

David Allen Coe

"The Ghost Of Hank Williams"

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I was thumbin' back from Montgomery
with a guitar on my back
When a stranger pulled up beside me in an antique
Cadillac.
Well, he was dressed like 1950, half drunk and hallow
eyed
Its a long walk to Nashville, would you like a ride, son.
He sat down in the front seat, and turned on the radio
and them sad old songs comin' outta them speakers
was solid country gold.
Then I noticed the stranger was ghost white pale when
he asked me for a light.
And knew there was somethin' strange about this ride.

CHORUS:

He said: Mister can you make folks cry when you play
and sang.
Can you pay your dues, can you moan the blues
Can you bend them guitar strangs.
He said: Boy, can you make folks feel what you feel
inside,
Cause if your big star bound let me warn you its a long
hard ride.

Well, he cried just south of Nashville, and he turned
that car around.
he said: (spoken) this is where you get off, boy
cause I'm going back to Alabam'.
I stepped out of that ole Cadillac and I said Mister,
many thanks.
he said you don't have to call me mister, Mister.
The whole world calls me Hank.

Repeat Chorus

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