## The Deadwood Stage from Calamity Jane

We're headin' straight for town, loaded down, with a fancy cargo Care of Wells and Fargo, Illinois - Boy!

Oh! The Deadwood Stage is a-comin' on over the crest Like a homing pigeon that's a-hankerin' after its nest Twenty-three miles we've covered today
So, whip crack-away! Whip crack-away!

The wheels go turnin' round, homeward bound Can't you hear 'em humming Happy times are coming for to stay - hey!

We'll be home tonight by the light of the silvery moon And our hearts are thumpin' like a mandolin a-plunking a tune When I get home, I'm fixing to stay
So, whip crack-away! Whip crack-away!

Whip crack-away! Whip crack-away! Whip crack-away!

Introducin' Henry Miller
Just as busy as a fizzy
sasparilla
He's a showman and he's
smarter
Operates the Golden Garter
Where the cream of Deadwood
City come to dine
And I'm glad to say he's a very
good friend of mine

Oh! The Deadwood Stage is a-rollin' on over the plains With the curtains flappin' and the driver slappin' the reins Beautiful sky! A wonderful day! Whip crack-away! Whip crack-away!

Oh! The Deadwood Stage is a-headin' on over the hills Where the Injun arrows are thicker than porcupine quills Dangerous land! No time to delay!
So, whip crack-away! Whip crack-away! Whip crack-away!

Hi Joe, say where d'you get them fancy clothes? I know! Off some fellow's laundry line Hi Beau, aren't you the Prairie Rose Smelling like a watermelon vine

Here's a man the Sheriff watches
On his gun there's more 'n twenty-seven notches
On the draw there's no-one faster
And you're flirting with disaster
When Bill Hickok's reputation you malign
And I'm glad to say he's a very good friend, of a friend of mine

Oh my throats as dry as a desert thistle in May In the Golden Garter gonna wet my whistle today Last to the bar's a three-legged crow Set 'em up, Joe, set 'em up, Joe, set 'em up, Joe, set 'em up, Joe Set 'em up, Joe!