

Pure Denizen of the Citizens Band

Frank Black

I wanna ask you fellows
Why do you shut me out?
When I've driven every place
That they call land
I talk plain talk
I've seen the moon sittin' on the road, and
And I don't eat no chateaubriands And I drive my car
Under same stars
Where the miles are
Come back I demand
Dear gentlemen
Please let me in
I don't know how I can
Make you understand I'm a pure denizen of the Citizens Band
I'm a pure denizen of the Citizens Band
I'm a pure denizen of the Citizens Band
I'm a pure denizen of the Citizens Band Hey friend, know what I'd do
If I was makin' the bucks
I'd move into a place
Where all they had was trucks
'Cause there's one thing I can't stand
There's one thing that I cannot stand
One thing I cannot stand
Can't stand, cannot stand, can't stand

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