

Charlie Daniels Band

"Mister D. J."

Visit "[Mister D. J.](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Mister DJ won't you please play me a song?
Play it for an old boy who's a long, long way from home
With a thousand miles ahead and a thousand miles
behind
A dollar in his pocket and a woman on his mind

You can pick out almost anything you choose
Play 'Sweet Home Alabama' or let Waylon sing the
blues
I don't care what kind of music just as long as it sounds
tough
Don't play any hurting songs 'cause I feel bad enough

Now don't get the wrong impression, I ain't meaning to
complain
But it would be Sunday morning and I guess it had to
rain
I was doing pretty good until I heard that darned old
train
Going who knows where

And I guess the combination's got me feeling kinda low
And all I've got to cheer me up is this all night radio
Why don't you play us something hot and let this
eighteen wheeler
Roll my blues away

Well, I called her from a phone booth in St. Paul
When I asked her if she loved me, I got no reply at all
And if that's the way she wants it, that's the way it's
gonna be
It might hurt a little while but that's alright with me

I've been jamming gears and wondering what went
wrong
And then I turned on my radio and I heard a country
song
And it kinda keeps me moving, helps me roll on down
the line
But when you played that hurting song I almost started
crying

Willie drowned in 'Whiskey River' with Hank Jr's rowdy
friends
The Oak Ridge Boys sang 'Elvira', Ricky played the
mandolin
Them old boys from Alabama put the pedal to the
metal
And let it roll, roll on

And I started feeling bad when George stopped loving
her today
Why don't you let old Mickey Gilly get down on them
eighty eight's
Come on and play us something hot and let this
eighteen
Wheeler roll my blues away

Hey Mister DJ, hey Mister DJ
Hey Mister DJ, hey Mister DJ

Visit [Charlie Daniels Band](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.