B.J. The D.J-Stonewall Jackson
Hugh Lewis

(A) A Story Bout A Pal Of M Ine
Who Worked Down Near The Georgia Line
As D.J. In A Little Country (E) Station
Everybody Loved Him Dear
'cause He Played What They Liked To Hear
He Built Himself Up Quite A Repu(A)Tation

At Record Hops Hed Stayed Out Late
And His Mom Would Always Wait
To See If He Had Made It Home Alive
She Warned (Him) Against His Loss Of Sleep
And Driving Fast In That Old Heap
And That He Had To Be At Work By Five

(Chorus) B.J. The D.J. Youre Living Much Too (E) Fast
And If You Don'T Change Your Ways
Dont See How You Can (A) Las T

Every Morning Just Past Four
From The Driveway He Would Roar
Overslept And He Was Late Again
Then At Break-Neck Speed Hed Drive
To Sign The Station On At Five
He Had Lots Of Records He Must Spin

His Mom Sat By The Radio
Until His Voice Told Her Hello
She Knew Then Hed Made It There Alright
Then Shed Say A Little Prayer
Hed Be Safe For He Was There
And Shed Wait Up For Him Again Tonight (Chorus)

Then One Cold And Rainy Morn
All Four Tires Were Badly Worn
But Still He Scratched Off, Just As Fast This Time
B.J. Had A Lot Of Nerve But He Completely Missed A Curve

And He Signed Off Down Near The Georgia Line

Mom Sat By The Radio
The Voice She Heard She Didnt Know
B.J.D Never Been This Late Befor E
But With The Roads So Bad And All
Shed Wait A While Before Shed Call
And Then She Heard The Knock Upon The Door

B.J. The D.J., Only Twenty-Four
A Wreck At Ninety Miles An Hour
He'll Spin The Hits No More