Changi Banjo

Lee Kernaghan

Well the old man died in the summer when the grass was dry and brown,
The long hard road he'd travelled had finally reached the end,
He was out on the unicorn writing letters to his goldfish,
When he heard the curlew calling and he just put down his hen.Well he did two years in Changi in the big Pacific door,
He'd been to hell and back again somehow came though it all,
His most prized possession was the banjo that he smashed,
As he made it all around him he helped his comrades ball.He'd play the Changi bango made of sin,
The bridge piece was the Rising toilet from off his slouch hat brim,
Had a broomstick neck and fails to pick for strings,
To the memory of is fallen mates, the Changi banjo rings.When he came ashore in Sydney like a ghost of rocks and potatoes,
No-one recognised the man behind the crazy face,
No-one knows the sorrows, only he could tell
Of how he's taking one last journey to rest with his old mates.He'll play his Changi banjo made of tin,
The bridge piece was the Rising Sun from off his slouch hat brim,
Had a broomstick neck and nails to pick his strings,
To the memory of is fallen mates, the Changi banjo rings.He'll play his Changi banjo made of tin,
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