There was someone that I used to know she was a personal friend of mine we were lovers long ago back in the traveling times and I happened to pass through her town I thought I'd call her on the phone so we could talk about what we'd found she said, hey, please just leave me alone

Oh, and I
I don't know
everywhere I go
sorrow is as thin as an electric mandolin
and the moon is as round as a banjo

I guess he took it pretty hard
he just kept drinking all through the night
we walked along by the old church yard
in the bloodshot morning light
He said, "I was always afraid she'd go away
I've been expecting it for years"
and as I looked at the cold blue bay
it looked like my friend's eyes all full of tears

Oh, and I
I don't know
everywhere I go
sorrow is as thin as an electric mandolin
and the moon is as round as a banjo

Oh, grandmother has seen such grief
that when she laughs we all go crazy
she says that it is her belief
that us youngsters get too lazy
we give up on love so fast
and we scatter out so wide and so far
we dream of no future and we love no past
grandma don't know where all her great grandchildren are

Oh, and I
I don't know
everywhere I go
sorrow is as thin as an electric mandolin
and the moon is as round as a banjo

There's so many of my friends and I bet there's some of yours too who find themselves at such loose ends all grown up and nothing to do just trying to make a little dough and help eachother through the dark I hope they find a way to go
I pray they will not lose their spark

Oh, and I I don't know everywhere I go sorrow is as thin as an electric mandolin and the moon is as round as a banjo

I'd like to meet you someplace besides a tavern or a station where we could look at eachother's face in a little better situation we could have some supper and a talk play that music that we love and we could take a country walk under the holy stars above

Oh, and I
I don't know
everywhere I go
sorrow is as thin as an electric mandolin
and the moon is as round as a banjo