

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