

Bubba Shot The Jukebox

Mark Chesnutt

We were all down at Margie's bar
Telling stories if we had one
Someone fired the old jukebox up
The song sure was a sad one
A teardrop rolled down Bubba's nose
From the pain the song was inflicting
And all at once he jumped to his feet
Just like somebody kicked him

Bubba shot the juke box last night
Said it played a sad song it made him cry
Went to his truck and got a forty five
Bubba shot the juke box last night

Bubba ain't never been accused of being mentality stable
So we did not draw an easy breathe
Until he laid that colt on the table
He hung his head till the cops showed up
They dragged him right out of Margie's
Told him "Don't play dumb with us, son"
"Know damn well what the charge is."

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Well, the sheriff arrived with his bathrobe on
The confrontation was a tense one
Shook his head said, "Bubba Boy,"
"You was always a dense one."
Reckless discharge of a gun
That's what the officers are claiming
Bubba hollered, "Reckless! Hell!"
"I shot just where I was aiming."

Bubba shot the juke box last night
Said it played a sad song it made him cry
Went to his truck and got a forty five
Bubba shot the juke box stopped it with one shot
Bubba shot the jukebox last night
Well he could not tell right from wrong
Through the teardrops in his eyes
Beyond a shadow of a doubt
It was justifiable homicide
Bubba shot the juke box stopped it with one shot
Bubba shot the jukebox last night