

# A.1. On the Jukebox

Dave Edmunds

When I started out I thought that I would make it double-quick  
I had that kind of confidence that I was picked to click  
But if you could stand in my shoes you wouldn't feel so smart  
'Cause I'm A-1 on the jukebox and nowhere on the chart

My agent gives me spending cash, his pockets seem so deep  
I'd live just like a millionaire if it were mine to keep  
But money ain't the problem, no, it ain't the smallest part  
When you're A-1 on the jukebox and nowhere on the chart

A-1 on the jukebox, played in every bar  
A-1 on the jukebox, big Wurlitzer star  
I'm nowhere in the hit parade 'cause no one likes my art  
And I'm A-1 on the jukebox and nowhere on the chart

I spend a fortune on the trades, they take my every cent  
I see my name in black and white but words don't pay the rent  
I know that I could fill a room if only I could start  
But I'm A-1 on the jukebox and nowhere on the chart

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Lyrics submitted by Fred Silver.

Lyrics provided by

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