## Becky Hobbs, Jones On The Jukebox

There's a fool in the mirror looking back across the bar Reflections of a woman who's world just fell apart Now the life we built together and the golden rings are gone And it's whiskey verses memories and it looks like the race is on I've got Jones on the jukebox and you on my mind I'm slowly going crazy, a quarter at a time He stopped loving her today, oh, but I'm still doing time I've got Jones on the jukebox and you on my mind The cowboys in the corner are making eyes at me But I just want to be alone with your memory Now the music's good and country and the whiskey's feeling right You won't be back but George and Jack will help me through the night I've got Jones on the jukebox and you on my mind I'm slowly going crazy, a quarter at a time He stopped loving her today, oh, but I'm still doing time I've got Jones on the jukebox and you on my mind I've got Jones on the jukebox and you on my mind I'm slowly going crazy, a quarter at a time He stopped loving her today, oh, but I'm still doing time I've got Jones on the jukebox and you on my mind I've got Jones on the jukebox and you on my mind I'm slowly going crazy, a quarter at a time He stopped loving her today, oh, but I'm still doing time I've got Jones on the jukebox and you on my mind