The Ride

David Allan Coe

Well I was thumbin' from Montgomery had my guitar on my back
When a stranger stopped beside me in an antique Cadillac
Now he was dressed like 1950, half drunk and hollow-eyed
Said, "It's a long walk to Nashville, would you like a ride, son?"Well I sat down in the front seat and turned on the radio
And them sad old songs comin' out of them
Speakers was solid country gold
Then I noticed the stranger was
Ghost-white pale when he asked me for a light
And I knew there was something strange about this rideHe said, "Drifter can ya make folks cry when you play and sing?
Have you paid your dues, can you moan the blues?
Can you bend them, guitar strings?"
He said, "Boy can you make folks feel what you feel inside?
'Cause if you're big star bound let me warn ya, it's a long, hard ride"Then he cried just south of Nashville and he turned that car around
He said, "This is where you get off boy I'm goin' back to Alabam"
As I stepped out of that Cadillac I said, "Mr., many thanks"
He said, "You don't have to call me Mr., Mr.
The whole world called me HankHe said, "Drifter can ya make folks cry when you play and sing?
Have you paid your dues, can you moan the blues?
Can you bend them, guitar strings?"
He said, "Boy can you make folks feel what you feel inside?
'Cause if you're big star bound let me warn ya, it's a long, hard ride"He said, "Drifter can ya make folks cry when you play and sing?
Have you paid your dues, can you moan the blues?
Can you bend them, guitar strings?"
He said, "Boy can you make folks feel what you feel inside?
'Cause if you're big star bound let me warn ya, it's a long, hard ride"
If you're big star bound let me warn ya it's a long, hard ride

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/