Virginia Bluebell

Miranda Lambert

Carrying the weight on the end of a limb
You're just waiting for somebody to pick you up again
Shaded by a tree, can't live up to a rose
All you ever wanted was a silent place to grow
Pretty little thing, sometimes you gotta look up
And let the world see all the beauty that you're made of
'Cause the way you hang your head nobody can tell
You're my Virginia Bluebell, my Virginia Bluebell
Even through the snow a flower can bloom
You just need a little push, spring is coming soon
Umbrella in the rain, let it roll off your back
Weather what you can, realize what you have
Pretty little thing, sometimes you gotta look up
And let the world see all the beauty that you're made of
'Cause the way you hang your head nobody can tell
You're 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 up
And let the world see all the beauty that you're made of
'Cause the way you hang your head nobody can tell
You're my Virginia Bluebell, my Virginia Bluebell

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