

The Ride

William Michael Morgan

Well, I was thumbin' 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, he turned on the radio
And them sad old songs comin' 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 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?
If you're big star bound let me warn ya, it's a long, hard ride
"

Then he cried just south of Nashville
As 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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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?
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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"
Said, if you're big star bound let me warn ya, it's a long, har

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It's a long, hard ride