
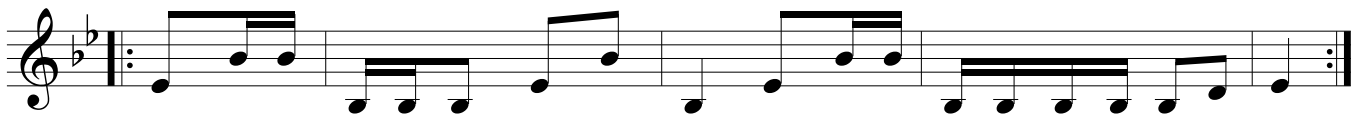


Cripple Creek



Sold my pants, bought me a gun, Goin' down to Crip-ple Creek to have my fun.



Goin' down to Crip-ple Creek, That's no lie, Goin' down to Crip-ple Creek be-fore I die.

Girls down to Cripple Crick are about half grown;
They light on a man like a dog on a bone.
The girls down to Cripple Crick are about half grown;
They light on a man like a dog on a bone.

(Chorus)