

Rapid City, South Dakota

Dwight Yoakam

Just a ragged kid in overalls,
He thumbed a ride one day
He said, "Anywhere youre headed on my way."
But as we passed by Big Als 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 dont move to fast
In Rapid City, South Dakota."

Well, he left her just a blanket
Of snow upon the farm
And that dont keep your conscience very warm.
He said his friends were too durn country
And his pa was too damn mean
And there aint no money pumpin gasoline.
And her gentle eyes, the merchandise
Of dreams the peddler sold her
As he left her there in Rapid City, South Dakota.
Now the reason he was goin,
I aint sure I could say,
Mightve been the rodeo in Santa F.
"Theres a doctor in chicago,
I know shell 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 dont move so fast
In Rapid City, South Dakota."
And all her people treatin her
Just like they never knowed her
Lord, the winters passin slow
In Rapid City, South Dakota.