

# 'Round the World with the Rubber Duck

C.W. McCall

[On the CB.]

Breaker, one-nine, this here's the Duck again. You got a copy on me Pig Pen, c'mon? Ah, negatory, Pig Pen, there ain't no way out 'cept for that one Atlantic Ocean. Now listen, drop them hogs off in Omaha and get over here in a short, 'cause it definitely looks like we got us a problem.

Bears to the left; bears to the right

We didn't have no place to go.

They had us backed up clean to the shore,

And them cab-over Petes don't float.

I says, "Pig Pen, I got me a good idea.

Them Friends a' Jesus gonna save us!

"So praise the Lord and Mister Ford,

And follow that micra-bus, ten-four.

[Now, imagine a bunch of rowdy pirates -- the buccaneer type, not software -- chanting the Chorus.]

[Chorus]

Yo ho ho, and a thousand trucks

Gonna take a bath with a Rubber Duck

Yo ho ho, and a lots a' luck

'Round the world with the Rubber Ducky!

Yeah, we drove on the water like diesel whales

Sank about a hunnert-and-ten of 'em

I says, "Pig Pen, they just didn't have no faith

"They definitely gone ten-seven."

By the time we got into that Piccadilly Town,

'Bout half of 'em was lost at sea

I says, "Break one-nine for a ten-thirty-three"

What we got was the cotton-pickin' BBC

[Spoken, in a sorta British accent]

I say, Fabersham. Looks likes the Americans have got themselves another bloody Convoy.

[Chorus]

Yo ho ho, and a thousand trucks

Gonna take a bath with a Rubber Duck

Yo ho ho, and a lots a' luck

'Round the world with the Rubber Ducky!

[Spoken, in the same sorta British accent]

Good heavens! Look at them all! Half of them are sinking in the Thames! Hell o! Some of our truck chaps are assisting them. Good show, actually. Oh, well, ten-four and all that rubbish.

Well, we crossed that Channel like snakes on glass

And stormed the beach about dawn

I says, "Grab your shifters and punch 13

"We all goin' truckin' on the Autobahn.

"Now, Pig Pen, this here's the ultimate slab

"'Cause there goes a Mercedes truck."

He says, "Break one-three for the Strudel Machine

"Ya just blew the doors off'n the Duck. How 'bout it?"

[Spoken, in a sorta German accent. A really bad German accent.]

Oh, zehn-vier, Rubber Duck. Ve are receiving you vall-to-vall, but the schped limit on za Autobahn is triple-nickels. You travel too schlow, Rubber Duck. We gonna see you around. We gone. Wiedersehen.

[If you know the song, then you can skip this note. If you don't, then a bit of explanation is necessary. During the next verse, the chorus (the singers, not the words) is heard in the background. What they're singing is what's printed in the tiny little letters. No, I am not making this up. That's what they're singing.]

Well, we stopped for a coffee in West Berlin  
Dumb, dumb, dumb. This is  
The British had hundred-mile tea  
dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb.  
I says, "Pig Pen, from here on it's wall-to-wall bears."  
Dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb,  
Says, "Bash the Wall; we gonna see."  
Dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb.  
Well, them big red bears must'a been in the bush  
Dumb, dumb, dumb. This is  
'Cause we didn't see a one all day  
Dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb,  
So we raked up the leaves and we shook out the tree  
Dumb, dumb, dumb. This is  
'Til they finally had something to say  
Dumb, dumb, dumb.  
You got it..  
[Spoken in a bad Russian accent. A really bad... you know the rest.]  
Comrade Duck: you have been given until daybreak in Murmansk to get your cot  
ton-pickin' trucks out of the U. S. S. of R. You will copy!  
[That 'dumb' chorus continues.]  
Well, we shot them rigs through salt-mine city  
Dumb, dumb  
With a hammer and a sickle on down  
Dumb, dumb  
Then we hit the fan through the Sea of Japan  
Dumb, dumb  
Tooled into Transistor Town  
Dumb, dumb  
I says, "Pig Pen, this here must be the place,  
Dumb, dumb  
"'Cause everybody's eatin' with sticks."  
Dumb, dumb  
He says, "Ten-Four, this here is CB land  
Dumb, dumb  
"'Cause my channel knob just went crick."  
Dumb, dumb  
[Spoken in a really bad Japanese (fill in the blank)]  
Ah so, Lubba Duck. You have a nice day today, betta day tomollow. We catch y  
ou on frip-frop. This one Kamikaze Ozzie; we gone. Sayonara.  
[Chorus]  
Yo ho ho, and a thousand trucks  
Gonna take a bath with a Lubba Duck  
Yo ho ho, and a rots a' ruck  
'Round the world with a Lubba Ducky!  
[Obviously, poritical collectness hadn't yet permeated the U. S. of A. :)]  
[On the CB.]  
Ah, ten-four, Pig Pen, what's your twenty? Australia? Mercy sakes, ain't not  
hin' down there but Tasmanian devils and them Q-alla bears. What's that? No  
double-nickel limit? We gonna be there in a short, Pig Pen. This here's the  
Rubber Duck, ten-  
ten and doin' it to it like Pruitt used'ta do it to it. We gone. 'Bye-'bye.