

## Kitty Wells "BJ The DJ"

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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 call  
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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