Sam Stone

John Prine

Sam stone came home to his wife and family
After serving in the conflict overseas
And the time that he served, had shattered all his nerves
And left a little shrapnel in his kneeBut the morphine eased the pain
And the grass grew round his brain
And gave him all the confidence he lacked
With a purple heart and a monkey on his backThere's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes
Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose
Little pitchers have big ears, don't stop to count the years
Sweet songs never last too long on broken radiosSam stone's welcome home, didn't last too long
He went to work when he'd spent his last dime
And Sammy took to stealing when he got that empty feeling
For a hundred dollar habit without overtimeAnd the gold rolled through his veins
Like a thousand railroad trains
And eased his mind in the hours that he chose
While the kids ran around wearin' other peoples' clothesThere's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes
Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose
Little pitchers have big ears, don't stop to count the years
Sweet songs never last too long on broken radiosSam stone was alone when he popped his last balloon
Climbing walls while sitting in a chair
Well, he played his last request while the room smelled just like death
With an overdose hovering in the airBut life had lost its fun
And there was nothing to be done
But trade his house that he bought on the G. I. Bill
For a flag draped casket on a local heroes' hillThere's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes
Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose
Little pitchers have big ears, don't stop to count the years
Sweet songs never last too long on broken radios

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