Way Down in Shawneetown

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(Dillon Bustin)

Some rows up, we float down
Way down the Ohio to Shawneetown

Haul on the beach oar, she moves to slow
Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio

There's corn in crib, boys, grain in the sack
Float on down to New Orleans & bushwack her back

I've got a gal in Louisville, a wife in New Orleans
When I get to Shawneetown I'll see my Indian Queen

The water is cold boys, the air is thick & dank
The fog it's so god damned thick I cannot see the bank

I got down Sandy & Caroline Paton as a source.

BF
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