

# Band, Up On Cripple Creek

Band  
Miscellaneous  
Up On Cripple Creek  
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☐ The Band

When I get off of this mountain  
You know where I want to go  
Straight down the Mississippi river  
To the Gulf of Mexico

To Lake George, Louisiana  
Little Bessie, girl that I once knew  
And she told me just to come on by  
If there's anything she could do

{Refrain}  
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

Good luck had just stung me  
To the race track I did go  
She bet on one horse to win  
And I bet on another to show

Odds were in my favor  
I had him five to one  
When that nag came around the track  
Sure enough he had won

{Refrain}

I took up all of my winnings  
And I gave my little Bessie half  
And she tore it up and blew it in my face  
Just for a lauge

Now there's one thing in the whole wide world  
I sure would like to see  
That's when that little love of mine  
Dips her doughnut in my tea

{Refrain}

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 that just gave my heart a fall  
To the bottom of my feet  
And I swore and I took another pull  
My Bessie can't be beat

{Refrain}

Now, it's hot in California  
And up north it's pretty cold  
And this living off the road  
Is getting pretty old

So I guess I'll call up my big mama

Tell her I'll be rolling in  
Bet you know, deep down, I'm kinda tempted  
To see my sweet Bessie again

{Refrain}