

Rapid City, South Dakota

Kinky Friedman

Just a ragged kid in overalls, he thumbed a ride one day
He told me, Anywhere youre going is on my way
But as we passed by Big Als drive-in his eyes began to flash
He was leavin Rapid City mighty fast He said, I hope to God she finds
The goodbye letter that I wrote her
But the mail dont move so fast
In Rapid City, South Dakota Now, he left her just a blanket of snow upon the farm
And that dont keep your conscience very warm
He said his friends were too darn country and his pa was too damn mean
And there werent no money pumpin gasoline And her gentle eyes, the merchandise
Of dreams the peddler sold her
Who left her there alone
In Rapid City, South Dakota The reason he was goin, I aint sure I could say
Might have been the rodeo in Santa Fe
Theres a doctor in Chicago, I know shell be all right
He told himself as he stared into the night He said, I hope to God she finds
The goodbye letter that I wrote her
But the mail dont move so fast
In Rapid City, South Dakota And all her people treatin her
Just like they never knowed her
And the winters passin slow
In Rapid City, South Dakota

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