

# The Band, Up On Cripple Creek

Over by the wildwood  
Hot summer night  
We lay in the tall grass  
til the mornin' light  
If I had my way I'd never  
get the urge to roam  
A young man serves his country  
and an old man guards the home  
Never gave a second thought  
Never crossed my mind  
What's right and what's not  
I'm not the judgin' kind  
I could take the darkness oh  
Storms in the skies  
But we all got certain trials  
burnin' up inside  
Don't send me no distant salutations  
or silly souvenirs from far away  
Don't leave me alone in the twilight  
Twilight is the loneliest time a day  
Don't put me in a frame upon the mantel  
'Fore memories turn dusty old and grey  
Don't leave me alone in the twilight  
Twilight is the loneliest time a day