

# The Hummingbird

Darrell Scott

A farmboy from Kentucky Hills  
Learned to play guitar for his backpoarch thrills  
Lean a ladderback chair on a windowsill  
And look out at the stars  
He must have got it up in Michigan  
He and his brothers were pickin then  
When he moved to Gary he took it with him  
That Gibson Hummingbird guitar

Oh how that guitar would ring  
Dad would close his eyes and sing  
Silver Haired Daddy would always bring a tear to his eyes

I was all of five years old  
My brother Don and a kid down the road  
We just did what we was told to get outside and play  
Someone wrapped it in a coat  
And we took it to the swamp just to see if it'd float  
But a Hummingbird is not a boat  
And it sank straight away

When he got home that's when he heard  
What we'd done to that Hummingbird  
And he looked at me and never said a word  
Just went out back to see

And there it was in all it's mess  
With the cattails and the redwing nests  
And there he laid it down to rest for all eternity

One of these days you know what I'll do  
Get a Hummingbird guitar and a brother or two  
Underneath a Kentucky moon, give him back his childhood dream  
It won't make up for thirty-two years  
And it won't dry up a swamp of tears  
But it's better than a case of beer and a fifth of Jim Beam