

CC GG | CC GG | CC FF | CC GC

Put on your banjo, blow on your harp,
Pick on your guitar, til it gets dark
Then sing me a sad song, sing me the blues
Sing me a Hank song, til the clock strikes two

CC CC | GG GC | CC CC | GG GC

Now my toes get to tapping my body it moves
The gamblers lamenting all the money they're bound to lose
The bull frogs are croaking under that floor
Now I'm dancing on a Sunday til the clock strikes four

CC GG | CC GG | CC FF | CC GC

They ladies keep on spinning, the men start to twirl
And I'm singing on a Sunday, like I'm old Merle
I got no plans to leave, I'll be here all night
Hanging on to this barstool, til we see sunlight

CC CC | GG GC | CC CC | GG GC

I told my favorite joke, not a single person laughed
Now I'm hulled up in the corner like old news that's past
Packing up my guitar, about to hit the bricks
One patron turn to me said man it's only six

CC GG | CC GG | CC FF | CC GC

Put on your banjo, blow on your harp,
Pick on your guitar, til it gets dark
Then sing me a sad song, sing me the blues
Sing me a Hank song, til the night is through