



Rakovnickej potok

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.

Ref. 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.

Ref. Goin' up

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.

Ref. Goin' up

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.

Ref. Goin' up

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.

Ref. Goin' up

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.

Ref. Goin' up

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.

Ref. Goin' up

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.

Ref. Goin' up