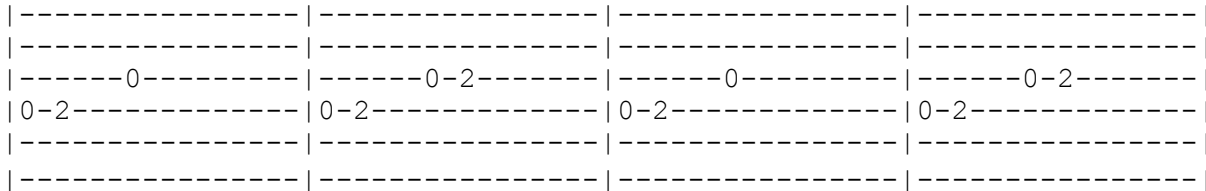


The Band - Up On Cripple Creek

A



A **D**

When I get off of this mountain, you know where I want to go?

A **D** **E**

Straight down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico.

A **D**

To Lake Charles, Louisiana, little Bessie, a girl who I once knew.

A **D** **E**

She told me just to come on by if there's anything that she could do.

A
Up on Cripple Creek, she sends me.

D
If I spring a leak, she mends me.

E
I don't have to speak, she defends me.

F#m **G**
A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one.

A **D**

Good luck had just stung me, to the race track I did go.

A **D** **E**

She bet on one horse to win and I bet on another to show.

A **D**

The odds were in my favor, I had them five to one.

A **D** **E**

That nag to win came around the track, sure enough she had won.

A
Up on Cripple Creek, she sends me.

D
If I spring a leak, she mends me.

E
I don't have to speak, she defends me.

F#m **G**
A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one.

A **D**
I took up all of my winnings and I gave my little Bessie half.

A **D** **E**
She tore it up and threw it in my face just for a laugh.

A **D**
There's one thing in the whole wide world I sure would like to see.

A **D** **E**
That's when that little love of mine dips her doughnut in my tea.

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

A **D**
Me and my mate we were back at the shack, we had Spike Jones on the box.

A **D** **E**
She says, "I can't take the way he sings, but I love to hear him talk."

A **D**
Now that just gave my heart a throb to the bottom of my feet.

A **D** **E**
And I swore as I took another pull, my Bessie can't be beat.

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

A **D** **A** **D**
||:-----|-----|-----|-----:||

A **D**
There's a flood out in California and up north it's freezing cold.

A **D** **E**
And this living on the road is getting pretty old.

A **D**
So I guess I'll call up my big mama, tell her I'll be rolling in.

A **D** **E**
But you know, deep down, I'm kind of tempted to go and see my Bessie again.

A
Up on Cripple Creek, she sends me.

D
If I spring a leak, she mends me.

E
I don't have to speak, she defends me.

F#m **G**
A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one.

A **D** **A** **D**
||:-----|-----|-----|-----:||

Fade