

Feel Like a Jukebox (with the Record Scratched)

I sometimes think my luck should change 'cause I stand up here on stage
boot-heels tapping the rhythm of the sad and the sweet love songs I play
I sometimes wish my heart could ring clearer than the guitar string
'cause I'm not common' through 'cause I know when I go I'll be going home alone
again

and I feel like a jukebox with the record scratched
singing' th', singing' th' singing' the same damn lines
won't someone take me home
won't someone hold me warm
won't someone lie to me and whisper tonight they're mine

I always watch the lovely faces planted like seeds in the dark
and wonder which one will grow a flower of love to place in my heart
but I always catch the wilting of smiles the fading of interested eyes
as soon as I'm done with all of my songs and they turn the house-lights up bright

and I feel like a jukebox...

now I try to figure the reason why I get silence for a lullaby
and hands of the deepest darkness to hold me and rock me into the night
I try to whistle and believe a change comes like a wave to sweep me away
but the tide ebbs faster than the speed of sound and the moo begins to flicker and fade

and I feel like a jukebox...

Noah Zacharin