

## Dwight Yoakam "Rapid City, South Dakota"

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Just a ragged kid in overalls,  
He thumbed a ride one day  
He said, "Anywhere youre headed on my way."  
But as we passed by Big Als drive-in  
His eyes began to flash  
He was leavin Rapid City mighty fast.  
He said, "I hope to God she finds  
The good-bye letter that I wrote her  
But the mail dont move to fast  
In Rapid City, South Dakota."  
--- Instrumental ---  
Well, he left her just a blanket  
Of snow upon the farm  
And that dont keep your conscience very warm.  
He said his friends were too durn country  
And his pa was too damn mean  
And there aint no money pumpin gasoline.  
And her gentle eyes, the merchandise  
Of dreams the peddler sold her  
As he left her there in Rapid City, South Dakota.  
Now the reason he was goin,  
I aint sure I could say,  
Mightve been the rodeo in Santa F.  
"Theres a doctor in chicago,  
I know shell be all right."  
He told himself as he stared into the night.  
And he said, "I hope to God she finds  
The good-bye letter that I wrote her  
But the mail dont move so fast  
In Rapid City, South Dakota."  
And all her people treatin her  
Just like they never knowed her  
Lord, the winters passin slow  
In Rapid City, South Dakota.

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