

## 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