

Nanci Griffith "Deadwood, South Dakota"

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(By Eric Taylor)

Well, the good times scratched a laugh
From the lungs of the young men
In a Deadwood saloon, South Dakota afternoon
And the old ones by the door
With their heads on their chests,
They told lies about whiskey on a womans breath

Yes, and some tell the story of young Mickey Free
Who lost an eye to a buck deer in the Tongue River
Valley
Oh and some tell the story of California Joe
Who sent word through the Black Hills
There was a mountain of gold

[Chorus:]

And the gold she lay cold in their pockets
And the sun she sets down on the trees
And they thank the Lord
For the land that they live in
Where the white man does as he pleases

Some flat-shoed fool from the East comes a-runnin'
With some news that he'd read in some St. Joseph
paper
And it was "Drinks all around" cause the news he was
tellin'
Was the one they called Crazy
Has been caught and been dealt with

And the Easterner he read the news from the paper
And the old ones moved closer so's they could hear
better
"Well it says here that Crazy Horse
Was killed while trying to escape,
And that was some time last September,
It don't give the exact date"

[Chorus]

Where the white man does as he pleases

Then the talk turned back to whiskey and women
And cold nights on the plains, Lord
And fightin' them indians
And the Easterner he says he'll have one more
'fore he goes
He gives the paper to the Crow boy
Who sweeps up the floor

[Chorus]

Where the white man does as he pleases
Where the white man does as he pleases
As he wants to, as he pleases

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