

# Doug Stone, A Jukebox With A Country Song

After three good years together  
We had our first big fight  
So she went to her mother's  
And I went for a drive

Down an old familiar highway  
Just a few miles out of town  
To that run down, one room tavern  
That used to be my stompin' ground

Well 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 strain

But as I walked in through the doorway  
Well there stood some kind of matra'd  
Well he looked me up and he looked me  
Down and said can I help you please

And I said what'd you do with those swingin' doors  
And where's the sawdust on the floor  
Why's everybody wearin' suits and ties  
From where I stand I can't believe my eyes

And who's idea was it to hang these ferns  
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 looked back to the corner  
Where the jukebox once stood proud  
Some clown was playing records  
Too fast, too long and too loud

And it must have been a big mistake  
To try and speak my mind  
So as they were asking me to leave  
I cried out one more time

What'd you do with those swingin' doors  
And where's the sawdust on the floor  
Why's everybody wearin' suits and ties  
From where I stand I can't believe my eyes

And who's idea was it to hang these ferns  
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...