





# Tecumseh Valley

# Townes Van Zandt

**C** The name she bore was Caroline **F**

**c**  
Daughter of a miner

**F**  
And her ways were free

**C** **Am**  
And it seemed to me

That sunshine walked beside her

She came from Spencer  
Across the hills  
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 wasn't seeking favors  
And for a dime a day  
And a place to stay  
She'd turn those hands to labor

But times were hard, Lord  
And jobs were few  
All through Tecumseh valley  
But she'd ask 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 came from Spencer

She turned to whorin' out on the streets  
With all her lust inside her  
And many a man  
Returned again  
To lay himself beside her

They found her down beneath the stairs  
That led to Gypsy Sally's  
And in her hand when she died  
A note that cried  
Fare thee well  
Tecumseh valley