

# Ship of Gold (West Virginia)

## Clutch

Tin shacks and catfish bones  
Have been about all I've 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," and 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?" Oh, I'm sorry that I left my home. 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 Citty-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. 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.Oh, I'm sorry that I left my home.

Songwriters  
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