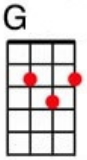


## Up On Cripple Creek - The Band

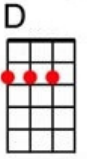
<http://www.kanikapila.us/lyrics.html>

[G]When I get off of this mountain, you [C]know where I want to go?  
[G]Straight down the [C]Mississippi River to the [D]Gulf of Mexico.  
[G]To Lake Charles, Louisiana, little [C]Bessie, a girl who I once knew.  
[G]She told me just to [C]come on by if there's [D]anything that she could do.

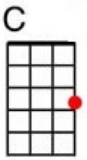


*Chorus*

[G]Up on Cripple Creek, she sends me.  
[C]If I spring a leak, she mends me.  
[D]I don't have to speak, she defends me.  
[Em]A drunkard's dream if I [F]ever did see one.

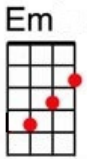


[G]Good luck had just stung me, to the [C]race track I did go.  
[G]She bet on one [C]horse to win and I [D]bet on another to show.  
[G]The odds were in my favor, [C]I had them five to one.  
[G]That nag to [C]win came around the track, [D]sure enough she had won.



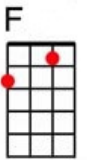
*(Chorus)*

[G]I took up all of my winnings and I [C]gave little Bessie half.  
[G]She tore it up and [C]threw it in my face [D]just for a laugh.  
[G]There's one thing in the whole wide world [C]I sure would like to see.  
[G]That's when that [C]little love of mine dips her [D]doughnut in my tea.



*(Chorus)*

[G]Me and my mate we were back at the shack, we had [C]Spike Jones on the box.  
[G]She says, "I can't [C]take the way he sings, but I [D]love to hear him talk."  
[G]Now that just gave my heart a throb to the [C]bottom of my feet.  
[G]And I swore as I [C]took another pull, my [D]Bessie can't be beat.



*(Chorus)*

[G]Whoa whoa whoa [C]hoooo [G]Whoa whoa whoa [C]hoooo 2X

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

*(Chorus)*

[G]Whoa whoa whoa [C]hoooo [G]Whoa whoa whoa [C]hoooo 2X