Daddy Played the Banjo

Big Al Downing

Daddy played the banjo 'neath the yellow tree
It rang across the backyard, an old time melody
I loved to hear the music, I was only five
I listened as his fingers made the banjo come aliveSometimes I wake up at night and hear a distant tune
The banjo would echo 'round my childhood moon
I'd sneak down the backstairs, daddy never knew
And grab a broom and make believe I was pickin' tunesOne day daddy put my fingers down upon the strings
He picked it with his other hand, we made the banjo ring
Now the music takes me back across the yellow days
To the summers with my dad and the tunes he playedWell, I'm just tellin' lies about the things I did
See, I'm that banjo player who never had a kid
Now I sit beneath that yellow tree
Hopin' that a kid somewhere is listening to meDaddy played the banjo 'neath the yellow tree
It rang across the backyard and wove a spell on me
Now the banjo takes me back through the foggy haze
Where memories of what never was become the good old daysDaddy played the banjo

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