

On the South Dakota Wind

Becky Buller & Valerie Smith, *Goodnight Sparky Music*, BMI

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On a sultry summer night, all the girls were dressed in white
And the young men were courting shamelessly.
As the fiddles wove a charm 'round old man Baker's farm,
They all danced as pretty as you please.
The children, too, of course, were gathered on the porch,
Counting fireflies and sipping tea.
The dark had settled down to sleep against the ground
When they all began a game of hide and seek.
Young Adeline McKay, a golden child of eight,
Turned around and whispered to her twin:
"Catch me if you dare!" Then she ran up the stairs,
Her laughter on the South Dakota wind.

Destiny's a hall with doors along each wall
And each one opens on a different fate.
Be careful what you choose for its ghost will follow you.
For some it's close; for some it's just too late.
Shadows all around, trying not to make a sound,
Addy stood still and held her breath.
She could hear them drawing nigh so she flung the door so wide
And fell thirty feet to her death.
The music lingered on though the balcony was gone
As frightened eyes looked down upon their friend.
And nothing haunts your mind as someone who's lost her child
Crying on the South Dakota wind.

Eighty years gone by, a long and happy life,
Still she wonders on the things that could've been.
But how she will rejoice when she hears her sister's voice
Calling on the South Dakota wind.