

## Four Wheel Drive

C.W. McCall

We is screamin' through the valley  
Where the Nishnabotna flows  
Through the mud and crud and cornfields  
Where the mari-ju-wana grows  
'Cross the railroad tracks of Persia  
Down the hills and up the dale  
Had a CJ-5 with a four-wheel drive  
And Smokey on my tail.  
Well, he picked me up at exit 12  
On the I-six-eighty ramp  
I was doin' 67 per  
When I rumbled through his trap  
He commenced to whirl his flashin' lights  
And he made his siren wail  
I slipped on down to four-wheel drive  
With Smokey on my tail  
Now I got racin' stripes and dual pipes  
And Smokey's got a Ford  
Got a mill with a four pot carb, you know  
But Smokey's stroked and bored  
Well, the chase was on, but I had the edge  
With a rig that'll never fail  
Got a CJ-5 with a four-wheel drive  
And Smokey on my tail  
Yeah, he was.  
Well, I dropped on down to granny low  
And I made a hard right turn  
My big ol' fat Commando tires  
Went slashin' through the corn  
Well, the tassels blew  
And the kernels flew  
And it looked like yella hail  
Just cookin' alive in a four-wheel drive  
With Smokey on my tail  
Well, we went screamin' through the valley  
Where the Nishnabotna flows  
Through the mud and crud and cornfields  
Where the mari-ju-wana grows  
'Cross the railroad tracks of Persia  
Up the hills and down the dales  
My CJ-5 with four-wheel drive  
And Smokey on my tail.  
[Imagine a series of comic-style thought balloons.]  
Look out, now. Here he come.  
Oh, we gonna get it on now.  
(Don't hit that fella with the banjo.)  
We gonna swim this here creek now, Smokey. [Pronounced "crick", of course.]  
Yard wide and a foot deep.  
"Nishnabota River", they call it.  
Might haveta winch out.  
Gonna do a wheelie on that there gopher mound now, Smokey.  
Can you dig it, Smokey?  
Got four on the floor and four in the air on that one, didn't we?  
Goodness gracious. 'Bout ta bust my shocks.  
[Back to our regularly-scheduled rhyming. Add the sound of wailing sirens.]  
Well, that Jeep of mine made Smokey whine  
His rig was made of lead

He was mired in fourteen feet of mud  
So he radioed ahead  
I pulled up onto the blacktop  
Went crashin' on through the rail  
Sakes alive! I had twenty-five more  
Smokeys on my tail!  
Now I had racin' stripes and dual pipes  
And Smokey had a Ford  
Had a mill with a four pot carb, you know  
But Smokey's stroked and bored  
Well, the race was on, but I had the edge  
With a rig that'll never fail  
Got a CJ-5 with a four-wheel drive  
Settin' out back a' the jail