

## David Allan 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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