Stoney

Jerry Jeff Walker

I first ran into Stoney
It was a bar downtown
Was Richmond, Virginia
We were bumming aroundSuitcase to suitcase
We started him talking
Finding out about the things we've shared
In the miles we've beenHe had a gray pillowcase
Full of books by Durrell
And he had this old concertina
All beat up and she played like hellUntil you got him started
Singing those gospel songs,
Well, he drank all night for nothing
He told his stories till dawnAnd he said, "Come on, get your bag, boy
Sun's up now and it's time to roll
Hell, you know there ain't no better time
Than early in the morning to be out walking down that roadJust feeling another day beginning
While some fools just rushing on by
We'll be like some Mr. Independence
We're taking our own sweet timeWe walked on out that highway
Under a clear blue sky
I's listening to the tales he told
Drinking warm red wine'Bout the night he rolled seven
'Bout some girl he'd done wrong
'Bout everything he could think of
While we walked alongYeah, ol' Stoney had a magic
Made him hard to forget
Like the night we flew down the highway
(His old pickup, it nearly wrecked)Was a crazy woman driving
All drunked up and carrying on
Till Stoney finally calmed her
Singing those Gospel songsWell, we split the road at Norwood
And he just shook my hand
He said, "I'll see you some place, friend
But you know he never has"But we were that free then
Just walking down the road
Never really caring
Where that highway goesYeah, Stoney was a liar
(A bullshitter)
Ain't no doubt about it

It was just the way he told things
And you never want to doubt him'Cause he kept you going
When the road got rough
And brought you through the lean times
By making it upHey, did I ever tell you
The time I married my cousin up in Las Vegas?
Yeah, Stoney
Tell it again, will you?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/