

Up On Cripple Creek

(Written by Robbie Robertson, recorded by The Band, 1969.)

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

(C) Up on Cripple Creek she sends me
(F) If I spring a leak she mends me
(G) I don't have to speak she defends me
A (Am) drunkard's dream if I (Bb) ever did see one

(C) Good luck had just stung me, to the (F) race track I did go
(C) She bet on (F) one horse to win and I (G) bet on another to show
(C) Odds were in my favor, I (F) had him five to one
(C) When that nag to win came a(F)round the track, (G) sure enough he had won

(chorus)

(C) I took up all of my winnings, and I (F) gave my little Bessie half
(C) And she tore it up and (F) threw it in my face, (G) just for a laugh
(C) Now there's one thing in the whole wide world, I (F) sure would like to see
(C) That's when that little (F) love of mine dips her (G) doughnut in my tea

(chorus)

(C) Now me and my mate were back at the shack, we had (F) Spike Jones
on the box
(C) She said, "I can't take the (F) way he sings but I (G) love to hear him talk"
(C) Now that just gave my heart a throb, to the (F) bottom of my feet
(C) And I swore as I took a(F)nother pull, my (G) Bessie can't be beat

(chorus)

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

(chorus)

