

Black Frank

"Pure Denizen of the Citizens Band"

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I want to ask you fellows

Why do you shut me out?

When I've driven every place that they call land

I talk plain talk

I've seen the moon sitting on the road

And I don't eat no Chateaubriand

And I drive my car

Under same stars

Where the miles are

Come back I demand

Dear gentlemen

Please let me in

I don't know how I can make you understand

I'm a pure denizen of the citizens band

Pure denizen of the citizens band

Pure denizen of the citizens band

Pure denizen of the citizens band

Hey friend you know what I'd do

If I was making the bucks

Well I'd move me to a place

Where all they had was trucks

'Cause there's one thing that I can't stand

There's one thing I can't stand

There's one thing I can't stand

There's one thing I can't stand

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