

# Sis Draper

Guy Clark

Kick your shoes off in the corner mama  
Tuck the 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

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  
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, ol' 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 travelin' Arkansawyer

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  
Wishin' I was in that wagon

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