

Ray Stevens "Hang Up and Drive"

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Here they come down main street, drums a flailin' and
the sirens a wailin', what a roar
Bands are a playin' and flags are a waivin, and the
Vanguard's and Motorcycle Corps
Clowns are a clownin' to the crowd and pinchin' every
pretty girl who dares to smile
It's a glorious mess, everybody wears a fez the parade
stretches out for a mile.

Chorus

It's a typical American phenomenon where all the
members have a fine old time
It's the forty-third annual Convention of the Grand
Mystic Royal Order

Of the Nobles of the Ali Baba Temple of the Shrine
Girls:

Meanwhile back at the Motel.....

Spoken

"Hello, Operator, give me room 321, please.

Hello, Noble Lumpkin? This here is the Illustrious
Potentate.

I said it's the illustrious Potentate....The Illustrious...Coy!
Dad blame it! This here's Bubba!

Coy, why an't you at the parade?! What?! Well, how'd
you get that big Harley up there in your room?
What?! I can't hear ya' Coy! Quit revvin' it up, son! Turn
it off! Listen I just want you to know one thing. You have
embarrassed us all, the whole Hahira Delegation!
Now I'll see you at the banquet tonight, son. And you be
there Coy, you hear me? Black tie! Seven o'clock! Be
there, Coy! And Coy, don't answer the phone, udden
udden!"

Well, it was all arranged by the Ladies Auxiliary in the
downtown Convention Hall

Cold Roast Beef, String Beans, Mashed Potatoes and
nine boring speeches in all.

And all the tables looked fine with their Mogen David
Wine and Chrysanthemums on each side.

And the Hahira leaders in their rented Tuxedos made
the local hearts swell with pride!

Chorus

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Girls:
Meanwhile back at the Motel.....
Spoken
"Operator, 321, please. Thank You.
Hello, Coy? What are you doin'?!
What do you mean, who is this! This is Bubba? Why
wasn't you at the banquet?
What do you mean all you had to wear was a Hawaiian
flowerdy shirt?
Well, you may think you're foolin' some people, but
Ever'body seen the little redhead. That's right,
ever'body!
Why she come runnin' right through the dinner, right in
the middle of the pineapple sherbet. Didn't have nothin'
on but your fez, Coy!
Coy, you the only one's got a fez with a propeller on
top!! Yeah, yeah and she was a yellin' out the secret
code, too, Coy.
We gonna have to change it now, Dad blame it, Coy!
We gonna have to have a special meetin', we get back
to Hahira, about your conduct at this here convention.
Embarrassin'!! Now Coy, you be at the secret conclave
tonight! You hear me?! And keep it a secret! Hah"

Well, it was a secret meeting in the dead of the night
with mysterious sanctimony
In accordance with prescribed rituals of time honored
ceremony
Matters of grave concern were weighed with dedicated
caution
Like whether or not to raise at stud or draw or spit in
the ocean

Chorus

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Girls:
Meanwhile back at the Motel.....
Spoken
"Operator, room three-twenty...Uh, H-How'd you know?
Oh! Hello! Coy? Where have you been?
No, you wasn't at the meeting! Well, I found out that at
three o'clock this mornin' you was out there in your
Fruit of the Loom's in the motel swimmin' pool with a

bunch of them waitresses from the cocktail lounge!
I just hope Charlene don't find out about this, Coy!
What? Well, how'd you get that big motorcycle up there
on the high dive, Coy?
Now Coy, dad burn it, that ain't no way to act. We
supposed to be pillars of the community.
When we get back to Hahira you can just turn in your
ring and your tie tack 'cause Coy, heh-heh, you are out
of the Shrine!
That's right! You gonna have to pack your bags and
leave town! You gonn be black-balled, Coy! What do
you mean you might join the Hell's Angels?
Coy! Coy! Don't you hang up on me! Don't you crank
that motorcycle! Who's that gigglin' in the background,
Coy?
Huh? Hello, hello operator! we was cut off! Yeah, room
321. Coy! Don't you hang up on me!
I'm the Illustrious Potentate! This is the IP, Coy! This is
Bubba! Coy! Bubba! Coy!....."

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