Sis' Draper

Ricky Skaggs

Kick your shoes off in the corner
Mama, tuck 'em 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 ropeNow, you 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
Magnolias in her hairNow, she's a diamond in the rough
If you can't see the shine that's tough
She'll play all night for the likes of us
Sis Draper's got the touchShe'll play all night if she feels like it
Drink some fruit punch if you spike it
Sis' don't care who don't like it
See, ol' Sis has got a heck of a bow arm on herShe stepped right up and sawed one off
And uncle Cleve dropped his jaw
Said she's the best I ever saw
She must be from ArkansasNow, I think grandpa used to date her
Grandma said she still hates her
All the fellas stand up straighter
In the presence of Sis' DraperSis' Draper is her daddy's daughter
Plays the fiddle that he bought her
Plays it like her mamy taught her
She's a travelin' ArkansawyerShe put her fiddle in the box
And said it's getting awful late
She's on her way to Little Rock
And Little Rock can't waitSo, we all stood there in the yard
Hands full of watermelon
Watched her leave and watched her go
Wishin' we was in that wagonSis' Draper is her daddy's daughter
Plays the fiddle that he bought her
Plays it like her mamy taught her
She's a travelin' ArkansawyerPlay it Sis'

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