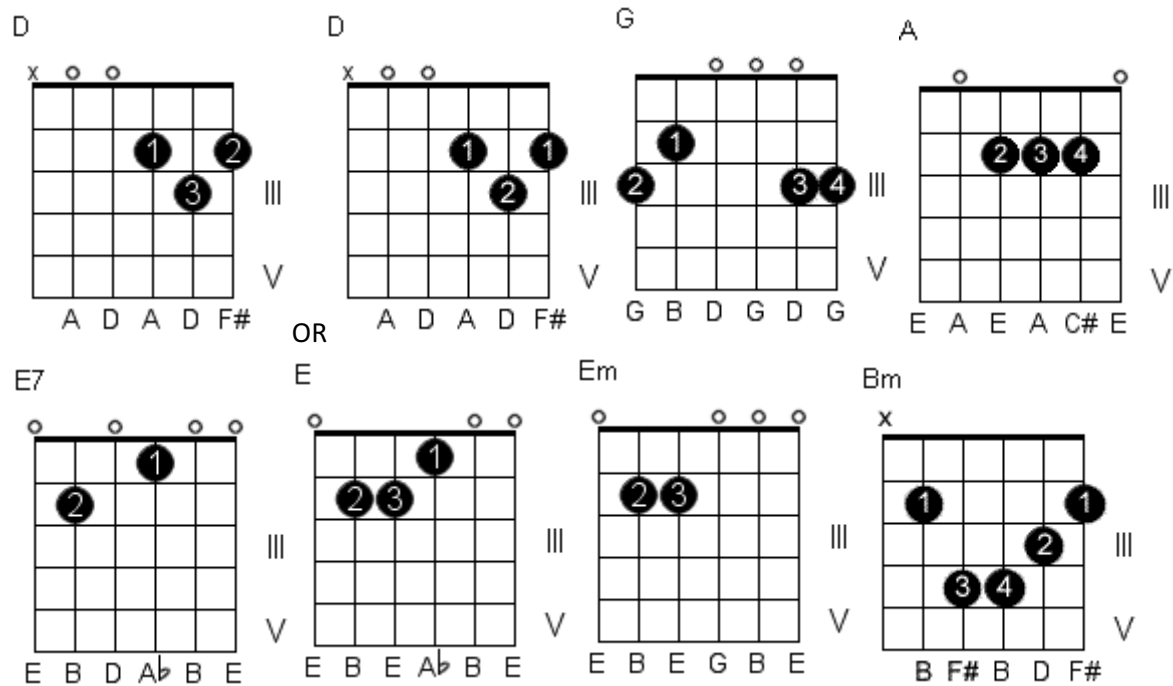


## Sam Stone – John Prine

Fingerstyle Pattern: Use your thumb for the low melody, 1<sup>st</sup> finger for the mid melody, and 2<sup>nd</sup> finger for the high melody.

Chords Used:



Capo 3

D  
 Sam Stone came home,  
 G  
 to his wife and family,  
 A D  
 after serving in the conflict overseas.  
 (D)  
 And the time that he served,  
 G  
 had shattered all his nerves,  
 A D  
 and left a little shrapnel in his knee.  
 G  
 But the morphine eased the pain,  
 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                                  Em  
There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes,  
          G                                  A  
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  
sweet songs never last too long on broken radios.

          D  
Sam Stone's welcome home,  
          G  
didn't last too long,  
          A                                  D  
he went to work when he'd spent his last dime  
          (D)  
And Sammy took to stealing,  
          G  
when he got that empty feeling,  
          A                                  D  
for a hundred dollar habit without overtime.  
          G  
And the gold rolled through his veins,  
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...

          D                                  Em  
There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes,  
          G                                  A  
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  
sweet songs never last too long on broken radios.

          D  
Sam Stone was alone,  
          G  
when he popped his last balloon,  
          A                                  D  
Climbing walls while sitting in a chair  
          (D)  
Well, he played his last request,  
          G  
while the room smelled just like death,  
          A                                  D  
with an overdose hovering in the air  
          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                                  Em  
There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes,  
          G                                  A  
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                  D  
sweet songs never last too long on broken radios. Oh...