

# Hey Mister, That's Me Up On the Jukebox

[James Taylor](#)

Hey mister that's me up on the jukebox  
I'm the one that's singing this sad song  
Well I cry every time that you slip in one more dime  
And let the boy singing this sad one, one more time Southern California, that's as blue as the boy can be  
Blue as the deep blue sea, won't you listen to me now  
I need your golden gated cities like a hole in the head  
Just like a hole in the head, I'm free Hey mister that's me up on the jukebox  
I'm the one that's singing this sad song  
Well I cry every time that you slip in one more dime  
And let the boy singing this sad one, one more time I do believe I'm headed home  
Hey mister can't you see that I'm as dry as a bone  
I think I'll spend some time alone  
Yes, unless you found a way of squeezing water from a stone Let the doctor and the lawyer do as much as they  
can  
Let the springtime begin, let the boy become a man  
I've done wasted too much time just to sing you this sad song  
I've done been this lonesome picker a little too long Hey mister that's me up on the jukebox  
I'm the one that's singing this sad song  
Well I cry every time that you are up and slip in one more dime  
And let the boy singing this sad one, one more time Well I've been spreading myself in these days  
Don't you know  
Good bye

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