

# A Jukebox With A Country Song

Doug Stone

After three good years together we had our first big fight  
So she went to her mother's and I went for a ride  
Down an old familiar highway, just a few miles out of town  
To that rundown one-room tavern that used to be my stomping ground  
Well I pulled in the driveway, you know  
it all still looked the same  
And I couldn't wait to down a few and hear that jukebox ring  
Well as I walked into the doorway, oh there stood some kind of Matre D'  
Well he looked me up and he looked me down, said  
"May I help you please?", and I said "What'd you do with those swinging doors?  
Where's the sawdust, on the floor?  
Why's everybody wearing suits and ties?  
From where I stand I can't believe my eyes  
And who's idea was it to hang these furs?  
This brand new bar don't have a single burn  
I guess I'm somewhere that I don't belong  
I need a jukebox with a country song"  
Well I look back to the corner where the jukebox once stood proud  
Some fool was playing records, too fast, too long, and too loud  
And it must have been a big mistake to try to speak my mind  
So as they were asking me to leave I cried out one more time  
What'd you do with those swinging doors?  
Where's the sawdust, on the floor?  
Why's everybody wearing suits and ties?  
From where I stand I can't believe my eyes  
And who's idea was it to hang these furs?  
This brand new bar don't have a single burn  
I guess I'm somewhere that I don't belong  
I need a jukebox with a country song  
I guess I don't belong without a jukebox and a country song

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