

# 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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