

Sam Stone

John Prine

Key of D

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

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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

There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes,
and 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....

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Key of E

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

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

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

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

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

(Chorus)

Sam Stone

John Prine

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

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

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

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

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