# Joe Diffie, Bubba Shot The Jukebox

We were all down at Margie's Bar
Telling stories if we had one
Someone fired the ol' jukebox up
The song it sure was a sad one
Teardrop rolled down Bubba's nose
From the pain the song was inflicting
And all at once he jumped to his feet
Just like somebody kicked him

Bubba shot the jukebox last night
He said it played a sad song that made him cry
Went to his truck and got a 45
Bubba shot the jukebox last night

Bubba ain't never been accused of being mentally stable
So we did not draw an easy breath
Till he laid that colt on the table
He hung his head until the cops showed up
They dragged him right out of Margie's
They told him, "Don't you play dumb with us, son"
"You know damn well what the charge is."

(REPEAT CHORUS)

When the sheriff arrive with his bathrobe on
The confrontation was a tense one
Shook his head and said, "Bubba boy,"
"You was always was a dense one"
A wreckless discharge of a gun
That's what the officer's are claiming
Bubba hollered, "Wreckless! Hell!"
"I *HIT* just where I was aiming. "

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Well he could not tell right from wrong
Through the teardrops in his eyes
Beyond a shadow of a doubt
It was a justifiable homicide
Bubba shot the juke box stopped it with one shot
Bubba shot the jukebox last night