

The Kingston Trio, Mark Twain

My granddad used to tell me, "Boy, when I was just your age, I was a river pilot on a showboat. I'd hobnob with them southern belles and ev'ry roustabout. I'd listen to them paddle wheels and hear

Chorus:

Mark Twain, it's two fathoms deep below. Mark Twain, heave the gang plank. Start the show.
Mark Twain, play those banjos as we go down the Mississippi, 'round the Gulf of Mexico.

There were gamblers, crooks and fakers and a minstrel man who'd dance. A singin' gal, Simone La
It was a floatin' palace, boy, that showboat called The Stage, and granddad was the king of it when

(Chorus)

The calliope is quiet now. The rudder's thick with rust. The main deck and the paddle wheels are cold.
But granddad's in his glory, still standin' on the bow. A halo 'round his pilot's cap and I can hear him

(Chorus)