

Sam Stone

John Prine

D G
Sam Stone came home, to his wife and family,
A G D
after serving in the conflict overseas.

G
And the time that he served, had shattered all his nerves,
A G D
and left a little shrapnel in his knee.

Bm
But the morphine eased the pain,
A
and the grass grew round his brain,
E7 A
and gave him all the confidence he lacked;
E E7 A
with a Purple Heart and a monkey on his back.

D g
There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes,
A G D
and Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose.

D Bm
Little pitchers have big ears, don't stop to count the years,
E7 E A Asus4 D
sweet songs never last too long on broken radios. Mmm....

D G
Sam Stone's welcome home, didn't last too long,
A G D
he went to work when he'd spent his last dime

G
And Sammy took to stealing, when he got that empty feeling,
A G D
for a hundred dollar habit without overtime.

Bm
And the gold rolled through his veins,
G
like a thousand railroad trains,
E7 A
and eased his mind in the hours that he chose;
E E7 A
while the kids ran around wearin' other peoples' clothes...

(Chorus)

Sam Stone

John Prine

 D G
Sam Stone was alone, when he popped his last balloon,
A G D
climbing walls while sitting in a chair

Well, he played his last request,
 G
while the room smelled just like death,
 A G D
with an overdose hovering in the air

 Bm G
But life had lost its fun, and there was nothing to be done,
E7 A
but trade his house that he bought on the G, I. Bill;
 E E7 A
for a flag draped casket on a local heroes' hill

 D G
There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes,
 A G D
and Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose.

 D
Little pitchers have big ears,
 Bm
don't stop to count the years,
 E7 E A Asus4 D
sweet songs never last too long on broken radios. Mmm....

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^E Sam Stone came home, to his wife and family,
^B after serving in the conflict overseas.

^A And the time that he served, had shattered all his nerves,
^B and left a little shrapnel in his knee.

^{Bm} But the morphine eased the pain,
^A and the grass grew round his brain,
^{E7} and gave him all the confidence he lacked;
^E with a Purple Heart and a monkey on his back.

^E There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes,
^B and Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose.
^E Little pitchers have big ears, don't stop to count the years,
^{E7} sweet songs never last too long on broken radios. Mmm....

^E Sam Stone's welcome home, didn't last too long,
^B he went to work when he'd spent his last dime
^A And Sammy took to stealing, when he got that empty feeling,
^B for a hundred dollar habit without overtime.
^{Bm} And the gold rolled through his veins,
^A like a thousand railroad trains,
^{E7} and eased his mind in the hours that he chose;
^E while the kids ran around wearin' other peoples' clothes...

(Chorus)

Sam Stone

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E **A**
Sam Stone was alone, when he popped his last balloon,
B **A** **E**
climbing walls while sitting in a chair

Well, he played his last request,
A
while the room smelled just like death,
B **A** **E**
with an overdose hovering in the air

Bm **A**
But life had lost its fun, and there was nothing to be done,
E7 **B**
but trade his house that he bought on the G, I. Bill;
E **E7** **B**
for a flag draped casket on a local heroes' hill

E **A**
There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes,
B **A** **E**
and Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose.

E
Little pitchers have big ears,
Bm
don't stop to count the years,
E7 **E** **B** **Bsus4** **E**
sweet songs never last too long on broken radios. Mmm....