

Darrell Scott "The Hummingbird"

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A farmboy from Kentucky Hills
Learned to play guitar for his backpoarch thrills
Lean a ladderback chair on a windowsill
And look out at the stars
He must have got it up in Michigan
He and his brothers were pickin then
When he moved to Gary he took it with him
That Gibson Hummingbird guitar

Oh how that guitar would ring
Dad would close his eyes and sing
Silver Haired Daddy would always bring a tear to his
eyes

I was all of five years old
My brother Don and a kid down the road
We just did what we was told to get outside and play
Someone wrapped it in a coat
And we took it to the swamp just to see if it'd float

But a Hummingbird is not a boat
And it sank straight away

When he got home that's when he heard
What we'd done to that Hummingbird
And he looked at me and never said a word
Just went out back to see

And there it was in all it's mess
With the cattails and the redwing nests
And there he laid it down to rest for all eternity

One of these days you know what I'll do
Get a Hummingbird guitar and a brother or two
Underneath a Kentucky moon, give him back his
childhood dream
It won't make up for thirty-two years
And it won't dry up a swamp of tears
But it's better than a case of beer and a fifth of Jim
Beam

