

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 and my body it moves
The gamblers lamenting all the money they're 'bout to lose
The bullfrogs are croaking underneath that floor
I'm hanging on to this barstool 'til clock strikes four
(We'll dance 'til our feet fall off or the clock strikes four)

CC GG | CC GG | CC FF | CC GC

They ladies kept on spinning, the men they get to twirl
I'm singing on a Sunday, like I'm old Merle
I got no plans to leave, think I'll be here all night
I'm dancing on a Sunday, like it's Friday night

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
A patron turned to me said "buddy, 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