

CRIPPLE CREEK (Appalachian folk song)

Hey [C]I got a gal at the [F]head of the [C]creek
Go up to see her 'bout the [G7]middle of the [C]week
Kiss her on the mouth, just as [F]sweet as any [C]wine
Wraps herself around me like a [G7]sweet pertater [C]vine

Chorus

[C]Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' on a run
Goin' up Cripple Creek, to [G7]have a little [C]fun
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' in a whirl
Goin' up Cripple Creek to [G7]see my [C]girl

Now the [C]girls on the Cripple Creek [F]'bout half [C]grown
Jump on a boy like a [G7]dog on a [C]bone
Roll my britches up [F]to my [C]knees
I'll wade old Cripple Creek [G7]whenever I [C]please

Chorus

[C]Cripple Creek's wide and [F]Cripple Creek's [C]deep
I'll wade old Cripple Creek a-[G7]fore I [C]sleep
Roads are rocky and the [F]hillside's [C]muddy
And I'm so drunk that I [G7]can't stand [C]steady

Chorus

[C]Kids up on Cripple Creek [F]they so [C]free
Jump on your lap like a [G7]squirrel up a [C]tree
We hold on tight when [F]things feel [C]bad
Laugh when you're happy and [G7]cry when you're [C]sad

Chorus

[C]One time it rained 'bout a [F]week or [C]more
I never saw such [G7]mud be-[C]fore
We ran 'round naked like [F]little greased [C]pigs
Stood on our heads and [G7]danced a [C]jig

Chorus

When [C]grandma died at a [F]hundred and [C]two
We danced and we sang like she [G7]asked us [C]to
Folks drove in from [F]miles a-[C]round
To help lay grandma [G7]in the [C]ground

Chorus

[C]Loving you is [F]so [C]easy
Cuz I love you and [G7]you love [C]me
If I had all the [F]gold on [C]earth
It still wouldn't touch what a [G7]good friend's [C]worth

Chorus