

## Changi Banjo

Lee Kernaghan

Well the old man died in the summer when the grass was dry and brown,  
The long hard road he'd travelled had finally reached the end,  
He was out on the veranda writing letters to his daughters,  
When he heard the curlew calling and he just put down his pen.

Well he did two years in Changi in the big Pacific War,  
He'd been to hell and back again somehow came though it all,  
His most prized possession was the banjo that he made,  
As he built it all around him he watched his comrades fall.

He'd play the Changi bango made of tin,  
The bridge piece was the Rising Sun from off his slouch hat brim,  
Had a broomstick neck and nails to pick his strings,  
To the memory of is fallen mates, the Changi banjo rings.

When he came ashore in Sydney like a ghost of skin and bones,  
No-one recognised the man behind the haunted face,  
No-one knows the sorrows, only he could tell  
Of how he's taking one last journey to rest with his old mates.

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