

# Virginia Bluebell

**Miranda Lambert**

Carrying the weight on the end of a limb  
Your just waitin' for somebody  
To pick you up again  
Shaded by a tree, can't live up to a rose  
All you ever wanted  
Was a sunny place to grow Pretty little thing  
Sometimes you gotta look good  
And let the world see  
All the beauty that you're made of  
'Cause the way you hang your head  
Nobody can tell  
Your my Virginia bluebell  
My Virginia bluebell Even through a storm  
A flower can bloom  
You just need a little push  
Spring is coming soon  
Umbrella in the rain  
They'll roll off your back  
Better whatcha can realize what you have Pretty little thing  
Sometimes you gotta look good  
And let the world see  
All the beauty that you're made of  
'Cause the way you hang you head  
Nobody can tell  
Your my Virginia bluebell Put a little light in the darkest places  
Put a little smile on the saddest faces Pretty little thing  
Sometimes you gotta look good  
And let the world see  
All the beauty that you're made of  
'Cause the way you hang you head  
Nobody can tell  
Your my Virginia bluebell  
My Virginia bluebell

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