

# The Deadwood Stage (from 'Calamity Jane')

Doris Day

Oh the Deadwood Stage is a-rollin' on over the plains  
With the curtains flappin' and the driver slappin' the reins  
A 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 homin' 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 hummin' Happy times are comin' for to stay - hey! We'll be home tonight by  
the light of the silvery moon  
And my heart's a-thumpin' like a mandolin a-plunkin' a tune  
When I get home, I'm fixin' 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  
Ain't 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 fella's laundry line  
Hi Beau, aren't you the Prairie Rose  
Smellin' like a watermelon vine  
Here's the man the Sheriff watches  
On his gun there's more than twenty-seven notches  
On the draw there's no-one faster and you're flirtin' wit

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>