

# Virginia's Real

[Sammi Smith](#)

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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