

Chesnutt Mark, Numbers On The Jukebox

Chesnutt Mark

Miscellaneous

Numbers On The Jukebox

I cannot recall how many times she said she'd never leave
Or the times she swore the only one for her was me
But the angel I was counting on has all but disappeared
And the only trace of her that's left I find each night in there

Chorus

Cause she's just numbers on the jukebox that I lean on
There's a little bit of her in every hurtin' song
I used to hate the thought of her 'til her memory I forget
Cause she's just numbers on the jukebox

B-11 takes me back to the first dance we shared
And A-14 reveals the truth she never cared
One by one they're telling all the stories of my past
And why the love I thought could never die lies here behind this glass

Repeat Chorus