

Hey Mister, That's Me Up On the Jukebox

Judith Owen

Hey mister, that's me up on the jukebox. I'm the one that's singing this sad song.

Well, I'll cry every time that you slip in one more dime

and let the boy sing the sad song 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'll cry every time that you slip in one more dime

and let the boy sing the sad song 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've 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 done wasted too much time just to sing you this sad song.

I 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'll cry every time that you slip in one more dime

and let the boy sing the sad song one, one more time.

I've been spreading myself thin these days, don't you know? Goodbye.

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