

# Virginia Bluebell

Miranda Lambert

Carrying the weight on the end of a limb  
your just waitin 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 your made of  
cause the way you hang you head  
nobody can tell  
your my Virginia bluebell  
my Viginia bluebell

Even through the snow  
a flower can bloom  
you just need a little push  
spring is coming soon  
umbrella in the rain  
they'll roll off your back  
better watcha can realize what you have

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Put a little light in the darkest places  
put a little smile on the saddest faces

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