

The Lonesome D.J.

Golden Earring

Here's a sad, real sad record I've gotta dedicate
To a friend out there, somewhere on a big highway
That's quite a note you wrote
Before you sneaked out with that - what's his name?
Here's our song, yes the one
I used to play for you all day

You've gotta call and explain
Before you leave the station's range
I don't care who's listenin' in
Honey I'm against the wall
I'll adjust my program
To the kind of fool I am
I can only hope that you're tuned in

I have no choice, baby
I sell my voice, maybe
I'm just another lonesome D.J.

Alone, with a phone and a stack of black vinyl
And I know, that home could be just as futile
Without your presence
It wouldn't make any sense
So I beg, I never did
Never realized my love for you was that immense

Call and explain
Before you leave the station's range
I don't care who's listenin' in
Honey I'm against the wall
I'll adjust my program
To the kind of fool I am
I hope you're still tuned in

I have no choice, baby
I sell my voice, maybe
I'm just another lonesome D.J.

Well, let me tell you, she didn't call
A FINGER to you all
I might as well have a ball
And play some rock and roll