The Ride

Hank Williams, Jr.

Well I was thumbin' from Montgomery
Had my guitar on my back.
When a stranger stopped beside
Me in an antique Cadillac.
He was dressed like nineteen fifty,
Half drunk and hollow eyed.
He said it's a long walk to Nashville, son would you like a ride?I sat down in the front seat, he turned on the radio.
And them sad old songs coming 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 ride.[Chorus]
He said "Drifter can you 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'r 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,
Because I'm going back to Alabam.
As I stepped out of that Cadillac,
I said mister many thanks,
He said "you don't have to call me mister, mister,
The whole world called me hank.[Chorus: x2]If you're big star bound let me warn ya,
It's a long hard ride.

Songwriters
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