

Ship of Gold

Clutch

Tin Shacks And Catfish Bones
Have Been About All I've Ever Known.
The Junebugs Rattle And Roll
Around The Old Maypole.

Thunder And Lightning,
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 Come Out Visiting,
Say, "Hi," And 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?"

Oh, I'm Sorry That I Left My Home.
Oh. Oh. Oh.
Oh, I'm Sorry That I Left My Home.

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-Hill.
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.

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.

Oh, I'm Sorry That I Left My Home.
Oh. Oh. Oh.
Oh, I'm Sorry That I Left My Home.
Oh. Oh. Oh.