

# The First Mrs. Jones

## Porter Wagoner

Her real first name was Betty but I'd rather just forget it  
So I'll call her the First Mrs Jones  
We were married in September and it lasted till November  
Then one day she just took out on her own  
I followed her to Savannah New Orleans and then Atlanta  
Every day I begged her to come home  
Pretty soon I started drinking tryin' hard to keep from thinking  
Just how much I loved the First Mrs Jones  
It was cold and dark one morning just before the day was dawning  
When I staggered from a tavern to a phone  
When she picked up her receiver I said you're gonna come back or either  
They're gonna be calling you the Late Mrs Jones  
I put a pistol in my jacket stumbled out and hailed a taxi  
I told taxi driver to take me to her home  
I remember walkin' proudly everybody said I yelled out loudly  
Come on out or I'm gonna come in Mrs Jones  
Then next thing I recall was walking to the forest  
Lookin' for a place to hide her bones  
I dug and dug for hours and then I planted flowers  
Right on the top of the First Mrs Jones  
Did my little story scare you oh I can see cause I'm so near you  
Little beads of perspiration dot your clothes  
Aren't you sorry now that you left me  
Really now doesn't you want to come go with me  
After all you are the Second Mrs Jones

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