

# Cripple Creek

USA

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1. I got a gal, at the head of the creek, an' I'm go-in' up to see her, 'bout the mid-dle of the week. And I'll



kiss her on the mouth, just as sweet as an-y wine, and she wraps her-self a-round me like a sweet po-ta-to vine.



Go - in' up Crip-ple Creek, go-in' in a run, go - in' up Crip-ple Creek to have a lit-tle fun.



Go - in' up Crip-ple Creek, go-in' in a run, go - in' up Crip-ple Creek to have a lit-tle fun.

2. Girls up Cripple Creek, about half grown, jump on a boy, like a dog on a bone.  
Roll my britches up to my knees, an' wade ol' Cripple Creek when I please.  
*Goin' up Cripple Creek...*
3. Cripple Creek's wide an' Cripple Creek's deep, gonna wade ol' Cripple Creek beore I sleep.  
Hills are steep an' the road is muddy, an' I'm so drunk, I can't stand steady.  
*Goin' up Cripple Creek...*
4. I went down to Cripple Creek to see what them gals had to eat.  
What they cooked I couldn't eat at all, cause it's harder than a brick in the wall.  
*Goin' up Cripple Creek...*