

# Please Mr. Please

Olivia Newton-John

In the corner of the bar there stands a jukebox  
With the best of country music, old and new  
You can hear your five selections for a quarter  
And somebody else's songs when yours are through

I got good Kentucky whiskey on the counter  
And my friends around to help me ease the pain  
'Til some button-pushing cowboy plays that love song  
And here I am just missing you again

Please, Mr., please, don't play B-17  
It was our song, it was his song, but it's over  
Please, Mr., please, if you know what I mean  
I don't ever wanna hear that song again

If I had a dime for every time I held you  
Though you're far away, you've been so close to me  
I could swear I'd be the richest girl in Nashville  
Maybe even in the state of Tennessee

But I guess I'd better get myself together  
'Cause when you left, you didn't leave too much behind  
Just a note that said "I'm sorry" by your picture  
And a song that's weighing heavy on my mind

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Please, Mr., please, if you know what I mean  
I don't ever wanna hear that song again