

James Taylor

"Hey Mister, That's Me Up On The Jukebox"

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Hey mister, that's me up on the jukebox
I'm the one that's singing this sad song
Well, I'll cry everytime that you slip in one more dime
And let the boy sing the sad one, one more time

Southern california that's as blue as the boy can be
Blue as the deep blue sea
Won't you listen to me now
I need your golden gated cities like a hole in the head
Just like a hole in the head, I'm free

Hey mister, that's me up on the jukebox
I'm the one that's singing this sad song
Well, I'll cry everytime that you slip in one more dime
And let the boy sing the sad one, one more time

I do believe I'm headed home
Hey mister, can't you see that I'm as dry as a bone
I think I'll spend some time alone
Yes, unless you've found a way of squeezing water
from a stone

Let the doctor and the lawyer do as much as they can
Let the springtime begin
Let the boy become a man
I done wasted too much time just to sing you this sad
song
I done been this lonesome picker a little too long

Hey mister, that's me up on the jukebox
I'm the one that's singing this sad song
Well, I'll cry everytime that you're up and slip in one
more dime
And let the boy sing the sad one, one more time

Well, I've been spreading myself thin these days
Don't you know
Good-bye

[capo iii]

Hey mister, that's me upon the jukebox [d c bm]
I'm the one that's singing this sad song [d c g]
I'll cry everytime that you slip in one more dime [d c bm
esus e7]
And let the boy sing the sad one, one more time [em7
a7 d em7 a]

Southern california is as blue as the boy can be [bm e7
bm e7]
Blue as the deep blue sea [c g]
Won't you listen to me now [bm e7]
I need your golden gated cities like a hole in the head
[bm e7 bm e7]
Like a hole in the head, I'm free! [c g d (c g a)]

I do believe I'm headed home [d f#m bm]
Hey mister, can't you see that I'm as dry as a bone [c g
a d]
I think I'll spend some time alone [bm f#m g]
Unless you found a way of squeezing water from a
stone [c g c a]

Let the doctor and the lawyer do as much as they can
[bm e7 bm e7]
Let the springtime begin [c g]
Let the boy become a man [bm e7]
I have wasted too much time just to sing you this sad
song [bm e7 bm e7]
I've been this lonesome picker a little too long [c g d,
em7 a]

Hey mister, that's me upon the jukebox [d c bm]
I'm the one that's singing this sad song [d c g]
I'll cry everytime that you slip in one more dime [d c bm
esus e7]
And let the boy sing the sad one, one more time [em7
a7 d, em7 a]

[fade on bm-e7progression]
Well, I've been spreading myself thin these days,
Don't you know
Good-bye.

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