

Gerry Boulet

"Steamboat Row"

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My daddy was a miner, said there was nothing finer
Than an Irish man who worked an honest day
From Steamboat Row, in rain or shine, he'd make his
way down to the mine
Along the dusty road he'd travel
Fifteen miles to get there, fifteen miles to go
Fifteen miles back home again, home to Steamboat
Row.

He used to tell about the time he got hurt down in the
mine
He said he'd never go back down again
But in his heart he knew he would, he did the only thing
he could
Kept on walkin' down that road
Fifteen miles to get there, fifteen miles to go
Fifteen miles back home again, home to Steamboat
Row.

But when he took to drinkin' we knew that he was
thinkin'
That his days were quickly coming to an end
He'd only speak of Steamboat Row, he said someday
we ought to go
And walk along that dusty road
Fifteen miles to get there, fifteen miles to go
Fifteen miles back home again, home to Steamboat
Row.

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