A Jukebox With a Country Song

Doug Stone

After three good years together we had our first big fight
So she went to her mother's and I went for a ride
Down an old familiar highway, just a few miles out of town
To that rundown one-room tavern that used to be my stomping groundWell I pulled in the driveway, you know it all still looked the same
And I couldn't wait to down a few and hear that jukebox ring
Well as I walked into the doorway, oh there stood some kind of Matre D'
Well he looked me up and he looked me down, said
"May I help you please?", and I said"What'd you do with those swinging doors?
Where's the sawdust, on the floor?
Why's everybody wearing suits and ties?
From where I stand I can't believe my eyesAnd who's idea was it to hang these furs?
This brand new bar don't have a single burn
I guess I'm somewhere that I don't belong
I need a jukebox with a country song"Well I look back to the corner where the jukebox once stood proud
Some fool was playing records, too fast, too long, and too loud
And it must have been a big mistake to try to speak my mind
So as they were asking me to leave I cried out one more timeWhat'd you do with those swinging doors?
Where's the sawdust, on the floor?
Why's everybody wearing suits and ties?
From where I stand I can't believe my eyesAnd who's idea was it to hang these furs?
This brand new bar don't have a single burn
I guess I'm somewhere that I don't belong
I need a jukebox with a country song
I guess I don't belong without a jukebox and a country song

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