

Jr. Albert Hammond

"Stoned At The Jukebox"

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Just as long as I can keep a lot a friends around me,
Oh, it helps to keep a worried mind occupied.
I do alright till dark of night surrounds me,
Then I think of her and then I cry.

Lord, there's a cold heart gone and I'm stoned at the
jukebox,
Playin' I can't help it if I'm still in love with you.
Cause that's the kind of songs it takes to get all this ole
hurtin' out,
Lord, I love that hurtin' music, cause I am hurtin', too.

Lord knows, I been runnin' up and down this ol'
interstate 65,
I loved in Nashville, Tennessee high falutin' woman I
tried,
Now I'm busted stone flat down in Springhill.
I got nothin' but time and the bottles to kill,
Well, I never thought I could ever feel like that.

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