

# Tecumseh Valley

Steve Earle

The name she gave was Caroline  
The daughter of a miner  
And her ways were free and it seemed to me  
The sunshine walked beside herShe comes from 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'd come to look for work  
She was not seekin' favors  
For a dime a day and a place to stay  
Oh, she'd turn 'em hands to laborAh, but times were hard, jobs were few  
All through Tecumseh Valley  
But she asked around and a job she found  
Tendin' bar for Gypsy SallyShe saved enough to get back home  
When the spring replaced the winter  
But her dreams were denied, her pa had died  
The word had come down from SpencerShe took to whorin' out on the streets  
With all the lust inside her  
Many a man returned again  
Just to lay himself beside herThey found her down beneath the stairs  
That lead to Gypsy Sally's  
In her hand when she died was a note that cried  
Fare thee well, Tecumseh Valley

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