

# Talking Jukebox

Dropkick Murphys

I'm just a jukebox standing in a joint  
I'm all lit up with pretty-colored lights  
I'm a bum, I'm a beggar for nickels and dimes  
But I'm your millionaire a thousand times

I watch you come in here, come through the door  
I watch you take a drink or three or four  
Then I wink at you with my electric eyes  
Carry you away to Paradise

I'm a two-, I'm a four-, I'm a 12-bar beater  
I'm partly honest, I'm partly a cheater  
There's a million human skulls in here fighting a war  
Now let me tell you what they're fighting for

To look at these old, steel lights and holes  
You might not think I got a soul  
But the workers that worked hard to bring me to life  
Want me to tell the secrets of your life

I'm a two-, I'm a four-, I'm a 12-bar beater  
I'm partly honest, I'm partly a cheater  
There's a million human skulls in here fighting a war  
Now let me tell you what they're fighting for

I got a waxy voice and a mechanical brain  
Look in these eyes. Am I insane?  
I haven't found my real voice yet  
But your stories and your history, I'll never forget

And I mean your personal history  
'Cause I know all about you  
I know every step you ever took  
Every book you never read  
Every hand you ever held  
Every kiss you ever stole  
Every job you ever lost  
Every single, solitary penny that you've cheated  
Who out of  
Who'd have ever believed that one of these days or nights  
You'd put a nickel in me and hear every single truth about yourself?

'Cause I'm a two-, I'm a four-, I'm a 12-bar beater  
I'm partly honest, I'm partly a cheater  
There's a million human skulls in here fighting a war  
Now let me tell you what we're fighting for

I'm a four-, I'm a six-, I'm a eight-bar hitter  
Feed me the nickels, I ain't no quitter  
There's a million human skulls in here fighting a war  
Now let me tell you what they're fighting for

For a better what? Better people?  
House, car, ship, plane, business?  
Maybe so