

# Fiddle

## Bomshel

Step into the spotlight  
Of this traveling show  
Went across the room  
Those big blue eyes look in my soul  
I was singing fatal love  
How was I to know  
That boy would change my plans Louisiana soldiers seem to have it all  
As that old red curtain fell  
I began to fall  
I was packing up my case  
He was waiting down the hall  
When the real show began Cause to win my heart strings  
And promised me the moon  
Played me hard  
Until I cried out of tune  
Took my song  
And he left me worn out in riddle  
Played me like a fiddle Well I should have gone  
And taken his boat and his backside  
When he went and told me one thing  
And then turned around and lied  
Well I lost all my dignity  
But I sure kept my pride  
And he was sure good for song Cause to win my heart strings  
And promised me the moon  
Played me hard  
Until I cried out of tune  
Took my song  
And he let me worn out in riddle  
Played me like a  
Hey Now ladies you beware  
Of those in unassuming eyes  
He might look so innocent  
But its just a disguise  
Hes just overcompensating  
For a total pack of lies  
In his little tiny heart Cause to win my heart strings  
And promised me the moon  
Played me hard

Until I cried out of tune  
Took my song  
And he let me pissed of in riddle  
Played me like a fiddle

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