

THE DAY I STOPPED FOR A SMOKE AND MY WIDE WALE, LODEN GREEN, BELL BOTTOM, CORDUROY PANTS KEPT RIGHT ON WALKIN

Yup, I stopped for a smoke and my pants kept right on goin.

I only had two pair of underwear in them days and I wasn't wearin either. Them pants left me when I needed em most.
I was sorry to see em go.

I yelled, Hey, You Pants, get on back here! but they pretended they hadnt once been my pants.

I dont know where they was goin but they was goin there fast.

Ive thought about it plenty of times since, tryin to think like pants.
Where does a pair of pants go to?
I cant figure it out.
Its like some crazy koan or somethin.

Well, I had a problem.
All I had on was my army surplus bomber jacket
and my snakeskin cowboy boots.

People were startin to stare.

I said, What is it with you folks, aint you never seen a man whose pants have kept on walkin after he stopped for a smoke?

Well, apparently they hadnt.
So I took off after my pants.

How far could they get on their own?
Eventually theyd run out of steam
and collapse somewhere in a heap.
Thats what I thought.
So much for logical thinkin.
Them pants had given me the slip.
They was gone.

There was only one thing to do and that was report them missin.

So I went down to the police station
and asked if it would be all right with them
if I filled out a missin pants report.

To their credit they thought that would be a good idea.

How would you describe them, they asked me.
Oh, about three and a half feet tall, maybe a couple pounds
including the belt.

Any other distinguishin features?
Yeah, I said, they's the kind of wide wale, loden green, bell bottom,
corduroy pants that keep on walkin after you stop for a smoke.
Fine, they said, there cant be many pants that answer to that
description.

Can you find em? I said.
Piece of cake, they said. They'll probably walk in here any minute
and turn themselves in.

I was relieved to hear that.

And then, suddenly, out of nowhere, I was under arrest.

Yup, sneaky bastards got the drop on me.
Never seen it comin.
Caught me with my pants down.
Charged me with indecent exposure.
I pleaded not guilty by reason of my pants keepin on walkin
after I stopped for a smoke.

They threw me in a jail cell.
There was two other guys in there.
Neither one was wearin pants.

I was tried by a jury of my peers.
The judge asked me if I had anything to say.
I hung down my head like Tom Dooley.

The judge asked the jury to stand.
That's when it hit me!
I move for a mistrial, judge!
You're out of order! he said.
I said, maybe so your honor, but let the record show that
the jury is wearin PANTS!!!!

I got 30 days or \$500.
I said I'd be glad to take the \$500.

30 days later I was a free man again.

Lickety split I hired me a private eye.

A week later he showed me some photos of a guy
with his pants around his ankles
havin sex with some other guy's wife.

I took a good long look, but they wasnt mine.

Then I started receiving phone calls in the middle of the night.
There was just dead air on the other end of the line.
Sounded a lot like my pants.

Then I got a postcard from Tijuana.
Havin a great time, it read.
Wish you was here.
Signed Senor Pantazzone.

Yup, like I say, I stopped for a smoke and my wide wale,
loden green, bell bottomed, corduroy pants kept right on walkin
clear down to the land of the
never endin tequila drenched sombrero.

Hold on a second, this poem aint finished yet.
Im just gonna spark up a fat one.
Fuuuuuuhhhh, ahhhhh, you wanna toke?

Anyways, keep a close eye on yer pants,
you never know when they might keep on walkin.