

The Byrds, Drug Store Truck Drivin' Man

Written by Roger McGuinn and Gram Parsons

He's a drug store truck drivin man
He's a 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
Weighs five hundred pounds and 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 'n' roll band
And why he don't like me, I can't understand

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