

# The Ride

David Allan Coe

Well, I was thumbin' from Montgomery  
I had my guitar on my back  
When a stranger stopped beside me in an antique Cadillac  
Well he was dressed like 1950  
Half drunk and hollow-eyed  
He said "Its a long walk to Nashville  
Would you like a ride, son?"  
And well I sat down in the front seat, he turned on the radio  
Them sad old songs comin' out of them speakers was solid country gold  
And 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  
He said "Drifter can ya 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're big star bound let me warn ya, its 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,  
Cause I'm goin' 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 Hankx2If you're big star bound  
Let me warn ya its a long, hard ride  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>