

Byrds, The

"Drug Store Truck Drivin' Man"

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He's a drug store truck drivin' man
He's the head of the Ku Klux Klan
When summer rolls around
He'll be lucky if he's not in town

Well, he's got him a house on the hill
He plays country records till you've had your fill
He's a fireman's friend, he's an all night DJ
But he sure does think different from the records he plays

He's a drug store truck drivin' man
He's the head of the Ku Klux Klan
When summer rolls around
He'll be lucky if he's not in town

Well, he don't like the young folks I know
He told me one night on his radio show
He's got him a medal he won in the war
It weighs five-hundred pounds and it sleeps on his floor

He's a drug store truck drivin' man
He's the head of the Ku Klux Klan
When summer rolls around
He'll be lucky if he's not in town

He's been like a father to me
He's the only DJ you can hear after three
I'm an all night musician in a rock and roll band
And why he don't like me, I can't understand

He's a drug store truck drivin' man
He's the head of the Ku Klux Klan
When summer rolls around
He'll be lucky, if he's not in town
He'll be lucky if he's not in town
This one's for you, Ralph

