Me and my old banjo - - Tradicionály

Well the sun came up bright and clear I headed for the fishing hole
Just in case the fish don't bite I brought along my old banjo

Bluegrass playin' on the radio I sure do love that sound
I come here to fish but I changed my mind too much movin' around

The sun's so hot and I'm so tired I just can't do no more
Under the shade of the old oak tree me and my old banjo

I could try my hand at Soldier's Joy or maybe Cripple Creek
But listen to that Earl's Breakdown that makes my fingers weak

Now the sun's goin' down it's a getting dark guess I'd better go
But we'll come back to the old oak tree me and my old banjo