

The Ride

DevilDriver

Well I was thumbing from Montgomery
Had my guitar on my back
When a stranger stopped beside me in an antique Cadillac
He was dressed like 1950, half drunk and hollow-eyed
Said, "It's a long walk to Nashville, would you like a ride, son?"

Well I sat down in the front seat and turned on the radio
And them sad old songs coming out of them speakers was solid country gold
Then 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

He said
"Drifter can you 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
It's a long, hard ride"

Then 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, "Mister, many thanks"
He said, "You don't have to call me Mister, Mister
The whole world called me Hank

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