Frank Black, Pure Denizen Of The Citizen's Band

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 (4x)

Hey friend you know what I'd do
If I was making the bucks
I'd move into a place
Where all they had was trucks
'Cause there's one thing I can't stand
There's one thing that I cannot stand
One thing I cannot stand
Can't stand
Cannot stand
Can't stand