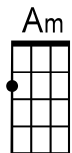
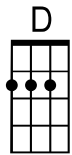
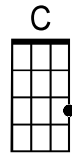
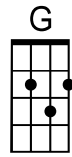


**Sam Stone**  
**John Prine**

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



**Chorus:**

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

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

**Repeat Chorus:**

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

**Repeat Chorus**