

Paint Yore Fiddle

The Tucker Brothers

Well I wanted to play a little Bill Monroe,
a little Patsy Cline, a little dosey-doe.
So I bought myself an old doghouse bass,
a piece at a time, all over the place.
Well it sounds real good, but it looks like heck,
all painted up with a broken neck.
It's been through a carwash, fire and a whittle,
Thought I might oughta paint that fiddle....
Paint yore fiddle & hide the glue.
Paint that thing red, white & blue.
It's a brave attempt, it's a desperate save...
Bill Mon-roll-over in his grave...
Boy you're never gonna play in the middle
of the Grand Ol Opry if you paint yore fiddle.

Well there ain't much room for a baritone,
or a bluegrass band with a saxophone.
Folks would rather see a fiddle plain necked
than to see it all painted up, peeled & speckled...
They play pop/blues on strings of steel,
Everybody's lookin for a record deal.
You gotta be fast and you gotta be good...
and they don't want to hear it if they can't see the wood.

Paint yore fiddle & hide the glue.
Paint that thing red, white & blue.
It's a brave attempt, it's a desperate save...
Bill Mon-roll-over in his grave...
Boy you're never gonna play in the middle
of the Grand Ol Opry if you paint yore fiddle.

Lyrics submitted by Jane Royal Saliba.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>