

The Ride

Tim McGraw

I was stumblin' my way through Montgomery,
had my guitar on my back,
when a stranger pulled up beside me in an antique Cadillac.
Well, he was dressed like 1950, half drunk and hallow eyed
he said, "Its a long walk to Nashville, would you like a ride, son?"
Well I climbed up in the front seat, and he turned on the radio
and them sad old songs comin' outta 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 somethin' strange about this ride.[CHORUS:]
He said, "Drifter, can you make folks cry when you play and sang?
Have you paid your dues? Can you put on the blues?
Can you bend them guitar strangs?"
He said, "Boy, can you make folks feel what you feel inside?
'cause if your big-star-bound let me warn you its a long hard ride."
Well, he cried just south of Nashville, and he turned that car around.
He said: [spoken] "This is where you get off, boy,
'cause I'm going back to Alabam'."
Well, I climbed out of that Cadillac and I said, "Mister, many thanks."
He said, "You don't have to call me 'mister', mister...
the whole world calls me Hank." [Repeat Chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>