Bob Dylan, Up On Cripple Creek

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

[Chorus:]
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 to win came around the track
Sure enough he had won

[Chorus]

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 laugh

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

[Chorus]

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 as I took another pull
My Bessie can't be beat

[Chorus]

Now, it's hot 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
Tell her I'll be rolling in
Bet you know, deep down, I'm kinda tempted
To go and see my Bessie again

[Chorus]