Sis Draper

Shawn Camp

Kick your shoes off in the corner, mama
Tuck the babies all up snug
Sis Draper's comin' over
We all gonna cut a rugWhen you see that lantern swingin' yonder
Comin' up the Holler Road
Them dogs'll get to barkin'
Ought to tie em all up with a ropeYou boys better get in tune
Sis Draper's gonna be here soon
Don't shoot no dice nor get too tight
If you're gonna pick with Sis tonightShe came down from the Boston mountains
There was lightnin' in the air
Honey on them fiddle strings
Magnolia in her hairShe's a diamond in the rough
If you can't see the shine that's tough
Play all night for the likes of us
Sis Draper's got the touchShe'll play all night if she feels like it
Have some fruit punch if you spike it
Sis don't care who don't like it
See, ol' Sis has got a Hell of a bow arm on herShe stepped up and sawed one off
And uncle Cleve dropped his jaw
Said she's the best I ever saw
She must be from ArkansasI think grandpa used to date her
Grandma says she still hates her
All the fellas stand up straighter
In the presence of Sis DraperSis Draper is the devil's daughter
Plays the fiddle, daddy bought her
Plays it like her mama taught her
She's a travelin' ArkansawyerPut her fiddle in a box
Said it's getting awful late
She's on her way to Little Rock
And Little Rock can't waitSo we all stood out in the yard
Hands all full of watermelon
Watcher her leave watched her go
Wishin' I was in that wagonSis Draper is the devil's daughter
Plays the fiddle, daddy bought her
Plays it like her mama taught her
She's a travelin' Arkansawyer

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