

## Virginia's Real

Guy Clark

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

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

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

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

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

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