FOREWORD

By Willie Nelson

JOHNNY BUSH.

Good friend. Good drummer. Good singer. Good levitator.

Johnny Bush and I go way back, at least fifty years, to when I was a deejay at KBOP in Pleasanton, Texas, and playing clubs in and around San Antonio. I played in his band, and at one time I was also his personal manager. I was mostly a guitar player and John was the singer.

I remember we played a club in San Antonio called Al's Country Club. The owner later changed the name of the club to Mugwomp's. We asked him why he changed the name. He said, "The mugwomp is the meanest animal on the planet. It is like a huge dog with a head

on both ends." We asked him, "Well, how does it shit?" He said, "He don't. That's what makes him so mean."

Later on, Johnny played drums in my band. We called ourselves the Offenders. Then John started fronting my band, and Paul English played drums behind John until I came on, and Johnny went back and played drums. Then Johnny started recording on his own, and we started calling him "Winnie Mac Pigshit Bush," a name he still loves to this day.

And then Johnny wrote "Whiskey River." He has been exceedingly wealthy ever since. He doesn't need to sing anymore, or write books. He only does it to serve his public, which he deeply loves.

So, John, in the words of Dr. Ben Dorcy, "If you need a friend, buy a dog." And if there is anything that I can ever do for you, forget it.

Yours in country music,

Willie Nelson

P.S. Me and Texas and the rest of the world are very proud of Johnny Bush. Love forever, WN

P.P.S. Oh. About that levitation act. Apparently some stories cannot be told even in a tell-all book like this.