

Stonewall Jackson

"B. J. The D. J."

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A story 'bout a pal of mine
Who worked down near the Georgia Line
He's a D.J. in a little country station
Everybody loved him dear
'Cause he played what they liked to hear
He built himself a 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

B.J. the D.J. 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
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 sits by the radio
Until his voice told her hello
She knew then that he made it there alright
Then she'd say a little prayer
Keep him safe for he was there
And she'd wait up for him again tonight

Then one cold and rainy morn
All four tires were badly worn
But still he screeched off just as fast this time
B.J. 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
B.J.'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

B.J. the D.J. only twenty-four
A wreck at ninety miles an hour
He'll spin the discs no more

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