B.J. THE D.J.-Stonewall Jackson
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C
A story 'bout a pal of mine

Who worked down near the Georgia line
G7
As D.J. in a little country station

Everybody loved him dear

'Cause he played what they liked to hear
C
He built himself up quite a reputation

At record hops he stayed out late

And his mom would always wait
G7
To see if he would make it home alive

She warned against his loss of sleep

And driving fast in that old heap
C
And that he had to be to work by five

B.J. the D.J.
G7
You're living much too fast

And if you don't change your ways
C
Don't see how you can last

Every morning just past four

From the driveway he would roar
G7
Overslept and he was late again

Then at breakneck speed he'd drive

To sign the station on at five
C
He had lots of records he must spin

His mom sat by the radio

Until his voice told her hello
G7
She knew then that he'd made it there alright

Then she'd say a little prayer

He'd be safe while he was there
C
And she'd wait up for him again tonight

Then one cold and rainy morn'

All four tires were badly worn
G7
But still he scratched off just as fast this time

B.J. had a lot of nerve

But he completely missed the curve
C
And he signed off down near the Georgia line

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Mom sat by the radio

The voice she heard she didn't know
G7
B.J.'d never been this late before

But with the roads so bad and all

She'd wait a while before she called
C
And then she heard the knock upon the door

B.J. the D.J.
G7
Only twenty-four

A wreck at ninety miles an hour
C
He'll spin the hits no more

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