

## Various Artists "Cripple Creek"

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A cripple on his deathbed  
In a daydream did ride  
All past the streams of fire  
On a petal path did glide

He left his wheelchair spinning  
Deeper in the mud  
In it set his memories  
In its body and its blood

An angel came to greet him  
By his side she flew  
Whispered, as a part of him  
What he already knew

His head was spinning freely  
And it was plain to see  
His burden was himself, he bore  
The sight his eyes could be

His death, it died quite easily  
Right there, was gone for good  
But couldn't see his loved one  
Like he thought he should

He thought if they were gone, said he  
And this cannot be true  
The search to find what wasn't there  
Has brought him back to you

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