

Michelle McManus

"Contest Coming"

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Sybil sits in a rocking chair
Chewing tobacco and spitting out cares
Sound of a fiddle floating thru the air
From the Jones boy across the holler
From the Jones boy across the way

Backwoods folks take sides from the middle
Backwoods folks is old and brittle
But they sway like a tree to the sound of a fiddle
From the Jones boy across the holler
From the Jones boy across the way

You can hear him late at night
You can hear him in the first light of the day
There's a contest coming and a ticket to Nashville
And the Jones boy aims to play
A contest coming and a ticket to Nashville
And the Jones boy aims to play

Sybil sits in a rocking chair
Chewing tobacco and spitting out cares
Sound of a fiddle floating thru the air
From the Jones boy across the holler
From the Jones boy across the way

You can hear him late at night
You can hear him in the first light of the day
There's a contest coming and a ticket to Nashville
And the Jones boy aims to play
A contest coming and a ticket to Nashville
And the Jones boy aims to win

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