

Shriner's Convention

Ray Stevens

Here they come down main street
Drums a flailin' and the sirens a wailin', what a roar!
Bands are a playin' and flags are a wavin'
And the Vanguards and Motorcycle Corps
Clowns are a clownin' to the crowd
And pinchin' every pretty girl who dares to smile
It's a glorious mess, everybody wears a fez
The parade stretches out for a mile
It's a typical American phenomenon
Where all the members have a fine old time
It's the Forty-Third Annual Convention
Of the Grand Mystic Royal Order
Of the Nobles of the Ali Baba Temple of the Shrine
Meanwhile, back at the motel
"Operator, give me room 321, please
Hello, Noble Lumpkin?
This here is the illustrious Potentate
I said it's the illustrious Potentate
The illustrious, Coy!"
"Dad blame it! This here's Bubba!
Coy, why are'nt you at the parade?
What? Well, how'd you get that big Harley
Up there in your room?"
"What? I can't hear ya' Coy!
Quit revvin' it up, boy! Turn it off!
Listen, I just want you to know one thing
You have embarrassed us all, the whole Hahira delegation! "
"Now I'll see you at the banquet tonight, son
And you be there Coy, you hear me?
Black tie! Seven o'clock! Be there Coy!
And Coy, don't answer the phone, 'udden udden!"
Well, it was all arranged by the Ladies Auxiliary
In the downtown Convention hall
Cold roast beef, string beans, mashed potatoes
And nine boring speeches in all
And all the tables looked fine with their Mogen David wine
And Chrysanthemums on each side
And the Hahira leaders in their rented tuxedos
Made the local hearts swell with pride
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Meanwhile, back at the motel
"Operator, 321, please? Thank You!
Hello, Coy? What are you doin'?
What do you mean, who is this?
This is Bubba? Why wasn't you at the banquet?"
"What do you mean all you had to wear
Was a Hawaiian flowerdy shirt?
Well, you may think you're foolin' some people
But I know what's goin' on"
"Yeah, everybody seen the little redhead
That's right, everybody!
Why she come runnin' through the dinner
Right in the middle of the pineapple sherbet"

"Didn't have nothin' on but your fez, Coy!
Coy, you the only one who's got a fez with a propeller on top!
Yeah, yeah and she was a yellin' out the secret code too, Coy
We gonna have to change it now, Coy! Dad, blame it, Coy!"
"We gonna have to have a special meetin', we get back to Hahira
About your conduct at this year convention! Embarrassin'!
Now Coy, you be at the secret conclave tonight, you hear me?
And Coy, keep it a secret! Huh!"
Well, it was a secret meeting in the dead of the night
With mysterious sanctimony
In accordance with prescribed
Rituals of time honored ceremony
Matters of grave concern
Were weighed with dedicated caution
Like whether or not to raise at stud
Or draw or spit in the ocean
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Meanwhile, back at the motel
"Operator, room 320
How, How'd you know?
Oh! Hello Coy! Where have you been?
No, you wasn't at the meeting!"
"Well, I found out that at three o'clock this mornin'
You was out there, in your fruit of the looms
In the motel swimmin' pool with a bunch
Of them waitresses from the Cocktail Lounge!"
"I just hope Charlene don't find out about this, Coy!
What? Well, how'd you get that big motorcycle
Up there on the high dive, Coy?
Now Coy, Dad blame it, that ain't no way to act"
"We supposed to be pillars of the community
When we get back to Hahira, you can just turn in your ring
And your tie tack 'cause Coy, hehe, you are out of the shrine!
You gonna be blackballed, Coy! That's right!"
"You may have to pack your bags and leave town!
What do you mean, you might join the Hell's Angels?
Coy! Don't you hang up on me!
Don't you crank that motorcycle!"
"Who's that gigglin' in the background, Coy?
Hello, hello operator! Yeah, we's cut off! Room 321
Coy! Don't you hang up on the illustrious Potentate!
I said the illustrious Potentate!
This is Bubba! Bubba! Coy! Coy!"Other Ray Stevens songs