

## A Jukebox With A Country Song

Doug Stone

After three good years together we had our first big fight  
So she went to her mother's and I went for a ride  
Down an old familiar highway, just a few miles out of town  
To that rundown 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  
Well as I walked into the doorway, oh there stood some kind of  
Matre D'

Well he looked me up and he looked me down, said  
"May I help you please?", and I said

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

And who's idea was it to hang these furs?  
This brand new bar don't have a single burn  
I guess I'm somewhere that I don't belong  
I need a jukebox with a country song"

Well I look back to the corner where the jukebox once stood pro  
ud  
Some fool was playing records, too fast, too long, and too loud  
And it must have been a big mistake to try to speak my mind  
So as they were asking me to leave I cried out one more time

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

And who's idea was it to hang these furs?  
This brand new bar don't have a single burn  
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 and a country song