

The Ride (Re-Recorded)

David Allan Coe

I was thumbing from Montgomery
I had my guitar on my back
When a stranger stopped beside me in an antique Cadillac
He was dress like 1950
Half drunk and hollow eyed
He said its a long walk to Nashville would you like a ride son Well I sat down in the front seat
He turned on the radio
And them sad old songs coming outta them speakers was solid country gold
Then I noticed the stranger was ghost white pale
When I asked him 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 your big star bound let me warn you it's a long hard ride Well 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
And as I stepped outta that Cadillac
I said mister many thanks
He said you don't have to call me mister mister
The whole world calls me Hank

Songwriters

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