

# Banjo Moon

Greg Brown

There was someone that I used to know  
she was a personal friend of mine  
we were lovers long ago  
back in the traveling times  
and I happened to pass through her town  
I thought I'd call her on the phone  
so we could talk about what we'd found  
she said, hey, please just leave me alone

Oh, and I  
I don't know  
everywhere I go  
sorrow is as thin as an electric mandolin  
and the moon is as round as a banjo

I guess he took it pretty hard  
he just kept drinking all through the night  
we walked along by the old church yard  
in the bloodshot morning light  
He said, "I was always afraid she'd go away  
I've been expecting it for years"  
and as I looked at the cold blue bay  
it looked like my friend's eyes all full of tears

Oh, and I  
I don't know  
everywhere I go  
sorrow is as thin as an electric mandolin  
and the moon is as round as a banjo

Oh, grandmother has seen such grief  
that when she laughs we all go crazy  
she says that it is her belief  
that us youngsters get too lazy  
we give up on love so fast  
and we scatter out so wide and so far  
we dream of no future and we love no past  
grandma don't know where all her great grandchildren are

Oh, and I  
I don't know  
everywhere I go  
sorrow is as thin as an electric mandolin  
and the moon is as round as a banjo

There's so many of my friends  
and I bet there's some of yours too  
who find themselves at such loose ends  
all grown up and nothing to do  
just trying to make a little dough  
and help eachother through the dark  
I hope they find a way to go  
I pray they will not lose their spark

Oh, and I  
I don't know  
everywhere I go

sorrow is as thin as an electric mandolin  
and the moon is as round as a banjo

I'd like to meet you someplace  
besides a tavern or a station  
where we could look at eachother's face  
in a little better situation  
we could have some supper and a talk  
play that music that we love  
and we could take a country walk  
under the holy stars above

Oh, and I  
I don't know  
everywhere I go  
sorrow is as thin as an electric mandolin  
and the moon is as round as a banjo