

The Deadwood Stage (Whip Crack Away)

[Doris Day](#)

Oh the Deadwood Stage is a-rollin' on over the plains
With the curtains flappin' and the driver slappin' the reins
A beautiful sky, a wonderful day
Whip crack-away, whip crack-away, whip crack-away Oh the Deadwood Stage is a-headin' on over the hills
Where the Injun arrows are thicker than porcupine quills
Dangerous land, no time to delay
So whip crack-away, whip crack-away, whip crack-away We're headin' straight for town, loaded down
With a fancy cargo, care of Wells and Fargo, Illinois - Boy! Oh the Deadwood Stage is a-comin' on over the crest
Like a homin' pigeon that's a-hankerin' after its nest
Twenty-three miles we've covered today
So whip crack-away, whip crack-away, whip crack-away The wheels go turnin' round, homeward bound
Can't you hear 'em hummin'
Happy times are comin' for to stay - hey! We'll be home tonight by the light of the silvery moon
And my heart's a-thumpin' like a mandolin a-plunkin' a tune
When I get home, I'm fixin' to stay
So whip crack-away, whip crack-away, whip crack-away
Whip crack-away, whip crack-away, whip crack-away... Introducin' Henry Miller, just as busy as a fizzy
sarsparilla
Ain't a showman and he's smarter, operates the Golden Garter
Where the cream of Deadwood City come to dine
And I'm glad to say he's a very good friend of mine Hi Joe, say where d'you get them fancy clothes
I know, off some fella's laundry line
Hi Beau, aren't you the Prairie Rose
Smellin' like a watermelon vine Here's the man the Sheriff watches
On his gun there's more than twenty-seven notches
On the draw there's no-one faster and you're flirtin' wit

Songwriters

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