

# Gerry Rafferty, Steamboat Row

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.