

# Golden Earring, Lonesome D.J.

Here's a sad, real sad record I've gotta dedicate  
To a friend out there, somewhere on a big highway  
That's quite a note you wrote  
Before you sneaked out with that - what's his name?  
Here's our song, yes the one  
I used to play for you all day

You've gotta call and explain  
Before you leave the station's range  
I don't care who's listenin' in  
Honey I'm against the wall  
I'll adjust my program  
To the kind of fool I am  
I can only hope that you're tuned in

I have no choice, baby  
I sell my voice, maybe  
I'm just another lonesome D.J.

Alone, with a phone and a stack of black vinyl  
And I know, that home could be just as futile

Without your presence  
It wouldn't make any sense  
So I beg, I never did  
Never realized my love for you was that immense

Call and explain  
Before you leave the station's range  
I don't care who's listenin' in  
Honey I'm against the wall  
I'll adjust my program  
To the kind of fool I am  
I hope you're still tuned in

I have no choice, baby  
I sell my voice, maybe  
I'm just another lonesome D.J.

Well, let me tell you, she didn't call  
A FINGER to you all  
I might as well have a ball  
And play some rock and roll