

Gary Burbank "Who Shot J.R.?"

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With Band McNally

Why do the people all hate him so
Why they shot him, I'll never know
He's the star of the picture show, J.R.

Besides, he's just trying to get ahead
And, oh, Lord, please tell me
He can't be dead, J.R., not my hero

Like a Texas rattler, he would coil
Molested the women
And stole the cocktail oil
But with two quick shots
He got foiled, J.R.

Stop picking on that man
In the Stetson hat
He's just trying to run a business
Now, what's wrong with that, J.R.

Now, Jock and Miss Elly
They both come to mind
J.R.'s their own son
But they ain't blind

Sue Ellen coulda shot him
That's obvious and all
But she's been drinking again
And she couldn't hit a wall

Bobby and Pam
They have reasons, for sure
But I think both of them
Would just be too pure

That Friday night
He was working late
The night the old boy
Was to meet his fate
There was a lotta hate
In that.38 for J.R.

Some goody two shoes
Done blowed him away
Well, we'll see what them
Hollywood writers have to say
For J.R. (sweet J.R.)

But you can't be sure of his demise
Who knows where the real truth lies
One thing's for sure, we all
Love to despise J.R. (J.R.)

Good old J.R.
Now let's deduce this thing here

Cliff Barnes
He promised to do J.R. in
And so did Vaughn Leland
His banker and ex-friend

Little Lucy's no angel
Like you'd think she'd be
And Alan Beam, he seems
Pretty darn suspicious to me

I wonder if it's Ray
But does he have a reason
We won't know that til
Sometime next season

But if it's a case of jaded love
Kristin coulda done it
That poor soiled dove
She coulda shot J.R. (J.R.)

Now I'll tell you who did it
I know exactly who did it
It was little John, you see
He was a midget and he crawled up
The stairs of that office building
(Don't be silly) it were him

My fellow Americans
I would like to tell you
Who I think it was
I think it Ronald Reagan
Or John Anderson or
John Anderson or Ronald Reagan

Indecision, indecision

No, man, it was Howard Cosell
Cause he was the most hated man
On TV til J.R. came along
It had to be Howard Cosell

Oh, no, my friends, listen to me
I'll tell you who shot J.R.
Woo, hallelujah, it was
Satan or Fred Silverman
I can't wait til September
I gotta know now

Who shot J.R
Was it you, was it you
I know it was somebody
That shot that man

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