

Porter Wagoner, Funky Grass Band

A small town in Kentucky that's called Hazzard
Has been known to lay some talent on this land
Gave birth to a group that's really happening Eli Stubbs and his Funky Grass Band
The Funky Grass Band hits the stage a grinnin' their pickin' really turns a body on
Now I wouldn't say the band makes too much money
Cause they been seen a smokin' roll-you-home
Yellow bus come reelin' down the highway headin' for another one night stand
With the women screemin' faint throw their babies
At Eli Stubbs and his Funky Grass Band

[el.banjo - fiddle]

Now Eli's a little older and short and stubby and he's bald as an eagle in the back
But he kept it hid from all the friends and neighbors
The one night the band got high and smoked his hat
Now Eli bought himself a brand new toupet
It was long and shaggy and sorta orangey red
One night the fiddle player was a dancin' to the microphone
And pulled the rug clean off of Eli's head
Yellow bus come reelin' down...

[el.banjo - fiddle]

One night they was a traveling through the Ozarks and Eli had to answer nature's call
He told the driver to find a filling station I gotta see a man about a dog
He drove on for miles around the mountain Eli hollered hey stop right here
Driver pulled too close to the canyon and Eli almost ended his career
Yellow bus come reelin' down...
Oh get it Eli son crank it crank it crank it Eli