

Hard on the beach oar (Shawneetown)

Traditional

And it's hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow
Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio

**And it's hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow
Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio**

Some rows up, but we floats down
Way down the Ohio to Shawnee Town

Whisky's in the jug, boys; wheat's in the sack
We'll run em' down to Shawneetown and bring the rock salt back

Now the current's got her boys, take in some slack
And run on down to Shawneetown and bushwhack her back

Got a wife in Louisville, and one in New Orleans
And when I get to Shawnee Town I'm gonna see my Indian
Queen

The weather's mighty warm boys, the water's dark and dank
And the fog's so goddam thick you cannot see the bank

Yes some rows up, but we floats down
Way down the Ohio to Shawnee Town