

# Daddy Played the Banjo

[Steve Martin](#)

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. 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. But I'm just tellin' lyes '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.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>