

Chorus

Verse

never heard a banjo, his attention captured
quietly moving forward to hear the music
swell
memory flashed his mother, back when he
was mortal
Slim Jim looked across as the Devil's tear fell

Devil started raging, his anger shook the
woodland
fire from his mouth, smoke rose up above
mortal – angel – fallen, the Devil three in one
but

Slim Jim told the Devil 'you know you cannot
harm me
as all your deeds recorded, you're secret's safe
don't fear
but angel's cannot lie, even if they're fallen
you come this way again, I'll ask about your
tear'

The Devil snatched the banjo, cast it in the
woodland
rosewood and walnut pieces scattered all
around
but a Devil's tear is healing, just same as any
angel
so all the pieces rooted as soon they hit the
ground

Down amongst the woodland, proud standing
Rosewood
as quite as a teardrop, within a Walnut Grove
where Slim Jim makes his banjos, and can be
seen strumming
this banjo's from those trees, is what Slim Jim
told

This is the sound of a Slim Jim Walnut Rose
over the years so many stories been told
This is the truth and certain is no lie
this banjo's from the wood, that made the
Devil cry

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