

We're the Kind of People

Johnny Paycheck

Dim lights and the sweet wine a bartender named Joe
Same hurt on different faces everywhere I go
Sad songs tell the story and our lips just can't say
That's why we're the kind of people that make the jukebox play

So please sing about their hurt the bitter tears and lonely sorrow

Passion and pride and things that might have been
How a woman she once loved me then she took her love away
That's the kind of songs that console my kind each day
And we're the kind of people that make the jukebox play

I know it may sound crazy but this dime is my best friend
It controls that old jukebox when I go drop it in
That old song says everything a thousand words can't say
That's why we're the kind of people that make the jukebox play
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