

# Hank Williams Jr., Stoned At The Jukebox

Just as long as I can keep a lot a friends around me,  
Oh, it helps to keep a worried mind occupied.  
I do alright till dark of night surrounds me,  
Then I think of her and then I cry.

Lord, there's a cold heart gone and I'm stoned at the jukebox,  
Playin' I can't help it if I'm still in love with you.  
Cause that's the kind of songs it takes to get all this ole hurtin' out,  
Lord, I love that hurtin' music, cause I am hurtin', too.

Lord knows, I been runnin' up and down this ol' interstate 65,  
I loved in Nashville, Tennessee high falutin' woman I tried,  
Now I'm busted stone flat down in Springhill.  
I got nothin' but time and the bottles to kill,  
Well, I never thought I could ever feel like that.