

Daniels Charles

"Uneasy Rider"

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"Uneasy Rider"

by Charles Daniels Band

I was takin' a trip out to LA
toolin' along in my Chevrolet
token' on a number and diggin' on the radio
jes' as I cross 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 jes' limped 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
there was one thing I was sure proud to see
there wasn't a soul in the place 'cept for him an' me
and he jest looked disgusted an' pointed toward the
telephone

I called up the station down the road a ways
and he said he wasn't very busy t'day
and he could have somebody there in jest 'bout ten
minutes or so
he said now you jes' stay right where yer at and I didn't
bother tellin'
the durn fool I sure as hell didn't have anyplace else to
go
I jes ordered up a beer and sat down at the bar
when some guy walked in an' 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 jus wait outside
so I layed a dollar on the bar and headed for the door
jes' when I thought I'd get outta there with my skin
these five big dude come strollin' in
with this one old drunk chick and some fella with green
teeth
an' I was almost to the door when the biggest one
said you tip your hat to this lady son
an' when I did all that hair fell out from underneath
now the last thing I wanted was to get into a fight
in Jackson Mississippi on a Saturday night
'specially when there was three of them and only one
of me
well they all started laughin' and I felt kinda sick
and I knew I'd better think of somethin' pretty quick

so I jes' reached out an' kicked ol' green-teeth right in
the knee

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 thouroughly
dangerous man

well you may not know it but this man's a spy

he's an 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 everyone else was lookin' and listenin' to me

and I layed it on thicker and heavier as I went

I said would you beleive this man has gone as far

as tearin' Wallace stickers off the bumpers of cars

and he voted for George McGoveren for president

well 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 tell ya guys

he may look dumb but that's jus a disguise

he's a mastermind in the ways of espionage

they all started lookin' real suspicious at him

and he jumped up an' said jes' wait a minute jim

you know he's lyin' I've been livin' here all of my life

I'm a faithfull follower of Brother John Burch

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 jes' takin' my car down off the jacks

so I threw the man a twenty an' jumped in an' fired that
mother up

Mario Andretti woulda sure been proud

of the way I was movin' when I passed that crowd

comin' out the door and headin' toward me in a trot

an' I guess I shoulda gone ahead an' run

but somehow I couldn't resist the fun

of chasin' them jes' once around the parkin' lot

well they're headin' for their car but I hit the gas

and spun around and headed them off at the pass

well I was slingin' gravel and puttin' a ton of dust in the
air

well I had them all out there steppin' an' a fetchin'

like their heads were on fire and their asses was
catchin'

but I figured I oughta go ahead an split before the cops
got there

when I hit the road I was really wheelin'

had gravel flyin' and rubber squeelin'

an' I didn't slow down 'til I was almost to Arkansas

I think I'm gonna re-route my trip

I wonder if anybody'd think I'd flipped

if I went to LA via Omaha

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