

TECUMSEH VALLEY (TOWNES VAN ZANDT, 1968)

C F C F C
The name she gave was Caroline. The daughter of a miner

F C G/B Am
And her ways were free And it seemed to me

G F C
That sunshine walked beside her

She come from Spencer, across the hill; She said her pa had sent her
Cause the coal was low and soon the snow
Would turn the skies to winter.

She said she'd 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

The times were hard Lord, and 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 to whoring out on the streets with all the lust inside her
And it was many a man who returned again
To lay himself beside her.

The name she gave was Caroline. The daughter of a miner
And her ways were free, and it seemed to me
That sunshine walked beside her.

They found her down beneath the stairs that led to Gypsy Sally's
And in her hand when she died was a note that cried
Fare-thee-well, Tecumseh Valley