

Clutch "Ship Of Gold"

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Tin shacks and catfish bones
Been about all I've ever known
The Junebugs rattle and roll
Around the old maypole

Thunder and lightning
Oh, see 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" 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
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 city 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

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

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