

Up On Cripple Creek

The Band

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

CHORUS:

Up on Cripple Creek, she sends me.
If I spring a leak, she mends me.
I don't have to speak, she defends me.

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.
The odds were in my favor, I had them five to one.
That nag to win came around the track, sure enough she had won.

CHORUS:...

I took up all of my winnings and I gave little Bessie half.
She tore it up and threw it in my face just for a laugh.
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.

CHORUS:...

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

CHORUS:...

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