UP ON CRIPPLE CREEK  
Robbie Robertson

4/4  1...2...1234

SING B

Intro:  D7 (4 measures)

D                                      G                                    A
When I get off of this mountain, you know where I want to go
D                     G                                    A
Straight down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico
D                                      G
To Lake Charles, Louisiana, Little Bessie, a girl I once knew
D                                             G                                    A
And she told me just to come on by, if there’s anything that she could do

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

D                                      G
Good luck had just stung me, to the race track I did go
D                     G                                    A
She bet on one horse to win, and I bet on another to show
D                                      G
The odds were in my favor, I had him five to one
D                                             G                                    A
That nag to win came a-round the track, sure enough, she had won

REFRAIN

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

REFRAIN

D          G
Now, me and my mate were back at the shack, we had Spike Jones on the box
D           G        A
She said, “I can’t take the way he sings, but I love to hear him talk.”
D              G
Now, that just gave my heart a fall to the bottom of my feet
D              G        A
And I swore as I took another pull, my Bessie can’t be beat

REFRAIN

D           G    D          G
Lo  hoo, lo de lo de lo hoo (X2)

D              G
There’s a flood outta California, and up north it’s freezing cold
D           G        A
And this living off the road is getting pretty old
D              G
So, I guess I’ll call up my big mama, tell her I’ll be rollin’ in
D           G        A
But, you know, deep down, I’m kinda tempted to go and see my Bessie again

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

D           G    D          G
Lo  hoo, lo de lo de lo hoo (repeat, fade)