

# Bubba Shot The Jukebox

Mark Chesnutt

We were all down at Margie's bar  
Telling stories if we had one  
Someone fired the old jukebox up  
The song sure was a sad one  
A teardrop rolled down Bubba's nose  
From the pain the song was inflicting  
And all at once he jumped to his feet  
Just like somebody kicked him

Bubba shot the juke box last night  
Said it played a sad song it made him cry  
Went to his truck and got a forty five  
Bubba shot the juke box last night

Bubba ain't never been accused of being mentality stable  
So we did not draw an easy breathe  
Until he laid that colt on the table  
He hung his head till the cops showed up  
They dragged him right out of Margie's  
Told him "Don't play dumb with us, son"  
"Know damn well what the charge is."

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Well, the sheriff arrived with his bathrobe on  
The confrontation was a tense one  
Shook his head said, "Bubba Boy,"  
"You was always a dense one."  
Reckless discharge of a gun  
That's what the officers are claiming  
Bubba hollered, "Reckless! Hell!"  
"I shot just where I was aiming."

Bubba shot the juke box last night  
Said it played a sad song it made him cry  
Went to his truck and got a forty five  
Bubba shot the juke box stopped it with one shot  
Bubba shot the jukebox last night  
Well he could not tell right from wrong  
Through the teardrops in his eyes  
Beyond a shadow of a doubt  
It was justifiable homicide  
Bubba shot the juke box stopped it with one shot  
Bubba shot the jukebox last night