

Stono River Blues

Shovels & Rope

I moor my boat on the old Stono
That river take you anywhere
That you wanna go Sail on the Ashley or the Edisto
But don't get caught in the mud
When the tide gets low There's so much rivers
Where I live down south
The ocean pours outta
The river's mouth And the fish don't care
If they're fresh or brine
When they're frying in that cast iron
Skillet of mine I moor my boat in the old Stono
That river take you anywhere
That you wanna go Sail on the Ashley or the Edisto
But don't get caught in the mud
When the tide gets low I gotta sister on Wadmaw
She floats all day in the Ledenwah
One day she left the chickens in charge
And floated off to Heaven on a party barge I moor my boat in the old Stono
That river take you anywhere
That you wanna go Sail on the Ashley or the Edisto
But don't get caught in the mud
When the tide gets low The mayor borrowed
All of the money he need
To put in a bridge
With deliberate speed Then they cut down the oaks
With a tip of his hat
And God will never
Forgive him for that Jasmine grown wild,
High in the trees
Smells like Heaven
But it grows like a weed You don't need much
To be happy,
The boat cost money
But the shrimp is free Rebellion runs in the blood
Round here
Runs in the water and earth
Down here It was a conflagration
That first caught fire
On the the 9th of 9, 1739 I moor my boat in the old Stono

That river take you anywhere
That you wanna go Sail in the Ashley or the Edisto
But don't get caught in the mud
When the tide gets low

Songwriters

MICHAEL TRENT ROBINSON, CARY ANN HEARST Published by
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