Nanci Griffith, Tecumseh Valley

The name she gave was Caroline Daughter of a miner And her ways were free It seemed to me The sunshine walked beside her She came to Spencer Across the hill She said he Pa had sent her 'Cause the coal was low And soon the snow Would turn the skies to winter She said she's come To look for work She was not seeking favors And for a dime a day And a place to stay She'd turn those hands to labor But the times were hard Lord The jobs were few All through Tecumseh Valley But she asked around And a job she found Tending bar at Gypsy Sally's She 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 Spencer So 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 her They 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 Valley

Repeat first verse