

Sis Draper

Steve Earle

Kick your shoes off in the corner, mama
Tuck the babies all up snug
Sis Draper's coming over
We all going to cut a rug
When you see that lantern swinging yonder
Coming up the Holler Road
Them dogs'll get to barking
Ought to tie em all up with a rope

You boys better get in tune
Sis Draper's going to be here soon
Don't shoot no dice nor get too tight
If you're going to pick with Sis tonight

She came down from the Boston mountains
There was lightning in the air
Honey on them fiddle strings
Magnolia in her hair

She's a diamond in the rough
If you can't see the shine that's tough
Play all night for the likes of us
Sis Draper's got the touch

She'll play all night if she feels like it
Have some fruit punch if you spike it
Sis don't care who don't like it
See, old Sis has got a Hell of a bow arm on her

She stepped up and sawed one off
And uncle Cleve dropped his jaw
Said she's the best I ever saw
She must be from Arkansas
I think grandpa used to date her
Grandma says she still hates her
All the fellas stand up straighter
In the presence of Sis Draper

Sis Draper is the devil's daughter
Plays the fiddle, daddy bought her
Plays it like her mama taught her
She's a travelling Arkansawyer

She put her fiddle in a box
Said it's getting awful late
She's on her way to Little Rock
And Little Rock can't wait

So we all stood out in the yard
Hands all full of watermelon
Watcher her leave watched her go
Wishing I was in that wagon

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