Uneasy Rider

Words & Music: Charlie Daniels

The words to this song are spoken over the chord changes given in the first verse.

I was takin' a trip out to L.A., toolin' along in my Chevrolet.

G7 C

Tokin' on a number and diggin' on the radio.

C F

Just as I crossed the Mississippi line, I heard that highway start to whine

G7 C

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 just limped on 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 Kind of 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 and me.

And he just looked disgusted and pointed toward the telephone.

I called up the station down the road a ways and he said he wasn't very busy today. And he could have somebody there in just 'bout ten minutes or so. He said now you just stay right where you're at and I didn't bother tellin' the durn fool I sure as hell didn't have anyplace else to go.

I just ordered up a beer and sat down at the bar.
When some guy walked in and 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 just wait outside.
So I laid a dollar on the bar and headed for the door.

Just when I thought I'd get outta there with my skin, these five big dudes come strollin' in. With this one old drunk chick and some fella with green teeth.

And I was almost to the door when the biggest one, said; "You tip your hat to this lady, son."

And 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.

They all started laughin' and I felt kinda sick

And I knew I'd better think of somethin' pretty quick.

So, I just reached out and kicked old 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 thoroughly 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 laid it on thicker and heavier as I went. I said; "Would you believe this man has gone as far As tearin' Wallace stickers off the bumpers of cars? And he voted for George McGovern for president."

He's a mastermind in the ways of espionage."

"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 just a disguise

They all started lookin' real suspicious at him
And he jumped up an' said; "Now, just wait a minute, Jim!
You know he's lyin' I've been livin' here all of my life."
"I'm a faithful follower of Brother John Birch 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 just 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.

And I guess I should-a gone ahead and run; but somehow I couldn't resist the fun Of chasin' them all just 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
I was slingin' gravel and puttin' a ton of dust in the air
Ha Ha, well, I had 'em all out there steppin' and 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 squealin', And I didn't slow down 'til I was almost to Arkansas.

Well, I think I'm gonna re-route my trip. I wonder if anybody'd think I'd flipped If I went to L.A. via Omaha.