

Hank Williams

Ry Cooder

You been over at the jukebox, mister, all this afternoon
Playing Hank Williams records for a dime
Well, I may be just a cat to you, but I know that heartbreak tune
And I'm proud to say Hank Williams was a real good friend of mine

I never asked for money or his autograph, you see
'Cause I don't need too much to get along
I just liked to sit there with him and keep him company
Who says cats can't understand a real good country song?

You think you know the man inside your little radio
All the trials and heartaches he's been through
To you he's just a country star, to me he's just a friend
No you don't know Hank Williams like I do

Some nights we'll go out riding in his great big car
With the little radio that's built right in
I'd sit up front there with him and his old guitar
And listen while the DJ played "Your Cheatin' Heart" again

"Well, Buddy, you know there's something strange about trying to live a life of fame, you see
It's supposed to make me happy, all it does is worry me
Nobody else seems to understand the things that I go through
Only time I feel peaceful is when I'm riding round with you

You've heard it on the radio, Hank has passed away
In the back seat of that Cadillac, it's true
To you he's just a legend now, to me he's still a friend
No, you don't know Hank Williams like I do