

# 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 rug  
When 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 rope  
Now, 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' tonight  
She came down from the Boston mountains  
There was lightnin' in the air  
Honey on them fiddle strings  
Magnolias in her hair  
Now, 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 touch  
She'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 her  
She 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 Arkansas  
Now, I think grandpa used to date her  
Grandma said she still hates her  
All the fellas stand up straighter  
In the presence of Sis' Draper  
Sis' Draper is her daddy's daughter  
Plays the fiddle that he bought her  
Plays it like her mammy taught her  
She's a travelin' Arkansawyer  
She 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 wait  
So, we all stood there in the yard  
Hands full of watermelon  
Watched her leave and watched her go  
Wishin' we was in that wagon  
Sis' Draper is her daddy's daughter  
Plays the fiddle that he bought her  
Plays it like her mammy taught her  
She's a travelin' Arkansawyer  
Play it Sis'

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