

**David Alan Coe****"The ride"**

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I was thumbin' from montgomery  
Had my guitar on my back  
When a stranger stopped beside me in an antique  
Cadillac  
Well he was dressed like 1950  
Half drunk and hollow-eyed  
Said "Its a long walk to Nashville  
Would you like a ride, son?"  
Well I sat down in the front seat and turned on the  
radio  
Them said old songs comin' out of them speakers was  
solid country gold  
And 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

(Chorus)

He said "Drifter can ya 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 ya, its a  
long, hard ride"

Well he cried just south of Nashville  
And he turned that car around  
He said "This is where you get off boy,  
I'm goin' back to Alabam"  
As I stepped out of that Cadillac  
I said "Mr., many thanks"  
He said "You don't have to call me Mr., Mr.,  
The whole world called me Hank

Chorus

If you're big star bound  
Let me warn ya its a long, hard ride

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