

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Ginseng Sullivan

About three miles from the Bateau of York
From the river's curve or down
Not far south of the town des pauls
Sullivan's shack was found
Back on the higher ground
You could see him everyday
Walking down the line
With an old bound shack across his back
And his long hair down behind
Speaking his worried mind

It's a long way to the delta
From the Nnorth Georgia hills
And a tug shack full of ginseng
Won't pay no travelling bills
And I'm too old to ride the rail
Or thumb the road alone
Well I guess I'll never make it back to home
My muddy water Mississippi delta home

Now the winter's here and it gets so cold
Damping make me ill
That you can't dig no roots by the mountain side
Cause the ground froze hard and still
You gatta wait at the foot of the hill
But next summer things will pay high
I'll make enough money to pay my bills
And dig there mountain, good-bye
Then he said with a sigh

* Refrain

