

John Prine "Bear Creek Blues"

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Way up on Bear Creek, watching the sun go down
Way up on Bear Creek, watching the sun go down
Well, it makes me feel like I'm on my last go 'round

Well, the water up on Bear Creek, tastes like cherry
wine
Yeah, the water up on Bear Creek, tastes like cherry
wine
One drink of that water, you stay drunk all the time

If you stay up on Bear Creek, you'll get like Jesse James
If you stay up on Bear Creek, you'll get like Jesse James
You'll take two pistols and you'll rob that Bear Creek
train
I'm going high, high, up on some lonesome hill
I'm going high, high, up on some lonesome hill
Look down on Bear Creek where my good gal used to
live

Way up on Bear Creek, watching the sun go down
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