

Laura Cantrell "Sam Stone"

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Sam Stone came home
To his wife and family
After serving in the conflict overseas

And the time that he served
Had shattered all his nerves
And left a little shrapnel in his knee

But the morphine eased the pain
And the grass grew 'round his brain
And gave him all the confidence he lacked
With a Purple Heart and a monkey on his back

There's a hole in daddy's arm
Where all the money goes
Jesus Christ died for nothing I suppose

Little pitchers have big ears
Don't stop to count the years
Sweet songs never last too long
On broken radios

Sam Stone's welcome home
Didn't last too long
He went to work, he'd spent his last dime

And Sammy took to stealing
When he got that empty feeling
For a hundred dollar habit, without overtime

And the gold rolled through his veins
Like a thousand railroad trains
Eased his mind in the hours that he chose
While the kids ran around wearing other
People's clothes

There's a hole in daddy's arm
Where all the money goes
Jesus Christ died for nothing I suppose

Little pitchers have big ears
Don't stop to count the years

Sweet songs never last too long
On broken radios

Sam Stone was alone
When he popped his last balloon
Climbing walls while sitting in a chair

Well, he played his last request
While the room smelled just like death
With an overdose hovering in the air

But life had lost it's fun
And there was nothing to be done
Trade his house that he bought on the GI Bill
For a flag draped casket on a local heroes hill

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Jesus Christ died for nothing I suppose

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