

# John Prine "Sam Stone"

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Sam Stone by Al Kooper  
Sam Stone came home,  
To his wife and family  
After serving in the conflict overseas.  
And in the time that he had served,  
It had shattered all his nerves,  
And it left a little shrapnel in his knee.  
Oh, but the morphine eased the pain,  
And the grass grew round his brain,  
And it gave him all the comfort as he lacked,  
With a purple heart and a monkey on his back.

Chorus:

There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money  
goes,  
Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose.  
Little pitchers have big ears,  
But don't you stop to count the years,  
Sweet songs never last too long on broken radios.  
Mmm....

Sam Stone's welcome home  
Didn't last too long.  
No he went to work after he spent his last dime  
And Sammy took to stealing  
When he getÂ' that empty feeling  
For a hundred dollar habit without overtime.  
And the cold rolled through his veins  
Like a thousand railroad trains,  
And it eased his mind in the hours that it shows,  
While his kids ran around wearin' other peoples'  
clothes...

Repeat chorus:

Sam Stone was alone  
When he broke his gas balloon  
Climbing walls while he sat there in a chair  
Well, he played his last request  
While the room stonk just like death  
With an overdose just hoverinÂ' in the air  
But life had lost it's fun

And there was nothing to be done  
But to trade his house that he bought on the GI-bill  
For what, a flag draped casket on a local heroes' hill

Repeat chorus

Sam Stone, ah  
Sam Stone

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