

# 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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