

Ship of Gold

Clutch

Tin shacks and catfish bones
been 'bout all I ever known
The junebugs rattle and roll
around the old maypole
Thunder and lightning
I said the catfish are biting
I took a riverboat downstream
I think you know what I mean
The chicken hawks, they are gathering
Above my head, they are circling
Old friends coming out visiting
say, "Hi," talk about collecting
Stray dogs won't come near me
Was blind, now I see clearly
Believe I'm fixing to die
When you're living in the country it's "why, oh why?"
Whoa, I'm sorry that I left my home
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa, I'm sorry that I left my home
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh
Look over yonder there
on the farther shore
On the farther shore
look over yonder there
I see a ship of gold
I see a ship of gold
Beyond that mountain there
I see a Citty-on-the-Hille
Its gates are open wide
I hear the ringing bells
Look over yonder there
on toward the burying ground
Poor boy is all afire
Poor boy is dead and gone
Whoa, Poor boy is dead and gone
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa
One of these days the Ship of Gold
will carry me to my reward
Out of this world it will take me
to hear the horns of Jubilee
Pig fat and old pork rinds
ain't enough to keep a man alive
The bullfrog sleeps all day

Come night he has his say
Believe I'm fixing to die
Believe I'll take my rest
Believe I'm fixing to die
Believe I'll take my rest Whoa, I'm sorry that I left my home.
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa, I'm sorry that I left my home.
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh

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