

## Them Folks Whut's Usin' Cellyphones

Words and music by Robert Fitt

My friend and I wuz talkin' when his jinglin' telyphone  
Jest stopped our conversation like a dog attacks a bone;  
Well, I frankly was offended; 'cause I still cain't comprehend  
Why a bleepin' cellyphone is more important than a friend.

I'm sittin' in a concert—likin' music—havin' fun,  
Or sittin' in a chapel contemplatin' God's own Son,  
When a janglin' cellyphone begins to set up such a funk,  
That this grizzly bear is tempted to go buy himself a drunk!

Them Folks abusin' cellyphone is awful rude you see  
Jest wait'll ya hear the other things them folks has did to me!

Them folks whut's usin' cell phones look a lot like you and me,  
But I'm wond'drin' where a screw came loose in their machinery;  
A laughin' and a-talkin' when thar's no one else about  
Puts their common sense in question and their sanity in doubt.

I conjure up a picture of a guy whut's nearly dead,  
His car is smashed, his hopes is dashed—with a bandage on his head;  
Yep, textin' while a-drivin' yet with hands all wrapped and torn  
In traction—still in action—he's a-textin' up a storm

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Well, I was in a movie house, much darker than a cave;  
Too dark to go for popcorn, 'cause I didn't feel that brave.  
When the light from some durn cell phone blinded me, and then, of course,  
I failed to see the biggie where the cowboy kissed his horse.

Oh gosh, I jest remembered this; while climbin' in the loft  
A catchin' them thar pigeons with my balance turnin' soft,  
If I should lose my footin' thar, and fall and break a bone,  
I'm sure that I'll be needin'—and pleadin' while I'm bleedin'—  
One o' them durn cellyphones.