## Olivia Newton-John, Please Mister Please

In the corner of the bar there stands a jukebox With the best of country music, old and new You can hear your five selections for a quarter And somebody else's songs when your's are through

I got good Kentucky whiskey on the counter And my friends around to help me ease the pain 'Til some button-pushing cowboy plays that love song And here I am just missing you again

Please, Mister, please, don't play B-17 It was our song, it was his song, but it's over Please, Mister, please, if you know what I mean I don't ever wanna hear that song again

If I had a dime for every time I held you Though you're far away, you've been so close to me I could swear I'd be the richest girl in Nashville Maybe even in the state of Tennessee

But I guess I'd better get myself together 'Cause when you left, you didn't leave too much behind Just a note that said "I'm sorry" by your picture And a song that's weighing heavy on my mind

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