

Guy Clark, Virginia's Real

Gents to the middle said a young girl's fiddle
and you ain't got nothin' to lose
Allemande right she can play it all night
she can fiddle off the bottom of your shoes

Chorus

Oh me, oh my, how she makes that bowhair fly
How she hangs that music (crystal) in the air

Promenade down to the lonesome sound
of a whippoorwill in the night
Sashay back look at old mad Jack
hugging everything in sight

Chorus

Banjo Bill he stopped stock still
as the notes came a'rolling by
It filled his ears and eased his fears
and a tear come to his eye

Chorus

The old string bass he lost his place
and his arms they felt like steel
The guitar man dropped both his hands
and he swore it was not real

Chorus

It's golden strings on eagle's wings
to the callin' of the squares
There's fiddle tunes and there's fiddle tunes
but Virginia's splittin' hairs

Chorus

She cast a spell no tongue can tell
no prophet can reveal
Quiet as death hold your breath
she played Virginia's Real

Chorus