

# 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!

Introducin' 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