

Jukebox

Lucinda Williams

I've been sitting home every night
Staring out the window over the skyline
Across the sleepy city and the twinkling lights
Sometimes my idle mind hates what it finds

These days my world seems so small
I'm a prisoner inside these four walls
Going crazy with the sound of my own voice
Going crazy if I don't get out of this house

Thank God for my corner bar
So close I don't need a car
I think I'll wander down a couple of blocks
To get to my favorite jukebox

And then I won't be lonely
And then I won't be lonely anymore

They've got an old Wurlitzer, it's a work of art
And I've got a handful of quarters
And I know how to ease my lonely heart
With patsy cline and muddy waters

I'm always the last one left
Then I get the jukebox to myself
Last call always ends my night
That's when the bartender turns up the lights

Thank God for my corner bar
So close I don't need a car
I think I'll wander down a couple of blocks
To get to my favorite jukebox

And then I won't be lonely
And then I won't be lonely
And then I won't be so lonely anymore