The Deadwood Stage

Oh! The Deadwood Stage is a-rollin' on over the plains, With the curtains flappin' and the driver slappin' the reins. Beautiful [G7]sky! A [C]wonderful day!

Oh! The [C]Deadwood Stage is a-headin' on over the hills, Where the Injun arrows are thicker than porcupine quills. Dangerous [G7]land! No [C]time to delay!


Oh! The [C]Deadwood Stage is a-comin' on over the crest, Like a homing pigeon that's a-hankerin' after its nest. Twenty-three [G7]miles we've [C]covered today.


We'll be [C]home tonight by the light of the silvery moon, And our hearts are thumpin' like a ukulele plunking a [G]tune. When I get [G7]home, I'm [C]fixing to stay.
[G] YEE [C] HAAAA!!!