

# Sam Stone

Al Kooper

Sam stone came home to his wife and family  
After serving in the conflict overseas  
And the time that he served, had shattered all his nerves  
And left a little shrapnel in his knee  
But the morphine eased the pain  
And the grass grew round his brain  
And gave him all the confidence he lacked  
With a purple heart and a monkey on his back  
There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes  
Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose  
Little pitchers have big ears, don't stop to count the years  
Sweet songs never last too long on broken radios  
Sam stone's welcome home, didn't last too long  
He went to work when he'd spent his last dime  
And Sammy took to stealing when he got that empty feeling  
For a hundred dollar habit without overtime  
And the gold rolled through his veins  
Like a thousand railroad trains  
And eased his mind in the hours that he chose

While the kids ran around wearin' other peoples' clothes  
There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes  
Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose  
Little pitchers have big ears, don't stop to count the years  
Sweet songs never last too long on broken radios  
Sam stone was alone when he popped his last balloon  
Climbing walls while sitting in a chair  
Well, he played his last request while the room smelled just like death  
With an overdose hovering in the air  
But life had lost its fun  
And there was nothing to be done  
But trade his house that he bought on the G. I. Bill  
For a flag draped casket on a local heroes' hill  
There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes  
Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose  
Little pitchers have big ears, don't stop to count the years  
Sweet songs never last too long on broken radios

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