

If Hell Had A Jukebox

Travis Tritt

You left me for a dream you had to follow
But I thought, goodbye wouldn't last that long
You'd go off chasin' rainbows till you realized that I loved you
And then run back to my arms where you belong

But months have passed, I guess, I was mistaken
Love was somethin' I thought, I knew well
But when you called me on the phone
Askin' when you'd come back home
You simply told me, "I could go to hell"

Well honey, if hell had a jukebox
And the Devil kept it full of hurting songs
You could, find me there this evenin'
With the broken hearted grievin'
Prayin' like hell, you would come back home

I've looked at all the pictures from our good times
And tried to figure out where we went wrong
And I've dropped a million quarters down the jukebox
'Cause I'm still haunted by what used to be our song

I wish this mental torture would release me

Lord, I give all I had for what it's worth
I don't see, how the fires below, where you wanted me to go
Could be worse than hell, I'm livin' here on earth

And honey, if hell had a jukebox
And the Devil kept it full of hurting songs
You could, find me there this evenin'
With the broken hearted grievin'
Prayin' like hell, you would come back home
Don't come

Yes honey, if hell had a jukebox
And the Devil kept it full of hurting songs
You could, find me there this evenin'
With the brokenhearted grievin'
Prayin' like hell you would come back home
Yeah, you could, find me there this evenin'
With the brokenhearted grievin'
Prayin' like hell you would come back home