This next song we're going to dedicate to a great American Organization. Tonight I'd like to dedicate this to our boys In the FBI.

Well, wait a minute. It's hard to be an FBI man. I mean, first Of all, being an FBI man, you have to be over 40 years old. And the reason is that it takes at least 25 years with the Organization to be that much of a bastard. It's true. You just Can't join, you know. It needs an atmosphere where your Natural bastardness can grow and develop and take a Meaningful shape in today's complex society.

But that's not why I want to dedicate the song to the FBI. I Mean, the job that they have to do is a drag. I mean, they have To follow people around, you know. That's part of their job. Follow me around.

I'm out on the highway and I'm drivin' down the road and I Run out of gasoline. I pull over to the side of the road. They Gotta pull over too - make believe that they ran out, you Know.

I go to get some gasoline. They have to figure out whether They should stick with the car or follow me. Suppose I don't Come back and they're stayin' with the car.

Or if I fly on the airplanes, I could fly half fare because I'm 12

To 22. And they gotta pay the full fare. But the thing is that When you pay the full fare, you have to get on the airplane First, so that they know how many seats are left over for the Half fare kids. Right? And sometimes there aren't any seats Left over, and sometimes there are, but that doesn't mean that You have to go.

Suppose that he gets on and fills up the last seat, so you can't

Get on. Then he gets off then you can get on. What's he gonna Do?

Well, it's a drag for him. But that