

Steve Martin "Daddy Played the Banjo"

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G

Daddy played the banjo, Â'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 IÂ'd wake up at night, and hear a distant
tune,

The banjo would echo, Â'round my childhood room,

IÂ'd sneak down the back stairs, Daddy never knew.

IÂ'd grab a broom and make believe, I was pickinÂ',
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 summerÂ's with my Dad, and the tunes he
made.

--Break--

But IÂ'm just tellinÂ' lyes Â'bout the things I did,

See IÂ'm that banjo player who never had a kid,

Now, I sit, beneath that yellow tree,

HopinÂ' that a kid somewhere, is listening to me.

Daddy played the banjo, Â'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.

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