

Charlie Daniels Band, Mister D. J.

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