

# Ship of Gold

## Clutch

Tin shacks and catfish bones  
Been about all I've ever known  
The Junebugs rattle and roll  
Around the old maypoleThunder and lightning  
Oh, see the catfish are biting  
I took a riverboat downstream  
I think you know what I meanThe chicken hawks, they are gathering  
Above my head, they are circling  
Old friends coming out visiting  
Say, "Hi" and talk about collectingStray 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, ohLook over yonder there  
On the farther shore  
On the farther shoreLook over yonder there  
I see a ship of gold  
I see a ship of goldBeyond that mountain there  
I see a city on the hill  
Its gates are open wide  
I hear the ringing bellsLook over yonder there  
On toward the burying ground  
Poor boy is all afire  
Poor boy is dead and gone  
Poor boy is dead and goneOne 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 JubileePig fat and old pork rinds  
Ain't enough to keep a man alive  
The bullfrog sleeps all day  
Come night, he has his sayBelieve I'm fixing to die  
Believe I'll take my rest  
Believe I'm fixing to die  
Believe I'll take my restOh, 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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