

Porter Wagoner "First Mrs. Jones"

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Her real first name was Betty but I'd rather just forget it
So I'll call her the first Mrs. Jones
We were married in September and it lasted till
November
Then one day she just took out on her own

I followed her to Savannah, New Orleans and then
Atlanta
Every day I begged her to come home
Pretty soon I started drinking, tryin' hard to keep from
thinking
Just how much I loved the first Mrs. Jones

It was cold and dark one morning just before the day
was dawning
When I staggered from a tavern to a phone
When she picked up her receiver, I said you're gonna
come back or
Either they're gonna be calling you the late Mrs. Jones

I put a pistol in my jacket stumbled out and hailed a taxi
I told the taxi driver to take me to her home
I remember walkin' proudly, everybody said I yelled out
loudly
Come on out or I'm gonna come in Mrs. Jones

The next thing I recall was walking to the forest
Lookin' for a place to hide her bones
I dug and dug for hours and then I planted flowers
Right on the top of the first Mrs Jones

Did my little story scare you
Oh, oh, oh yes I can see 'cause I'm so near you
Little beads of perspiration dot your clothes

Aren't you sorry now that you left me
Really now don't you wanna come go with me
After all you are the second Mrs. Jones

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