

The Hitch-Hiker

Tom T. Hall

I don't know why it is every time I take a trip
It's always raining somewhere down the line
This particular night was in Prestonsburg, Kentucky
I stopped to give a country boy a ride

I saw him running toward the car, he carried an old suitcase
A cigarette was dangling from his lips
He threw the suitcase in the back and as he got inside
He said, I'm sorry, but I'm awful wet.

I said, where are you headed, kid? and he said, to Louisville
Said he had an uncle there who ran a store
Said his daddy died three weeks ago and they didn't own the place
And they said he couldn't live there anymore

He said his education was that he could read and write
He quit school the time his dad got hurt
Ain't much goes on in Prestonsburg, and he was seventeen
And he had to go some place to find some work

He talked about the girl whose father had a lot of money
He said he'd send and get her if he could
His daddy taught him all there was about tobacco-farmin'
And he said he played the banjer pretty good

We stopped to get a sandwich and the waitress brought a menu
And I noticed that he read the prices first
He ordered him a hot dog with a lot of table ketchup
And water seemed to satisfy his thirst

Well, it took awhile but I insisted that I pay the ticket
Excused myself and went out to the car
He came out, got in the car and handed me a quarter
And he said, you left this layin' on the bar.

I dropped him off in Lexington and drove down to bowling green
And I thought, boy you'll never make it without help
And then I got to thinkin' about the days when I was younger
And I started out the same darn way myself

Well, I don't know why it is every time I take a trip
It's always raining somewhere down the line...