

Saginaw, Michigan

I was born in Saginaw, Michigan.

I grew up in a house on Saginaw Bay.

My dad was a poor hard working Saginaw fisherman:

Too many times he came home with too little pay.

I loved a girl in Saginaw, Michigan.

The daughter of a wealthy, wealthy man.

But he called me: "That son of a Saginaw fisherman."

And not good enough to claim his daughter's hand.

Now I'm up here in Alaska looking around for gold.

Like a crazy fool I'm a digging in this frozen ground, so cold.

But with each new day I pray I'll strike it rich and then,

I'll go back home and claim my love in Saginaw, Michigan.

I wrote my love in Saginaw, Michigan.

I said: "Honey, I'm a coming home, please wait for me.

"And you can tell your dad, I'm coming back a richer man

"I've hit the biggest strike in Klondyke history."

Her dad met me in Saginaw, Michigan.

He gave me a great big party with champagne.

Then he said: "Son, you're wise, young ambitious man.

"Will you sell your father-in-law your Klondyke claim?"

Now he's up there in Alaska digging in the cold, cold ground.

The greedy fool is a looking for the gold I never found.

It serves him right and no-one here is missing him.

Least of all the newly-weds of Saginaw, Michigan.

We're the happiest man and wife in Saginaw, Michigan.

He's ashamed to show his face in Saginaw, Michigan.