

# Sam Stone

John Prine

Sam Stone came home,  
To his wife and family  
After serving in the conflict overseas.  
And the time that he served,  
Had shattered all his nerves,  
And left a little shrapnel in his knee.  
But the morphine eased the pain,  
And the grass grew round his brain,  
And gave him all the confidence he lacked,  
With a Purple Heart and a monkey on his back.

There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes,  
Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose.  
Little pitchers have big ears,  
Don't stop to count the years,  
Sweet songs never last too long on broken radios.  
Mmm....

Sam Stone's welcome home  
Didn't last too long.  
He went to work when he'd spent his last dime  
And Sammy took to stealing  
When he got that empty feeling  
For a hundred dollar habit without overtime.  
And the gold rolled through his veins  
Like a thousand railroad trains,  
And eased his mind in the hours that he chose,  
While the kids ran around wearin' other peoples' clothes...

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Sam Stone was alone  
When he popped his last balloon  
Climbing walls while sitting in a chair  
Well, he played his last request  
While the room smelled just like death  
With an overdose hovering in the air  
But life had lost its fun  
And there was nothing to be done  
But trade his house that he bought on the G. I. Bill  
For a flag draped casket on a local heroes' hill.

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