

Chesnutt Mark, Bubba Shot The Jukebox

We were all down at Margie's bar tellin' 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 inflictin'
And all at once he jumped to his feet Just like somebody kicked him
Bubba shot the jukebox last night
Said it played a sad song that made him cry
Went to his truck and got a .45
Bubba shot the Jukebox last night
Bubba ain't never been accused of bein' mentally stable
So we did not draw an easy breath till he laid that colt on the table
He hung his head till the cops showed up, dragged him right outta Margie's
Told him don't you play dumb with us son you know damn well what the charge is
Bubba shot the jukebox last night
Said it played a sad song that made him cry
Went to his truck and got a .45
He shot the jukebox last night
When 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, enraged as hell "I hit just where I was aimin!"
Bubba shot the jukebox last night
Said it played a sad song that made him cry
Went to his truck and got a .45
He shot the jukebox, stopped it with one shot
Bubba shot the jukebox last night
Well he could not tell right from wrong through the teardrops in his eyes
Beyond the shadow of a doubt it was a justifiable homicide
Bubba shot the jukebox, stopped it with one shot
Bubba shot the jukebox last night