

The Charlie Daniels Band, Uneasy Rider '88

Me and my buddy got us a wild hair
And figured we wanted to go somewhere
So we loaded up in my ragtop Chevrolet
We had a little bit of money
And a whole lot of show
Adn with Hank Jr. blaring on the radio
We got us a tank full of gas
And we was on our way

We figured we'd go down to New Orleans
We were barrelling down old 17
When a man with a blinking red light
Was on our tail
He said you were doing 60 in a 45
But I'm gonna let you go this time
But if I catch you again
I'm gonna slap you in the county jail

We said thank you sir you sure been nice
And you ain't gonna have to tell us twice
And we were Southbound and down with the wind
Blowing in our faces
We kept on rolling and pretty soon
The radio was cooking out a Haggard tune
And we were pulling into Houston
Checking out all them places

I was feeling dry and I said I think
We ought to stop and get ourselves a drink
And old Jim said yeah 'cause we got time to kill
We kept on rolling and I seen this spot
And we pulled into the parking lot
Of this place called the Cloud Nine Bar and Grill

We walked through the door
And the place was jammed
The lights were low they had a punk rock band
And some orange haired feller singing about suicide
I said Jim this ain't our kind of place
He said well let's just have one round anyway
So against my better judgement we walked on inside
Went up to the bar and we sat down
This feller walked up and said I'll buy this round
And he sat down on the barstool next to Jim

He looked like a girl but he talked like a guy
He had lipstick on and mascara in his eyes
And everybody in that place looked just about like him
I said Jim this ain't our kind of bar
Let's just go on out and get back in the car
'Cause there's gonna be trouble
Ain't no sense in taking a chance
We was getting up getting ready to leave
When somebody grabbed old Jim by the sleeve
And this good looking girl was asking my buddy to dance

I said Jim don't do it there's something missing
There's fellers dancing and fellers kissing
There's a feller in high heeled shoes wearing panty hose
He said partner I just can't turn this down
You just go over there and have one more round
And I'll dance with the lady
And we'll get on down the road

So he walked away and left me alone
But this funny looking feller kept coming on
And he was making me mad with some of the things he said
Then he put his hand on my knee
I said if you don't get your paw off me
I'm gonna locate your nose around
The other side of your head

He said I love it when you get that fire in your eye
I said well partner try this on for size
And I unloaded on him and he went out like a light
Everybody in that place must have been his friend
They all headed for me I said this is the end
But where I come from we don't give up
Without a fight

They were screaming and yelling and scratching and clawing
I was punching and hitting and kicking and pawing
I was holding my own 'cause I've been in a scrap or two
Old Jim come running up out of the blue
And that gal he was with come running up too
And proceeded to beat on me with a high heel shoe

I grabbed her by the hair it came off in my hand
And that beautiful girl was just a beautiful man
And old Jim just got sick right there on the floor

He dropped that dude like a shot from a gun
Smeared his lipstick made his makeup run
And me and old Jim started fighting our way to the door

We lit out of there in that Chevrolet
I put in on the floor and it stayed that way
We were going down the highway
Doing about a hundred and ten
We were headed for home and we was getting nearer
Then a red light came on the rear view mirror
And that same blame cop was pulling us over again

Now I'm sitting here in this county jail
I had to call my daddy to go our bail
But I learned me a lesson
That I never will forget again
I've done give up drinking I've give up bars
And running around the country in souped up cars
I'm going back where the women are women
And the men are men