

# Tom T. Hall, The Hitch-hiker

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...