

# If Hell Had a Jukebox

Travis Tritt

You left me for a dream you had to follow  
But I thought, goodbye wouldn't last that long  
You'd go off chasin' rainbows till you realized that I loved you  
And then run back to my arms where you belong  
But months have passed, I guess, I was mistaken  
Love was somethin' I thought, I knew well  
But when you called me on the phone  
Askin' when you'd come back home  
You simply told me, "I could go to hell"  
Well honey, if hell had a jukebox  
And the Devil kept it full of hurting songs  
You could, find me there this evenin'  
With the broken hearted grievin'  
Prayin' like hell, you would come back home  
I've looked at all the pictures from our good times  
And tried to figure out where we went wrong  
And I've dropped a million quarters down the jukebox  
'Cause I'm still haunted by what used to be our song  
I wish this mental torture would release me  
Lord, I give all I had for what it's worth  
I don't see, how the fires below, where you wanted me to go  
Could be worse than hell, I'm livin' here on earth  
And honey, if hell had a jukebox  
And the Devil kept it full of hurting songs  
You could, find me there this evenin'  
With the broken hearted grievin'  
Prayin' like hell, you would come back home  
Don't come  
Yes honey, if hell had a jukebox  
And the Devil kept it full of hurting songs  
You could, find me there this evenin'  
With the brokenhearted grievin'  
Prayin' like hell you would come back home  
Yeah, you could, find me there this evenin'  
With the brokenhearted grievin'  
Prayin' like hell you would come back home

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