

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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