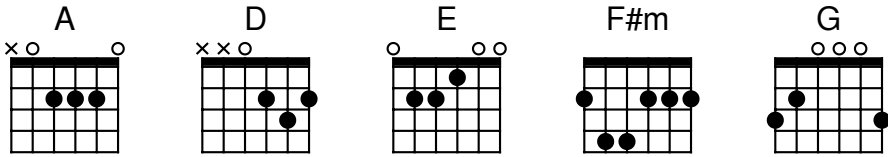


Up on Cripple Creek

Robbie Robertson, The Band, 1969



Intro lick:

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Verse 1:

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

Chorus:

[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
 A [F#m] drunkard's dream if I [G] ever did see one

Verse 2:

[A] Good luck had just stung me, to the [D] race track I did go
 [A] She bet on [D] one horse to win and I [E] bet on another to show
 The [A] odds were in my favor, I [D] had 'em five to one
 [A] When that nag to [D] win came around the track, [E] sure enough we had won

Chorus:

[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
 A [F#m] drunkard's dream if I [G] ever did see one

Verse 3:

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

Chorus:

[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
A [F#m]drunkard's dream if I [G]ever did see one

Verse 4:

[A]Now me and my mate were back at the shack, we had [D]Spike Jones on
the box
[A]She said, "I can't take the [D]way he sings, but I [E]love to hear him talk"
[A]Now that just gave my heart a throb, to the [D]bottom of my feet
[A]And I swore as I [D]took another pull, my [E]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
A [F#m]drunkard's dream if I [G]ever did see one

[A]Lo-lo-[D]hoo a[A]lodo-lodo lo oo[D]hoo
[A]Lo-lo-[D]hoo a[A]lodo-lodo lo oo[D]hoo

Verse 5:

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

Chorus:

[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
A [F#m]drunkard's dream if I [G]ever did see one

[A]Lo-lo-[D]hoo a[A]lodo-lodo lo oo[D]hoo
[A]Lo-lo-[D]hoo a[A]lodo-lodo lo oo[D]hoo

[A]Lo-lo-[D]hoo a[A]lodo-lodo lo oo[D]hoo
[A]Lo-lo-[D]hoo a[A]lodo-lodo lo oo[D]hoo
End on [A]