Steamboat Row

Stealers Wheel

My daddy was a miner, said there was nothing finer
Than an Irishman 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.

Songwriters
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