

The Day I Tried To Teach Charlene Mackenzie How To Drive

Ray Stevens

Well, now Charlene Mackenzie was a certified beauty
And I thought it was my patriotic duty
To teach her things like neckin', yeah
And drivin' an automobile
Now Charlene Mackenzie, while prettier than most
Turned out to be as deaf as a post
A condition I was not aware of until
She got behind my steerin' wheel

I had a '57 Chevy, it was born to run
It was a red-hot, fuel-injected son of a gun
And when she showered down on that accelerator
She just froze when it let out a roar
I said, "Don't rev it so much, take your foot off the gas"
She thought I said, "Pop the clutch and make it go fast"
And she did, and friends, we laid rubber for a block or more

And there were chickens on the bumper
Yeah, feathers in the grill
Rose bushes in the wheel wells
And a pig on my windshield
Yeah, and the bees were a-buzzin'
Where she mowed down their beehive
On the day I tried to teach Charlene Mackenzie how to drive
(How to drive)

I said, "Hold on a second, I wanna talk to you"
She thought I said, "Go for second and see what she'll do"
And we laid more rubber, she jumped it to a hundred and four
Now Clarkdale, Georgia is just a little old town
And shoot, I thought I knew my way around
But she took me places that day I'd never seen before
Through farms and gullies and over hills
We uncovered lovers and moonshine stills
And broke into a clearing of the annual picnic
Of the Georgia Highway Patrol
Yeah, we broke up that picnic and everything in it
Those officers were on us in a New York minute
And I knew somehow I just had to regain control

Because now there were lovers on the bumper
Picnic baskets in the grill, yeah
Wrapped around the fenders
Was what was left of a moonshine still
There was a wounded patrolman on my windshield
Yellin', "You'll get three to five"
On the day I tried to teach Charlene Mackenzie how to drive
(How to drive)

Well, I finally got her just to push in the clutch
And we coasted to a stop
But she still had her foot on the gas
When up walked that wounded highway cop
He blew some feathers out of his mouth
And before I could stop him, I heard him ask
"Ptooeey, why don't you quit revvin' it up so much
And take your foot off the gas?"

Oh no, here we go again

And there were chickens on the bumper
Yeah, feathers in the grill
Rose bushes in the wheel wells
And a pig on my windshield
And the bees were a-buzzin'
Where she mowed down their beehive
On the day I tried to teach Charlene Mackenzie how to drive
(How to drive)
On the day I tried to teach Charlene
Ah, Charlene, Charlene, look out
How to drive

Charlene came to see me in the hospital a few days later
And apologized for all the damage she'd done
And assured me that everything was gonna be alright now
Because her parents had just bought her a brand new hearing aid
And it was the finest hearing aid that money could buy
And I said, "Well, really, Charlene? What kind is it?"
She just looked at her watch and said, "Oh, it's about 9:30"