

## Goblins in Deadwood

Spellblast

Every night before bed time  
My father sang a song that told of his land  
When he fled the famine and arrived  
Here in South Dakota, the wild far west

He was young, alone in this world  
For two years the harvest went wrong  
Winter was knocking angry at the door,  
But he did not answer and sailed far away.

And when the night is crawling dark  
You feel you're going to fall apart  
Just close your eyes and don't forget  
This song I'm singing in your bed  
Don't be afraid, don't lose control now  
My voice will guide you through  
No matter what tomorrow bring ya  
Their eyes are upon you

He has always loved his freedom  
The herdsman life was made for him  
He has been charmed by the eyes of a doe  
And his days of wandering came to an end.

Then he opened the barber downtown  
Evenings spent here at the saloon  
Whistling this song while coming home  
Suddenly in the dark he disappeared

And when the night is crawling dark