

## Mark Chesnutt

# "Numbers On The Jukebox"

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I can't recall how many times she said, she'd never  
leave  
Or the times she swore the only one for her was me  
But the angel I was counting on has all but disappeared  
And the only trace of her that's left, I find each night in  
here

Now she's just numbers on the jukebox that I lean on  
There's a little bit of her in every hurtin' song  
I used to hate the thought of her 'til her memory I  
forgot  
Now I pay to bring her back 'cause she's just numbers  
on the jukebox

B-11 takes me back to the first that dance we shared  
And A-14 reveals the truth she never cared  
One by one they're telling all the stories of my past  
Why the love I thought could never die, lies here  
behind this glass

Now she's just numbers on the jukebox that I lean on  
There's a little bit of her in every hurtin' song  
I used to hate the thought of her 'til her memory I  
forgot  
Now I pay to bring her back 'cause she's just numbers  
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