

BANJO (BENNETT/YOUNG)

My banjo screams for a high drunken life-but I'll have to check it out with my wife

It's better than the edge of a knife-my banjo screams for a high drunken life

High lonely bittersweet grin of grief

Went to Mexico to become a thief

Senorita says "it's under the leaf"

She's glistening under the sun-you've got to believe

Well I went out to Cali to check out the scene

L.A. was too much glitter and gleam

wound up in a small town a honkey-tonk bar

they were singing and carryin' on-that's all that matters to me

well I went to Colorado a rocky mountain high

heard on the news kind-bud was legalized

would you believe I bought it in a store

hit the road and called "I'm comin' home" about a quarter to nine

pink little pills lined up in a row

got my foot and the gas and it's thirty below

there's ghosts on the road all the way back home

stay in and lock the doors disconnect the phone