

Dead Horse Shanty

A poor old man came riding by
And we say so, and we know so
Oh, a poor old man came riding by
Oh, poor old man

Says, "Hi, old man, your horse will die"
And we say so, and we know so
And if he dies, we'll tan his hide
Oh, poor old man

And if he don't, I'll ride him again
And we say so, and we know so
And I'll ride him until the Lord knows when
Oh, poor old man

He is dead as a nail in the lamp room door
And we say so, and we know so
And he won't come worrying us no more
Oh, poor old man

We'll use the hair of his tail to sew our sails
And we say so, and we know so
And the iron of his shoes to make deck nails
Old poor old man

Drop him down with a long long rope
And we say so, and we hope so
Where the sharks will have his body, and the devil takes his
soul
Oh, poor old man