

# John Prine, Bear Creek Blues

(A.P Carter)

Way up on Bear Creek, Watching the sun go down.  
Way up on Bear Creek, Watching the sun go down.  
Well it makes me feel like I'm on my last go 'round.

The water up on Bear Creek, Tastes like cherry wine.  
The water up on Bear Creek, Tastes like cherry wine.  
One drink of that water, You stay drunk all the time.

If you stay up on Bear Creek, You'll get like Jesse James.  
If you stay up on Bear Creek, You'll get like Jesse James.  
You'll take two pistols, And you'll rob that Bear Creek train.

I'm going high, high, Up on some lonesome ridge.  
I'm going high, high, Up on some lonesome ridge.  
Look down on Bear Creek, Where my good gal used to live.

Way up on Bear Creek, Watching the sun go down.  
Way up on Bear Creek, Watching the sun go down.  
Well it makes me feel like I'm on my last go 'round.