
But I figured I'd better go ahead and split before the
cops got there

When I hit the road I was really wheelin' - had the
gravel flyin' and the rubber squealin'
And I didn't slow down 'til I was almost to Arkansas
Well, I think I'm gonna re-route my trip. I wonder if
anybody'd think I flipped if I went to LA
Via Omaha

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