

Daddy Played The Banjo

Steve Martin

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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 alive. Sometimes I'd wake up at night, and hear a distant tune,
The banjo would echo, 'round my childhood room,
I'd sneak down the back stairs, Daddy never knew.
I'd grab a broom and make believe, I was pickin', too.

--Chorus--

One day Daddy put my fingers down upon his fist,
He picked it with his other hand, we made the banjo ring; Now the music takes me back, cross the yellow day,
Soon the summer's with my Dad, and the tunes he made.

--Break--

But I'm just tellin' lies 'bout 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 me. Daddy 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,
With memories of what never was, become the good old days.

Songwriters

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