

Kinky Friedman

"Rapid City, South Dakota"

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(kinky friedman)

Just a ragged kid in overalls, he thumbed a ride one
day
He told me, "anywhere you're going's on my
way."
But as we passed by big al's 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 don't move so fast in rapid city, south
dakota."

Well, he left her just a blanket of snow upon the farm
And that don't keep your conscience very warm.
He said his friends were too durn country and his pa
was too damn mean
And there weren't no money pumpin' gasoline.

And her gentle eyes, the merchandise of dreams the
peddler sold her

Who left her there alone in rapid city, south dakota.

Now the reason he was goin', I ain't sure I could say,
Might've been the rodeo in santa fe.
"there's a doctor in chicago, I know she'll 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 don't move so fast in rapid city, south
dakota."

And all her people treatin' her just like they never
knowed her
Lord, the winter's passin' slow in rapid city, south
dakota.

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