

## J.D.'s Junk City

Brian Burns

J.D.'s Junk City out on FM 103  
is thirty some-odd acres worth of stuff that you don't need.  
He's got old wood barns and trailers full of memories on the wall;  
if America's abandoned it, old J.D.'s got it all.  
He's got guitars, guns, and Cadillacs, violins, and clarinets,  
a hundred-thousand old LP's, some 8-tracks and cassettes.  
Old J.D.'s a poet, but that might be hard to prove;  
he wishes he could write a song, and the neighbors wish he'd move.

He says...

CHORUS:

"Come on in and take a look inside a junkman's heart  
where one man's heap of garbage is another's work of art,  
then look out into a place where hearts have turned to stone,  
and tell me which side of the fence the junkyard's really on."  
Now he'll sell you a jukebox from a beer joint in Fort Worth,  
or a forty year-old postcard from any place on Earth,  
an antique German beer stein, or an angel figurine,  
but don't ask about the TV; someone shot out the screen.  
He says, "my country's goin' to Hell right before my eyes;  
the cities that I travel, I no longer recognize..  
the same Starbucks and Wal-Marts, from chain to retail chain..  
fifteen songs on the radio, and they all sound the same."

REPEAT CHORUS

"So I haul another load in here when all my ramblin's done,  
play some guitar and some pinball, man, I have myself some fun.  
I'm always in some kind of trouble with the county clerk;  
they laugh at me at Dairy Queen, but that's just my line of work."

Refrigerators, records players, old tin signs galore,  
mechanical bulls from Gilley's, and a t-shirt Willie wore,  
and this light, from common angles, may not shine as bright for  
some

as it does along his fence line, and to him is Kingdom Come.

He says...

REPEAT CHORUS