

# Muddy Shore

[Michael Beauchamp](#)

I'm going down to the muddy shore,  
equipped with bloody money  
I'm going to make a deal down there,  
so don't come near there, honey Well, my rival I do aim to kill  
and make it nice for you dear  
Well, my rival I do aim to kill,  
'cause you're all I have in this world Steer... clear...  
of that damn shore  
Please... dear...  
It'll break your mind, to find what you'll find The killer lives in a cold woodshed  
and drinks away his money  
I've been savin' for two years  
to have a little baby... I whisper to you in your sleep  
and pray the Lord forgive me  
I know it's better this way,  
so we can be happy... Steer... clear...  
of that damn shore  
Please... dear...  
It'll break your mind to find what you'll find

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