

Bill Anderson **"Country D.j."**

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I'm gettin' up when my next door neighbor's
Turnin' off the late show and hittin' the hay
I've got to sign on the radio station I'm what's known as
a country DJ
Nothin' in the house but some instant coffee doughnuts
left from early yesterday
Ain't exactly what you call a gourmet breakfast but rich
boys don't play country DJ
Earphones microphones telephones backbones just
about to break now any day
Phonographs photographs autographs belly laughs
epitaphs sure gettin' wtitten this way
Lord have mercy on a country DJ

Two fan letters in my box this mornin' one from the
boss says cut down the gab
Woman wrote in and asked for a song for another
woman's husband drivin' a cab
News machine must've run out of paper last thing I
have is the midnight report
Weather forecast says warm and sunny funny it was
snowin' when I came in the door
Earphones microphones...

Another discjockey taught me the business showed me
how to talk and the things to do
Poor ol' boy passed away last Monday old age got him
at the age of 22
Thirty more seconds and the fiddles start playin'
Turntable's ready got my records at hand
I still get a thrill every mornin' when I tell 'em
Howdy there friends out in the radio land
Earphones microphones...
Are you sure that Ralph Emery and Charlie Douglas got
started this way
I tell you I have to do everything around here
Sign on sign off pick up records pick up trash cut
commercials
Cut the grass carry out orders carry out garbage
answer to the boss
Answer the phone good mornin' radio station
No ma'm Porter Wagoner is not married to Dolly Parton

thank you for calling
I tell you what I'm gonna get a real job
I'm gonna pump gas that's where my money is anyway
radio boo on radio

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