

Unknown

"Cripple Creek"

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CRIPPLE CREEK
(Kentucky, traditional)

Hey, I got a gal,
At the head of the creek,
An' I'm goin' up t' see her,
'Bout three times a week.

Kisses on the mouth,
Jus' as sweet as any wine,
Wrap myself aroun' her,
Like a sweet potato vine.

chorus:
Goin' up Cripple Creek,
Goin' on a run,
Goin' up Cripple Creek,
T' have some fun.

Goin' up Cripple Creek,
Goin' in a whirl,
Goin' up Cripple Creek,
T' see my girl.

I got a gal,
An' she loves me,
She's as sweet
As she can be.

She's got eyes,
Of baby blue,
An' her love,
Fer me is true.

chorus:

Now the girls up Cripple Creek,
'Bout 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.

chorus:

Cripple Creek's wide,
An' Cripple Creek's deep,
Gonna wade ol' Cripple Creek,
'Fore I sleep.

Hills are steep,
An' the road is muddy,
An' I'm so drunk,
I can't stan' steady.

chorus:

Cripple Creek's wide,
An' Cripple Creek's deep,
Gonna wade ol' Cripple Creek,
'Fore I sleep.

Roll my britches,
To my knees,
'An wade ol' Cripple Creek,
When I please.

chorus:

Drive in a buggy,
That's for me,
Watch the wheels roll,
Merrily.

Through the mud.
An' over the stones,
Buckin' horses,
Break good bones.

chorus:

I went down,
To Cripple Creek,
To see what them gals,
Had to eat.

Got so drunk,
I fell against the wall,
Ol' corn likker,
Was the cause of it all.

chorus

I went down,
To Cripple Creek,
To see what them gals,
Had to eat.
What they cooked,
I couldn't eat at all,
Harder than,
A brick in the wall.

chorus:

@chorus
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