Tecumseh Valley

Nanci Griffith

The name she gave was Caroline
Daughter of a miner
And her ways were free and it seemed to me
The sunshine walked beside herShe came to Spencer, across the hill
She said her pa had sent her
'Cause the coal was low and soon the snow
Would turn the skies to winterShe said she's come to look for work
She was not seeking favors
For a dime a day and a place to stay
She'd turn those hands to laborBut the times were hard Lord, and the jobs were few
All through Tecumseh Valley
But she asked around and a job she found
Tending bar at Gypsy Sally'sShe saved enough to get back home
When spring replaced the winter
But her dreams were denied, her pa had died
The word come down from SpencerSo she turned a whorin' out on the streets
With all the lust inside her
And it was many a man returned again
To lay himself beside herThey found her down beneath the stairs
That led to Gypsy Sally's
In her hand when she died was a note that cried
Fare thee well, Tecumseh ValleyThe name she gave was Caroline
Daughter of a miner
And her ways were free and it seemed to me
The sunshine walked beside her

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