

Bubba Shot the Jukebox

Mark Chesnutt

We were all down at Margies bar
Tellin' stories if we had one
Someone fired the old jukebox up
The song it sure was a sad one
A teardrop rolled down Bubba's nose
From the pain the song was inflictin'
And all at once he jumped to his feet
Just like somebody kicked him Bubba shot the jukebox last night
Said it played a sad song, it made him cry
Went to his truck and got a 45
Bubba shot the jukebox last night
Bubba ain't never been accused
Of bein' mentally stable
So we did not draw an easy breath
Til he laid that Colt on the table
He hung his head
Til the cops showed up
He tried to ride outta Margies
They told him don't you play dumb with us son
You know damn well what the charge is Bubba shot the jukebox last night
Said it played a sad song, it made him cry
Went to his truck and got a 45
Well he shot the jukebox last night
When the sheriff arrived with his bathrobe on
The confrontation was a tense one
He shook his head and said Bubba boy
You was always a dense one
A reckless discharge of a gun
That's what the officers are claimin'
Bubba hollered out reckless hell
I hit just where I was aimin' Bubba shot the jukebox last night
Said it played a sad song, it made him cry
Went to his truck and got a 45
Well he shot the jukebox
Stopped it with one shot
Bubba shot the jukebox last night 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 jukebox
Stopped it with one shot
Bubba shot the jukebox last night

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