

Tim McGraw, The Ride

I was thumbin' my way from Montgomery
had my 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
Said: 'It's a long walk to Nashville, would you like a ride, son'.
Well, I climbed up in the front seat, and he 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: Drifter can you make folks cry when you play and sang.
Have you paid 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'.
Well, I climbed out of that Cadillac and I said Mister, many thanks.
he said you don't have to call me mister, Mister.
The whole world calls me Hank.

[Chorus]