

Up on Cripple Creek

Bob Dylan

When I get off of this mountain
You know where I want to go
Straight down the Mississippi river
To the Gulf of Mexico

To Lake Charles, Louisiana
Little Bessie, a girl that I once knew
And she told me just to come on by
If there's anything she could do

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

Good luck had just stung me
To the race track I did go
She bet on one horse to win
And I bet on another to show

Odds were in my favor
I had him five to one
When that nag to win came around the track
Sure enough he had won

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If I spring a leak she mends me
I don't have to speak she defends me
A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one

I took up all of my winnings
And I gave my little Bessie half
And she tore it up and blew it in my face
Just for a laugh

Now there's one thing in the whole wide world
I sure would like to see
That's when that little love of mine
Dips her doughnut in my tea

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I don't have to speak she defends me
A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one

Now me and my mate were back at the shack
We had Spike Jones on the box
She said, "I can't take the way he sings
But I love to hear him talk"

Now that just gave my heart a fall
To the bottom of my feet
And I swore as I took another pull
My Bessie can't be beat

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A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one

Now, it's hot in California
And up north it's freezing cold
And this living off the road
Is getting pretty old

So I guess I'll call up my big mama
Tell her I'll be rolling in
Bet you know, deep down, I'm kinda tempted
To go and see my Bessie again

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A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one