

# Nanci Griffith, Deadwood, South Dakota

Well, the good times scratched a laugh  
from the lungs of the young men  
In a Deadwood saloon, South Dakota afternoon  
And the old ones by the door  
with their heads on their chests,  
they told lies about whiskey on a womans breath

Yes, and some tell the story of young Mickey Free  
Who lost an eye to a buck deer in the Tongue River Valley  
Oh and some tell the story of California Joe  
Who sent word through the Black Hills  
there was a mountain of gold

And the gold she lay cold in their pockets  
And the sun she sets down on the trees  
And they thank the Lord  
for the land that they live in  
Where the white man does as he pleases

Some flat-shoed fool from the East comes a-runnin'  
With some news that he'd read in some St. Joseph paper  
And it was "Drinks all around" cause the news he was tellin'  
was the one they called Crazy  
has been caught and been dealt with

And the Easterner he read the news from the paper  
And the old ones moved closer so's they could hear better  
"Well it says here that Crazy Horse  
was killed while trying to escape,  
and that was some time last September,  
it don't give the exact date"

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Then the talk turned back to whiskey and women  
And cold nights on the plains, Lord  
and fightin' them indians  
And the Easterner he says he'll have one more  
'fore he goes  
He gives the paper to the Crow boy  
who sweeps up the floor

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Where the white man does as he pleases  
Where the white man does as he pleases  
As he wants to, as he pleases