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LEWIS GRIZZARD

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No Boogie-Woogie
on the King
of Rock and Roll

Grizzard is one of America's zaniest writers."

The Orlando Sentinel

YOU CAN'T
PUTTING
BOOGIE WOOGIE
ON THE KING OF
ROCK AND ROLL

Lewis Grizzard

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“Irreverent, hilarious, biting and thought-provoking.”

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“Settle back and enjoy the humor.”

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Also by Lewis Grizzard

**DON'T BEND OVER IN THE GARDEN, GRANNY,
YOU KNOW THEM TATERS GOT EYES***

**MY DADDY WAS A PISTOL, AND I'M A SON OF A
GUN**

**SHOOT LOW, BOYS—THEY'RE RIDIN' SHETLAND
PONIES***

**ELVIS IS DEAD AND I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD MYSELF
IF LOVE WERE OIL, I'D BE ABOUT A QUART LOW
THEY TORE OUT MY HEART AND STOMPED THAT
SUCKER FLAT**

**DON'T SIT UNDER THE GRITS TREE WITH ANYONE
ELSE BUT ME**

WON'T YOU COME HOME, BILLY BOB BAILEY?

KATHY SUE LOUDERMILK, I LOVE YOU

CHILI DAWGS ALWAYS BARK AT NIGHT*

**IF I EVER GET BACK TO GEORGIA, I'M GONNA NAIL
MY FEET TO THE GROUND***

Comedy Albums

ON THE ROAD WITH LEWIS GRIZZARD

LEWIS GRIZZARD LIVE

LET'S HAVE A PARTY WITH LEWIS GRIZZARD

****Published by Ballantine Books***

To my goddaughters, Joanne and Gabby.
And to the unborn child of my friend
Mike Matthews, who swears if it's a boy,
he'll convince his wife to name him
Michael Lewis.

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Introduction

THE GEESINSLAW BROTHERS ARE A COUNTRY-MUSIC and comedy act out of Austin, Texas. I've been a fan since I first discovered them. During my college days at the University of Georgia.

They had a song with the line "You wouldn't put no shuck on me, would you?"

The phrase, in its purest definition, means, "You wouldn't lie to me, would you?"

But it also can be expanded, as in:

- "You wouldn't shit me, would you?" A good response to somebody saying, "Do you know professional wrestling is all fake?"
- "You sure you're not making all this up?" What you might say if a male friend was giving you a detailed account of having sex with the entire University of Oklahoma cheerleading squad. Just the girls. If he had taken on the entire squad, you might say, "Good God, Harvey, I'm never going to shower with you at the club again."
- And, "Sheee-yet," which is Southern for "I ain't believin' a word of that."

And then it goes into another sphere, the one that indicates you know the whole thing's nothing but a lie, and you're too smart to believe a word of it.

These phrases come to mind:

- "I didn't just roll into town on no turnip truck."
- "When do you think I was born?"

- “Spot’s died” (from Dick and Jane).
- And, “You can’t bullshit a bullshitter.”

All these phrases are protective devices against any and all forms of attempted verbal chicanery.

I only recently came upon what I consider to be the best of any of the aforementioned, however. I was on the first tee at the Ansley Golf Club in Atlanta with my foursome. We were discussing the bet and handicaps. One member of the foursome said he was a 14, and we knew damn well he was nowhere over a 10.

I said, “I didn’t just roll into town on no turnip truck.”

My partner, Bob (Puddin) Johnston added, “Hey, you can’t put no boogie-woogie on the king of rock and roll.”

I loved it. Somebody told me later there was once a song with a title like that. I could never substantiate that, and I don’t care if that’s where Bob Johnston got the line. It’s still a great line, and I remain impressed he came up with it at such an appropriate time.

I told Bob as we drove down the first fairway, “ ‘You can’t put no boogie-woogie on the king of rock and roll.’ I’m going to use that as a title for a book one day.”

And so, here we are.

Usually, when I turn out a compilation of my newspaper columns for a book, I get all my columns previously unpublished in a book, and throw them into the air.

Then, I reach down and pick them up randomly. When the stack feels heavy enough to be a book, I send them to my editor in New York City, and he sends me an advance check. And you thought books are complicated.

But I liked the title of this book so much, I actually took great pains in the selection of the material you will be getting to soon, if you will bear with me for only a few more lines.

I am not a modern man. I am a fifties and sixties child. I basically haven’t understood anything that happened in or to the world since 1963, the year I turned seventeen.

Kennedy got shot that year, and then the Beatles ap-

peared, and before I knew it, they were passing out condoms in schools, putting mushrooms on cheeseburgers, and singing songs with a lot of bad words and no melody. Rap, which brings up another phrase one can use as a means of implying disbelief and a certain amount of disgust: "Rap, my ass."

So the following pieces have at least traces of that sort of string that ties them all together. Well, maybe not all of them. But most. I wouldn't try to put no shuck on you.

I enjoy writing about things that baffle me. Why do young men wear their caps backward nowadays? What's the government doing running a whorehouse? Why is *Nightline* showing a Madonna video? Why doesn't anybody name a child "Norbert" or "Ernestine" anymore? Why can't I call Iraqi troops "towelheads" and "camel jockeys"?

Or, "What the hell is all this, and I'm too smart to let them get away with it."

Read this book and I am satisfied it will be hard to get anything by you again. You will learn not to take anything without first dissecting it completely.

You will suspect no one, you will suspect everyone. You will assume nothing blindly.

Reading this book probably will also help you financially. Sure, it will cost you a few bucks, but you probably won't ever buy a used car again. You won't believe it's necessarily true just because you read it in *The New York Times* or saw it on the local news. And you definitely will lose some trust in your stockbroker, which could save you untold financial miseries.

That's about it, except for one last story about not getting any boogie-woogie cast upon thy person.

You can use whomever you want when you retell this story. I first heard it told with racial overtones, but I would dare not use such here. I'm a Georgia Dawg, so I can use two of our most hated rivals, Florida and Auburn.

A Florida guy reads an ad in the paper that says, "Vacation Cruise: \$99."

He goes to where they are selling the tickets and says to the guy, "I'm here for the ninety-nine-dollar vacation cruise."

The guy says, "Okay, that'll be ninety-nine dollars."

The Florida man forks it over. Then, the guy comes from behind the counter and knocks him unconscious with a baseball bat. After that, he bundles him up in some blankets, ties some rope around him, and throws him out the back into the river.

An Auburn guy comes in a few minutes later, pays ninety-nine dollars, and gets the same treatment. The bat, the blankets, the rope, and he's thrown in the river, too.

Fifteen minutes later, the Auburn man and the Florida man are floating down the river together.

The Florida man says, "I wonder if they're going to serve any food on the cruise."

The Auburn man replies, "They didn't last year."

***** 1 *****

Modern Life

Frankly, I lost a lot of respect for the Lone Ranger when I found out what “kemo sabe” really means—“sweetie pie.”

Reality Bites the Bullet

REMEMBER HOW COWBOYS IN WESTERN MOVIES COULD get into a fifteen-minute gunfight and never have to reload their pistols?

In case you're too young to remember western movies, that happened all the time.

Growing up, I must have seen twenty Roy Rogers movies, and I never recall Roy ever running out of ammunition.

Of course, the Indians rarely ran out of arrows either, and the other thing I always wondered about was when an Indian spoke English, he never used articles and never referred to himself as "I."

Tonto would never have said to the Lone Ranger, "I think I'll go over and water the horses."

He would say, "Me go water horses."

I realize a certain economy of the language is often necessary, especially when one is involved in the high-minded business of making certain that good triumphs over evil.