

Riding With Private Malone (Acoustic)

[**David Ball**](#)

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

With thirty years of dust and dirt on that green army tarp

When I pulled the cover off, it took away my breath

What she called a Chevy was a sixty six Corvette I felt a little guilty as I counted out the bills

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 six and this is what it wrote He said, "My name is Private Andrew Malone

And if you're reading this, then I didn't make it home

But for every dream that 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 like a diamond and I'd put the rag top down

All the pretty girls would stop and stare as I drove her through 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 know without a doubt 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

I know I wouldn't be here if he hadn't tagged along

Oh, thank God, I was riding with Private Malone

Songwriters

Thom Edward Shepherd; Wood Arnold Newton
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