

Virginia's Real

[Guy Clark](#)

Now gents to the middle said a young girls fiddle
And you ain't got nothin' to lose
Allemande right she can play it all night
She can fiddle off the bottom of your shoes Oh me, oh my, how she makes that bow hair fly
How she hangs that music in the air Now promenade down to the lonesome sound
Of a whippoorwill in the night
Sashay back look at old mad Jack
Huggin' everything in sight, he said "Oh me, oh my, how she makes that bow hair fly
How she hangs that music in the air" Now Banjo Bill he stopped stock still
As the notes came a rollin' by
And it filled his ears and eased his fears
And a tear come to his eye, he said "Oh me, oh my, how she makes that bow hair fly
How she hangs that music in the air" Now the old String Bass he lost his place
And his arms they felt like steel
And the guitar man dropped both his hands
And he swore it was not real, he said "Oh me, oh my, how she makes that bow hair fly
How she hangs that crystal in the air" Now it's golden strings on eagles wings
To the callin' of the squares
And there's fiddle tunes and there's fiddle tunes
But Virginia's splittin' hairs Oh me, oh my, how she makes that bow hair fly
How she hangs that music in the air Now she cast a spell no tongue can tell
No Prophet can reveal
And quiet as death, hold your breath
She played Virginia's real Oh me, oh my, how she makes that bow hair fly
How she hangs that music in the air And it's oh me, oh my, how she makes that bow hair fly
How she hangs that crystal in the air

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