

## **Coe David Allan**

### **"Ride"**

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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 1950 - half drunk and hollow-eyed.

He said, "It's a long walk to Nashville. Would you like a  
ride, son?"

I sat down in the front seat. He turned on the radio,

And them sad old songs comin' 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.

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're big-star bound, let me warn you 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, '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 'Hank'!"

He said, "Drifter, can you make folks cry when you play and sing?

Have you paid your dues?

Can you m-o-o-oan 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 you it's a long, hard ride."

He said, " Drifter, can you make folks cry when you play and sing?

Have you paid your dues?

Can you m-o-o-oan 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 you it's a long, hard ride."

If you're big-star bound, let me warn you it's a long, hard ride.

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