

Kinks, The

"Juke Box Music"

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There's a lady plays her fav'rite records
On the jukebox ev'ry day.
All day long she plays the same old songs,
And she believes the things that they say.

Other ladies like to prance around
And flirt and dance the whole night through,
But she just sits and listens to her juke box records,
'Cause that's all that she wants to do.

She sings along with all the saddest songs,
And she believes the stories are real.
She let's the music dictate the way that she feels.

It's only juke box music,
Only juke box music.
It's only music,
Only juke box music,
Only juke box music.

Seems to me she's in a fantasy.
She's livin' in a world of her own.
And we all agree that she's a mystery,
Because she'd rather be all alone.

Ev'ry guy will do his best to try
To put that music out of her head.
Forget all the songs,
And just dance to the music instead.

It's only juke box music,
Only juke box music.
It's only music,
Only juke box music,
Only juke box music.

It's all because of that music
That we're slowly driftin' apart.
But it's only there to dance to,
So you shouldn't take it to heart.

Music, only juke box music.
Only music, only juke box music.
(repeat)

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