

# Gram Parsons, Drug Store Truck Drivin' Man

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

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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

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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

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