Death Valley Scottie by Willy Kelly

On a dim afternoon in the month of November
at home in an Adirondack town
My dad held a worn leather book of old pictures
The leather embossed, the pages stiff and brown

In the photo a man stood tall in the desert
And when I asked him who might that be
My old man, he looked me square in the eye,
Said "Willy you don't know him, that's hard to believe"

Why that's "Death Valley Scottie" a legend in his time, it's true
"Death Valley Scottie", a serious soul and a rich man too

For currency he'd pull out a bag of gold
He'd pay his way right on the spot
Then he'd take what he had just purchased
And give it away as likely as not

Why one day he bought a candy store,
Said, "Now I'm the owner let's open the doors…"
Rounded up all the kids in town, said
"Take what you want, this store is yours…"

Steel eyes, a dusty white shirt, and suspenders
Wore a fine looking Stetson hat
He'd searched 'round the west and kept his findings a mystery
And he looked to be happy right where he "was at"

Yes, Death Valley Scottie,... he'd not tell his secret it's true
Death Valley Scottie, a cagey prospector and a rich man too

Yes, Death Valley Scottie, ooh…
Death Valley Scottie, these days there aren't many men 'round like you