

# Becky Hobbs, Jones On The Jukebox

There's a fool in the mirror looking back across the bar  
Reflections of a woman who's world just fell apart  
Now the life we built together and the golden rings are gone  
And it's whiskey verses memories and it looks like the race is on  
I've got Jones on the jukebox and you on my mind  
I'm slowly going crazy, a quarter at a time  
He stopped loving her today, oh, but I'm still doing time  
I've got Jones on the jukebox and you on my mind  
The cowboys in the corner are making eyes at me  
But I just want to be alone with your memory  
Now the music's good and country and the whiskey's feeling right  
You won't be back but George and Jack will help me through the night  
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