

## **Ricky Skaggs** **"Sis' Draper"**

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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 mamy 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 mamy taught her  
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Play it Sis'

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