

Old Man Luedecke

"Banjo Underground"

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Banjo Underground by Old Man Luedecke
Rattling through a prison of introspection

From the smallest cell can spread the whole infection

For I'm not one to push it all aside

I am one to hurt and to hide

I read the book of Psalms by David

I sometimes feel exactly the way that he did

I am no man I am a worm he cried

If I said it brought me comfort I'd have lied

Here are notes from the banjo underground

Here is the worm behind the sound

When I find my little light you know I'll let it shine

Mostly a question of Time

And it's nobody's fault but mine

When I'm happy I don't prepare for other times

I've worried holes in my heart that will not mend

Wish I didn't hurt my friends

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