

# The Band, Up On Cripple Creek (The Last Waltz

When I get off of this mountain, you know where I wanna go?  
Straight down the Mississippi river, to the Gulf of Mexico  
To Lake Charles, Louisiana, little Bessie, girl that I once knew  
She told me just to come on by, if there's anything she could do

Up on Cripple Creek she sends me  
If I spring a leak she mends me  
I don't have to speak, she defends me  
A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one

Now me and my mate were back at the shack, we had Spike Jones on the box  
She said, "I can't take the way he sings, but I love to hear him talk";  
Now there's one thing in the whole wide world I sure do love to see  
That's how that little love of mine puts her doughnut in my tea

I'm going up on Cripple Creek she sends me  
If I spring a leak she mends me  
I don't have to speak, she defends me  
A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one

There's a flood out in California and up north it's freezing cold  
And this living off the road is getting pretty old  
So I guess I'll call up my big mama, and tell her I'll be rolling in  
But you know, deep down, I'm sorely tempted to go and see my Bessie again

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