

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