

# Clutch, Ship Of Gold

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 City-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