

Stoney

Todd Snider

I first ran into Stoney, it was a bar downtown
Was up Richmond, Virginia, just bumming around
Suitcase to suitcase, we started him talking
Finding out about the things we've shared in the miles we've be
en

He had a gray pillowcase full of books by Durrell
Played some old concertina, all beat up and she played like hel
l
Until you got him started singing Gospel songs
He drank all night for nothing, he told his stories till dawn

He said: 'Come on, get your bag, boy! Sun's up now and it's tim
e to roll'
'You know there ain't no better time than early in the morning
to be out walking down that road'
'Just feeling another day beginning while some fools just rushi
ng on by'
'We'll be like some Mr. Independence, we're taking our own swee
t time'

So we walked on out that highway under a clear blue sky
I's listening to the tales he told, drinking warm red wine
'Bout the night he rolled seven, about some girl he'd done wron
g
All the things he could think of while we walked along

Yeah, ol' Stoney had a magic, made him hard to forget
Like the night we flew down the highway (his old pickup, it nea
rly wrecked!)
A crazy woman driving, all drunked up and carrying on
Till Stoney finally calmed her singing those Gospel songs

We split the road at Norwood, he just shook my hand
He said: 'I'll see you some place, friend, but you know he neve
r has'
But we were that free then, just walking down the road
Never really caring where that old highway goes

Yeah, Stoney was a liar (a bullshitter!) ain't no doubt about i
t
It was just the way he told things, you never want to doubt him
He kept you going when the road got rough
And brought you through the lean times just by making it up, ju
st by making it up