

Flatt And Scruggs

"Roust-A-Bout"

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The fog is rollin' down the river
Dark clouds hangin' mighty low
Well it's a long, long way
From ol' St Louis to the Gulf of Mexico

Well, I make my home on the Mississippi
I'm roust-a-bout on the Seaboard line
We hit the deck on a Monday morning
But we make the ducks on a Saturday night

Well, I had me a girl way down in Vickburg
I used to stop every time I passed
Till she made off with a riverboat gambler with a new
[unverified]

Well, I make my home [unverified]

Now when I die, I've got one favor
Don't lay me down in the cold, cold ground
Just take me out to the middle of the river
And roll me over and point me south

Well, I make my home [unverified]

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