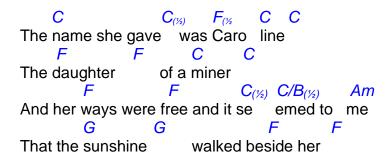
Tecumseh Valley by Townes Van Zandt (1968)



C C $C_{(1/2)}$ $F_{(1/2)}$ She come from Spencer, a cross the hill C She said her pa had sent her $C_{(1/2)}$ $C/B_{(1/2)}$ Am and soon the Cause the coal was low snow G G Would turn the skies to winter.

She said she'd come to look for work She was not seekin' favors For a dime a day and a place to stay She'd turn those hands to labor

Well times were hard and jobs were few All through Tecumseh Valley But she asked around and a job she found Tending bar at Gypsy Sally's

Well 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.

Well she took to whorin' out in the streets With all the grief inside her And it was many a man who returned again To walk that road 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

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