# Jones On the Jukebox

## Becky Hobbs

There's a fool in the mirror looking back across the bar
Reflections of a woman who's world just fell apart
Now the life we built together and the golden rings are gone
And it's whiskey verses memories and it looks like the race is onI've got Jones on the jukebox and you on my mind
I'm slowly going crazy, a quarter at a time
He stopped loving her today, oh, but I'm still doing time
I've got Jones on the jukebox and you on my mindThe cowboys in the corner are making eyes at me
But I just want to be alone with your memory
Now the music's good and country and the whiskey's feeling right
You won't be back but George and Jack will help me through the nightI've got Jones on the jukebox and you on my mind
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