

Sam Stone – John Prine

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

Chords Used:

The image displays seven guitar chord diagrams with fingerings and capo positions:

- D:** Capo 3, fret 3. Fingering: 1 (4th), 2 (5th), 3 (3rd). Chord: A D A D F#.
- D (OR):** Capo 3, fret 3. Fingering: 1 (4th), 1 (5th), 2 (3rd). Chord: A D A D F#.
- G:** Capo 3, fret 3. Fingering: 1 (4th), 2 (2nd), 3 (5th), 4 (6th). Chord: G B D G D G.
- A:** Capo 3, fret 3. Fingering: 2 (4th), 3 (5th), 4 (6th). Chord: E A E A C# E.
- E7:** Capo 3, fret 3. Fingering: 1 (4th), 2 (2nd). Chord: E B D A♭ B E.
- E:** Capo 3, fret 3. Fingering: 1 (4th), 2 (2nd), 3 (3rd). Chord: E B E A♭ B E.
- Em:** Capo 3, fret 3. Fingering: 2 (2nd), 3 (3rd). Chord: E B E G B E.
- Bm:** Capo 3, fret 3. Fingering: 1 (4th), 1 (6th), 2 (5th), 3 (2nd), 4 (3rd). Chord: B F# B D F#.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

