

Stones, Doug

"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 mothers
And I went for a drive

Down an old familiar highway
Just a few miles out of town
To that run-down, one-room tavern
That used to be my stomping ground

Well, I pulled in the driveway
You know it all still looked the same
And I couldn't wait to down a few
And hear that jukebox ring

Now as I walked in through the doorway
Well, there stood some kind of Matradee
Well, he looked me up, and he looked me down
Said, "May I help you please?"

And I said, "What'd you do with the swinging doors?
Where's the sawdust on the floor?
Why's everybody wearing suits and ties
From western, I can't believe my eyes"

"And whose idea was it to hang these spurs
This brand new bar don't have a sink or fur
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
Well, too fast, too long and too loud

And it must has been a big mistake
To try and speak my mind
So as they were asking me to leave
I cried out one more time

"What'd you do with the swinging doors?"

Where's the sawdust on the floor?
Why's everybody wearing suits and ties
From western, I can't believe my eyes"

"And whose idea was it to hang these spurs
This brand new bar, don't have a sink or fur
I guess, I'm somewhere that I don't belong
I need a jukebox with a country song
I guess I don't belong
Without a jukebox with a country song"

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