

David Ball, Riding With Private Malone

I was just out of the service
Thumbin' through the classifieds
When an ad that said "Old Chevy"
Somehow caught my eye
The lady didn't know the year
Or even if it ran
But I had that thousand dollars in my hand
It was way back in the corner of this old ramshackle barn
With thirty years of dust and dirt on that green army tarp
And when I pulled the cover off
It took away my breath
What she called a Chevy
Was a sixty-six Corvette
And I felt a little guilty as I counted out the bills
But what a thrill I got
When I sat behind the wheel
I opened up the glovebox
And that's when I found the note
The date was 1966 and this is what he wrote

He said "my name is Private Andrew Malone
And if you're readin' this, then I didn't make it home
But for every dream that's shattered
Another one comes true
This car was once a dream of mine
Now it belongs to you
Though you may take her and make her your own
You'll always be riding with Private Malone"

Well it didn't take me long at all
I had her runnin' good
I loved to hear those horses thunder underneath her hood
I had her shinin' like a diamond and I put the rag top down
All the pretty girls would stop and stare as I drove her through town
The buttons on the radio didn't seem to work quite right
But it picked up that Oldie's Show
Especially late at night
sometimes I get the feelin' if I turned real quick I'd see
A soldier ridin' shotgun
In the seat right next to me

He was a young man named Private Andrew Malone
Who fought for his country and never made it home
But for every dream that's shattered
Another one comes true
This car was once a dream of his back when it was new
He told me to take her and make her my own
And I was proud to be riding with Private Malone

One night it was rainin' hard
I took the curve too fast
There's not much I remember about that fiery crash
But someone said they thought they saw a soldier pull me out
They didn't get his name
But I know without a doubt

It was a young man named Private Andrew Malone
Who fought for his country and never made it home
But for every dream that's shattered
Another one comes true
This car was once a dream of his back when it was new
And I know I wouldn't be here if he hadn't tagged along
Oh thank God I was riding with Private Malone