

Buck Owens

"Let The Sad Times Roll On"

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Put a quarter in the jukebox and let it play
That same sad song that's been playing all day
You know the one where his darling is gone
So pour the red wine play the jukebox
And let the sad times roll on.

Let the sad times roll on
'Cause she's gone, she's gone
So pour the red wine play the jukebox
And let the sad times roll on.

--- Instrumental ---

I watch as the record spins around
As he tells of a love that's let him down
He's singing my life story in his song
So pour the red wine play the jukebox
And let the sad times roll on.

Let the sad times roll on
'Cause she's gone, she's gone
So pour the red wine play the jukebox
And let the sad times roll on...

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