

Sam Stone - John Prine

Sam ^D*Stone* came home, To the ^G*wife* and family,
 After ^A*Serving* in the conflict over ^D*Seas*.
 And the ^D*Time* that he served,
 Had ^G*Shattered* all his nerves,
 And ^A*Left* a little shrapnel in his ^D*Knees*.
 But the ^{Bm}*Morphine* eased the pain,
 And the ^G*Grass* grew round his brain,
 And ^E*Gave* him all the ^{E'}*Confidence* he ^Alacked ^{A'},
 With a ^E*Purple* heart and a ^{E'}*Monkey* on his ^ABack ^{A'},

Chorus:

^DThere's a ^{Em}Hole in daddy's arm where all the Money goes,
^GJesus ^AChrist died for nothin I suppose.
^DLittle ^{Bm}Pitchers have big ears, don't Stop to count the years,
^ESweet ^{E'}songs never Last ^Gtoo long on ^ABroken ^{A'}Radios. ^DHm m m Mm
 (D G D A')

Sam Stone's welcome home, didn't Last to long, He Went to work when he'd spent his last Dime. And Soon he took to stealing, when he Got that empty feeling, For a Hundred dollar habit without over Time. And the Gold roared 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 ,	D G A D D G A D Bm G E e A a E e A a
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 it's fun, There was Nothing to be done, But Trade his house that he Bought on the GI Bill , For a Flag-draped casket on a Local hero's Hill ,	D G A D D G A D Bm G E e A a E e A a

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1 4
 Sam *Stone* came home, To the *wife* and family,
 5 1
 After *Serving* in the conflict over *Seas*.
 1
 And the *Time* that he served,
 4
 Had *Shattered* all his nerves,
 5 1
 And *Left* a little shrapnel in his *Knees*.
 6m
 But the *Morphine* eased the pain,
 4
 And the *Grass* grew round his brain,
 2 2' 5 5'
 And *Gave* him all the *Confidence* he lacked ,
 2 2' 5 5'
 with a *Purple* heart and a *Monkey* on his Back ,

Chorus:

1 2m
 There's a *Hole* in daddy's arm where all the *Money* goes,
 4 5
 Jesus *Christ* died for nothin I suppose.
 1 6m
 Little *Pitchers* have big ears, don't *Stop* to count the years,
 2 2' 4 5 5' 1
 Sweet songs never Last too long on Broken Radios. Hm m m Mm
 (1 4 1 5')

Sam Stone's welcome home, didn't Last to long,	1 4
He Went to work when he'd spent his last Dime.	5 1
And Soon he took to stealing,	1
when he Got that empty feeling,	4
For a Hundred dollar habit without over Time.	5 1
And the Gold roared through his veins,	6m
Like a Thousand railroad trains,	4
And Eased his mind in the Hours that he Chose ,	2 2 5 5
while the Kids ran around wearin' Other peoples Clothes ,	2 2 5 5
Sam Stone was alone, when he Popped his last balloon,	1 4
Climbing walls while sitting in a Chair.	5 1
well, he Played his last request,	1
while the Room smelled just like death,	4
with an Overdose hovering in the Air.	5 1
But Life had lost it's fun,	6m
There was Nothing to be done,	4
But Trade his house that he Bought on the GI Bill ,	2 2 5 5
For a Flag-draped casket on a Local hero's Hill ,	2 2 5 5