

Kitty Wells, B. J. The D. J.

A story bout a friend of mine who worked down near the Georgia Line

A DJ in a little country station

Everybody loved him dear cause he played what they liked to hear

He built himself quite a reputation

At record hops he stayed out late and his mom would always wait

To see if he had made it home alive

She warned against his loss of sleep and driving fast in that old heap

And that he had to be at work by five

BJ the DJ you're living much too fast

And if you don't change your ways don't see how you can last

Every morning just past four from the driveway he would roar

He overslept and he was late again

Then at breakneck speed he'd drive to sign the station on at five

He had lots of records he must spin

His mom sat by the radio until his voice called her hello

She knew then that he made it there alright

Then she'd say a little prayer he'd be safe for he was there

And she'd wait up for him again tonight

Then one cold and rainy morn all the tires were badly worn

But still he scratched off just as fast as time

BJ had a lot of nerve but he completely missed the curve

And he signed off down near the Georgia Line

Mom sat by the radio the voice she heard she didn't know

BJ'd never been this late before

But with the road so bad and all she'd wait a while before she called

And then she heard the knock upon the door

BJ the DJ only twenty four a wreck at ninety miles an hour he'll spin the hits no more