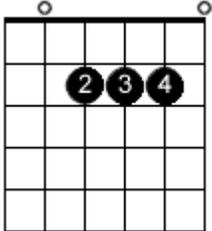
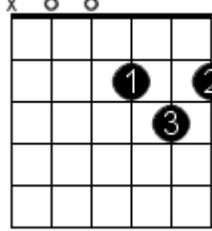
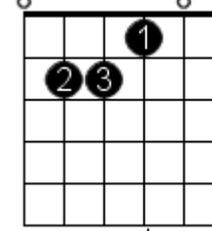
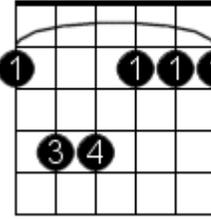


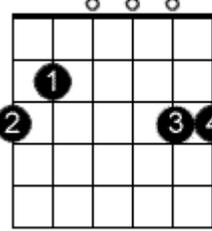
Up On Cripple Creek - Bob Dylan

A  A E A C# E

D  A D A D F#

E  E B E A B E

Gbm / F#m  F# C# F# A C# F#

 G B D G B G

A D
 When I get off of this mountain, you know where I want to go?
 A D E
 Straight down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico.
 A D
 To Lake Charles, Louisiana, little Bessie, a girl who I once knew.
 A D E
 She told me just to come on by if there's anything that she could do.

A
 Up on Cripple Creek, she sends me.
 D
 If I spring a leak, she mends me.
 E
 I don't have to speak, she defends me.
 F#m G
 A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one.

A D
 Good luck had just stung me, to the race track I did go.
 A D E
 She bet on one horse to win and I bet on another to show.
 A D
 The odds were in my favor, I had them five to one.
 A D E
 That nag to win came around the track, sure enough she had won.

A
 Up on Cripple Creek, she sends me.

D
If I spring a leak, she mends me.
E
I don't have to speak, she defends me.
F#m G
A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one.

A D
I took up all of my winnings and I gave little Bessie half.
A D E
She tore it up and threw it in my face just for a laugh.
A D
There's one thing in the whole world I sure would like to see.
A D E
That's when that little love of mine dips her doughnut in my tea.

A
Up on Cripple Creek, she sends me.
D
If I spring a leak, she mends me.
E
I don't have to speak, she defends me.
F#m G
A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one.

A D
Me and my mate we were back at the shack, we had Spike Jones on the box.
A D E
She says, "I can't believe the way he sings, but I love to hear him
talk."
A D
Now that just gave my heart a throb to the bottom of my feet.
A D E
And I swore as I took another pull, my Bessie can't be beat.

A
Up on Cripple Creek, she sends me.
D
If I spring a leak, she mends me.
E
I don't have to speak, she defends me.
F#m G
A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one.

A D
There's a flood out in California and up north it's freezing cold.
A D E
And this living on the road is getting pretty old.
A D
So I guess I'll call up my big mama, tell her I'll be rolling in.
A D
But you know, deep down, I'm kind of tempted

E

To go and see my Bessie again.

A

Up on Cripple Creek, she sends me.

D

If I spring a leak, she mends me.

E

I don't have to speak, she defends me.

F#m

G

A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one.

(optional ending as seen in video: A - D - A - D - E - A)