# Three Minutes At A Time

**Gene Watson**

With a pocket full of quarters and time on my hands
That old jukebox keeps calling my name
One day, it might break me, but I'll pay the price
For an evening with your memory again

Three minutes at a time, I get lost in each song
It's heartache in rhyme, but it helps me hang on
I drop a quarter in the jukebox and for a while, you're still m
ine
I'm getting by three minutes at a time

Old Joe in the corner sits there every night
He's heard my story, he knows every line
My misery's in good company as long as I'm here
In this barroom, the past comes alive

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