

Cripple Creek

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.