

Hey Mister, That's Me Up On The Jukebox

Linda Ronstadt

Hey mister, that's me up on the jukebox
I'm the one that's singing this sad song
Well, I'll cry everytime that you slip in one more dime
And let the boy sing the sad 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 everytime that you slip in one more dime
And let the boy sing the sad 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 everytime that you're up and slip in one more dime
And let the boy sing the sad one, one more time Well, I've been spreading myself thin these days
Don't you know
Good-bye

Songwriters

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