

# Steve Earle, Tecumseh Valley

The name she gave was Caroline  
The daughter of a miner  
And her ways were free and it seemed to me  
The sunshine walked beside her  
She come from Spencer 'coss the hill  
She said her Pa had sent her  
'Cause the coal was low and soon the snow  
Would tuwn the skies to winter  
Well she said she'd come to look for work  
She was not seeking favors  
For a dime a day and a place to stay  
She'd turn those hands to labor  
The times were hard Lord the jobs were few  
All through Tecumseh Valley  
But she asked around and a job she found  
Tending bar for Gypsy Sally  
She saved enough to get back home  
When spring replaced the winter  
But her dreams were denied her Pa had died  
The word came down from Spencer  
She turned to whorin' out on the streets  
With all the lust inside her  
It was many a man returned again  
To lay himself beside her  
Well 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