

## **Kitty Wells**

### **"B. J. The D. J."**

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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

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