B.J. the D.J.

Stonewall Jackson

A story bout a pal 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 a 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
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 said by the radio until his voice told her hello
She knew then that he made it there alright

Then she'd say a little prayer, giving thanks that 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 screeched off just as fast this 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.

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