

Porter Wagoner, First 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
Then one day she just took out on her own
I followed her to Savannah New Orleans and then Atlanta
Every day I begged her to 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
I told taxidriver to take me to her home
I remember walkin' proudly everybody said I yelled out loudly
Come on out or I'm gonna come in Mrs Jones
Then next thing I recall was walking to the forest
Lookin' for a place to hide her bones
I dug and dug for hours and then I planted flowers
Right on the top of the First Mrs Jones
Did my little story scare you oh I can see cause I'm so near you
Little beads of persperation dot your clothes
Aren't you sorry now that you left me
Really now doesn't you wanna come go with me
After all you are the Second Mrs Jones