

Maggard Cletus

"White Knight"

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White Knight (by Cletus Maggard and the Citizen's Band)

Down 75 or 85,

Or I-20 t'other way,

Turn your squelch to the right

And in the night

You'll hear some good buddy say,

"Breaker breaker,

Got a picture taker,

All Smokeys at forty three."

It's that Japanese toy,

The trucker's joy

That everybody calls CB.

Yeah, Citizen's Band, keeps you up to date

On fender benders and Tijuana taxis,

And all them bears out there. Flip flop.

Now ahead of your children and ahead of your wife

On the list of the ten best things in life,

Your CB's gotta rate right around number four.

'Course beavers and hot biscuits and Merle Haggard

Come one, two, three, you know.

Well I was loaded down, coming outta Lake City;
I was checkin' out seat covers, young and pretty,
When all of a sudden there come a call
Over my CB, ringin' wall to wall,
Said clove her double nickels till you hit the ridge,
'Cause there's a Smokey picture taker t'other side of
the bridge.
"Oh mercy, 'ppreciate that, good buddy;
What's your handle there, come on?
You got any county mounties out there prowlin', come
on?"
And he said --
"Ten four...back door,
Put the peddle to the metal and...let it roar
Hammer down...to Macon town...
Gonna see my momma...sure.
Well, the bears are gone,
Let's...bring it on...
The Georgia line's...out of sight.
Pulled outta Richmond town last Saturday night,
And my handle is...the White Knight,
How 'bout it?"
"All right, White Knight, hammer down,
You got the mean machine here."
I was a streakin'
My needle was a peakin'
A right around seventy nine.

That old diesel juice

Was a gettin' loose,

And everything was fine.

But wall to wall

I got a call

Front door, big bear trapper.

Said, "Break one nine,

Good buddy of mine,

You got a Smokey in a plain white wrapper."

Well I jammed my stick,

I lost twenty quick;

You could hear them gears a tearin'.

I got passed by a beaver,

And a Camaro,

I was cruisin' alone

And going so slow

I could count every button on that frilly blouse she was wearin'.

'Course there weren't but one.

"Hey there, super trooper!

Yeah -- that's the crafty Smokey over there with a CB of his own.

Hey White Knight, let's slide one on the super trooper, come on?"

"Ten four, back door.

Put the peddle to the metal, whatcha...waitin' for?

That old flop

Can't stay in sight,
Gonna leave you here and say no more,
How 'bout it?"

"Whoa, now, buddy, that's fightin' talk,
I'd get up there and blow your doors off!"

Well I hammered down like I had wings,
Little gravels in my wheels going ping, ping, ping.
'Bout the time I hit ninety-two,
Saw something flashing' in my rear view.
Thought to myself that can't be true,
But there it was, old blue, blue, blue.
Uh oh. Bubble gum machine done hit the jackpot.
Well I could see that bear, laughing big,
Hangin' in tight on the back of my rig.
Right there and then it came to be wall to wall.
Mm-hmm.

So in that cold dark Georgia night,
In the shadows of Smokey bear's blue light,
I 'cided to make me just one more CB call.
"Breaker one nine for the super trooper,
Hey there, Smokey old buddy, tell me if I'm right,
Are you my front door? Are you the White Knight?
Come on?"

And he said --
"Ten four, back door.
You're in a heap of trouble boy...that's for sure.

Gonna read you your rights, and treat you fair.
Pull over there,
With your...rockin' chair.
Want you boys to know each other real well,
'Cause you gonna be sharin' the same jail cell.
You make twelve cotton pickers I've caught tonight,
From the front door of that White Knight.
Hhha-hhha-hhha-hhha-hhha-hhha!!
How 'bout it?
Hhha-hhha-hhha-hhha-hhha-hhha!!
Forty miles over the speed limit!
You boys gonna be here a spell.
Hhha-hhha-hhha-hhha-hhha-hhha!!
Hhha-hhha-hhha-hhha-hhha-hhha!!"
That's it, cotton pickers, I've done been grounded;
My tail's in jail, my rig impounded.
So when you're comin' through the Georgia night,
Don't ever get no front door called the White Knight.
No sir. Wind up in the pokey with Smokey.
I'm gonna pull that old CB thing out by the wires.
I don't care if it is

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