

The Deadwood Stage

Doris Day

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!, 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!

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!, 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!, Whip crack-away!

Introduc'in' Henry Miller,
Just as busy as a fizzy sarsparilla.
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.

Hi Joe, say where d'you get them fancy clothes?
I know! Off some fellow's laundry line.
Hi Beau. Well 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 G