

## Pure Denizen of the Citizens Band

Frank Black

I want to ask you fellows  
Why do you shut me out?  
When I've driven every place that they call land  
I talk plain talk  
I've seen the moon sitting on the road  
And I don't eat no Chateaubriand  
And I drive my car  
Under same stars  
Where the miles are  
Come back I demand  
Dear gentlemen  
Please let me in  
I don't know how I can make you understand  
I'm a pure denizen of the citizens band  
Pure denizen of the citizens band  
Pure denizen of the citizens band  
Pure denizen of the citizens band  
Hey friend you know what I'd do  
If I was making the bucks  
Well I'd move me to a place  
Where all they had was trucks  
'Cause there's one thing that I can't stand  
There's one thing I can't stand  
There's one thing I can't stand  
There's one thing I can't stand