

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