Riding With Private Malone

Thom Shepherd

I was just out of the service thumbing through the classifieds
When an ad that said:"Old Chevy" somehow caught my eye
The lady didn't know the year, or even if it ran
But I had that thousand dollars in my hand

It was way back in the corner of this old ramshackle barn
Thirty years of dust and dirt on that green army tarp
When I pulled the cover off, it took away my breath
What she'd called a Chevy was a sixty six Corvette

I felt a little guilty as I counted out the bills
But what a thrill I got when I sat behind the wheel
I opened up the glove box and that's when I found the note
The date was nineteen-sixty and this is what he wrote:

He said,"My name is Private Andrew Malone"
"If you're reading this, then I didn't make it home"
"But for every dream that's shattered, another one comes true"
"This car was once a dream of mine, now it belongs to you"
"And though you may take her and make her your own"
"You'll always be riding with Private Malone"

Well it didn't take me long at all, I had her running good
I love to hear those horses thunder, underneath her hood
I had her shining lika a diamond and I'd put the rag top down
All the pretty girls would stop and stare as I drove her though town

The buttons on the radio didn't seem to work quite right
But it picked up that oldie show, especially late at night
I'd get the feeling sometimes, if I turned real quick I'd see
A soldier riding shotgun in the seat right next to me

It was a young man named Private Andrew Malone
Who fought for his country and never made it home
But for every dream that's shattered, another one comes true
This car was once a dream of his, back when it was new
He told me to take her and make her my own
And I was proud to be riding with Private Malone

One night it was raining hard, I took the curve too fast

I still don't remember much about that fiery crash
Someone said they thought they saw a soldier pull me out
They didn't get his name but I without a doubt

It was a young man named Private Malone
Who fought for his country and never made it home
But for every dream that's shattered, another one comes true
This car was once a dream of his, back when it was new
I know I wouldn't be here if he hadn't tagged along
That night I was riding with Private Malone
Oh, thank God, I was riding with Private Malone

Lyrics submitted by Sarah Lall.

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