

Belle of the West

Samantha Fish

On the vermilion river
On a packet bound for Saint Clair
Ride the lady we love the best
She's the Belle of the West
From somewhere down in Arkansas
But, who's to say?
She just started that way

She's the Belle of the West
Just a plain little lady
Going down the big muddy
On her way back home
For, yes, she dreamed of this day
With her lover she stormed away
Never knowing someday she'd become
The Belle of the West

Up on Crowley's Ridge
There's a headstone etched in black

Here lies the lady we love best
And each night they would pray
Way back home in Arkansas
Girl, you're drifting too far from the shore
You're drifting too far

She's the Belle of the West
Just a painted lady
Going down the big muddy
On her way back home
For, yes, she dreamed of this day
Never once thinking of home
Now, she's southbound for glory
The Belle of the West

She's southbound for glory
The Belle of the West
Oh, she's southbound for glory
The Belle of the West