

Doug Stone

"A Jukebox With A Country Song"

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After three good years together
We had our first big fight
So she went to her mother's
And I went for a ride
Down an old familiar highway
Just a few miles out of town
To that rundown one-room tavern
That used to be my stomping grounds

Well I pulled in the driveway
You know it all still looked the same
I couldn't wait to down a few
And hear that jukebox ring
Well I walked into the doorway
And there stood some kind of Matre D'
Well He looked me up, and he looked me down and
said
"May I help you please?" And I said

(Chorus)

What'd you do with those swinging doors
Where's the sawdust on the floor
Why's everybody wearing suits and ties
From where I stand I can't believe my eyes
And who's idea was it to hang these ferns
This brand new bar don't have a single burr
I guess I'm somewhere that I don't belong
I need a jukebox with a country song

Well I looked back to the corner

Where the jukebox once stood proud
Some clown was playing records
Too fast, too long, and too loud
And it must have been a big mistake
To try to speak my mind
So as they were asking me to leave
I cried out one more time

(Repeat chorus)

I guess I don't belong

Without a jukebox and a country song

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