

Bill Anderson, First Mrs. Jones

(Bill Anderson)

(Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones)
Her real first name was Betty
But I'd rather just forget it
So I'll call her the first Mrs. Jones
We were married in September
And it lasted till November
When one day she just took out on her own.

I followed her to Savannah
Then Mobile and then Atlanta
Every day I begged her please come home
Pretty soon I started drinking
Tryin' hard to keep from thinking
Just how much I loved the first Mrs. Jones.

It was cold and dark one morning
Just before the day was dawning
When I staggered from a tavern to a phone
When she picked up her receiver
I said you're gonna come back or either
They're gonna be calling you the late Mrs. Jones.

I put a pistol in my jacket
Stumbled out and hailed a taxi
Told taxidriver to take me to her home
I remember walkin' proudly
And everybody said that I yelled out loudly
Come on out or I'm gonna come in Mrs. Jones.

Then next thing I recall
Was walking through the forest
Lookin' for a place to hide her bones
I dug and dug for hours
And then I planted flowers
Right on top of the first Mrs. Jones.

Did my little story scare you
I can see 'cause I'm so near you
Little beads of perspiration dot your clothes
Aren't you sorry now that you left me
Ha really now, don't you wanna come go with me
After all you are the second Mrs. Jones...