

# Gibbonsville Gold

Hank Williams Jr.

My name is Bill Harlan. I'm a God fearin' man  
From the lost rebel army, a Tennessee Calvary man  
From Shilo to Nashville we made our last stand  
When the battles were over, everythin' we had was gone with the  
wind

But I still had my family and a hope and a dream  
And I heard of gold fever and the Rocky Mountain streams  
So we took what we had and some gold diggin' gear  
And we headed for a new life on the Northwest frontier

Montana Territory where the winters are cold  
The lands full of game and the creeks are full of gold  
Just west of the mountains is a town they call Gibbonsville  
You can sure get gold fever, you can damn sure get killed  
But I staked my claims, I was rarin' to go  
I've made up my mind and I set out to find the Gibbonsville (D)  
gold

Oh, you find just a little, just enough to get by  
Aww, you dig and you dig, and you start wonderin' why  
There's a whole lot more down there, I don't have to be told  
I've made up my mind and I'm gonna find that Gibbonsville gold

Every morning at daylight with a pick and a pan  
Keep an eye out for the blackfeet. Keep a rifle near hand  
Back shooters and grizzlies, better stay alert all the time  
'Cause the only law here in this wild country is the gun and th  
e knife

In the year of our Lord, eighteen sixty-nine  
I lost my dear son to a cave-in at the mine  
Yes I know he's gone please God rest his soul  
So many have died trying to find this damned Gibbonsville gold

Yeah, you find just a little, just enough to get by  
Aww, you dig and you dig, and you start wonderin' why  
Then someone finds a nugget, just as big as your thumb  
And we all go hard at it from sun until sun  
Yeah I got to find it, that main mother load  
I've made up my mind and I swear to find that Gibbonsville gold

There's a whole lot more down there, my share of that main moth  
er load  
I've made up my mind and I swear to find the Gibbonsville gold  
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