

Mister DJ

Charlie Daniels

Mr 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
And I was doing pretty good until I heard that durned 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 18 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
Then I turned on the radio and I heard a country song
And it kinda keeps me moving helps me rolling down the line
But when you played that hurtin' song I almost started cryin'

Willie drowned in Whiskey River with Hank Jr's rowdy friends
The Oak Ridge Boys sang Elvira Ricky played the mandolin
Then them old boys from Alabama put the pedal to the medal
And let it toll Roll On
And I started feeling bad when George stopped loving her today
Why don't you let old Mickey Gilley get down on them 88's
Come on and play us something hot and let this 18 wheeler roll
my blues away
Hey Mr DJ hey Mr DJ hey Mr DJ