

Hey Mister, That's Me Up on the Jukebox

James Taylor

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.

Songwriters

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