

Bubba Shot the Jukebox

Mark Chesnutt

We were all down at Margie's bar
Telling stories if we had one
Someone fired the old jukebox up
The song it sure was a sad one A teardrop rolled down Bubba's nose
From the pain the song was inflicting
And all at once he jumped to his feet
Just like somebody kicked him Bubba shot the juke box last night
Said it played a sad song, it made him cry
Went to his truck and got a forty five
Bubba shot the juke box last night Bubba ain't never been accused
Of bein' mentally stable
So we did not draw an easy breathe
Until he laid that Colt on the table He hung his head till the cops showed up
They dragged him right out of Margie's
Told him, "Don't you play dumb with us, son
You know damn well what the charge is" Bubba shot the juke box last night
Said it played a sad song, it made him cry
Went to his truck and got a forty five
Well, he shot the juke box last night Well, the Sheriff arrived with his bathrobe on
The confrontation was a tense one
Shook his head and said, "Bubba Boy
You was always a dense one" "Reckless discharge of a gun"
That's what the officers are claimin'
Bubba hollered out, "Reckless, hell
I hit just where I was aiming" Bubba shot the juke box last night
Said it played a sad song, it made him cry
Went to his truck and got a forty five
Well, he shot the juke box, stopped it with one shot
Bubba shot the jukebox last night Well, he could not tell right from wrong
Through the tear drops in his eyes
Beyond a shadow of a doubt
It was a justifiable homicide Bubba shot the juke box, stopped it with one shot
Bubba shot the jukebox last night

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