

Sis Draper  
Intro – Pat1

Pattern 1 - E 4 B7 4 E 6 B7 1 E 1  
Pattern 2 – E A E B7 E A E B7 E A E B7 E A B7 E

Pat1-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'. Gonna Tie em all up with a rope

Break – Pat2

Pat2 -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

Break – Pat1

Pat1  
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

Break – Pat2

Pat2  
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. She's got a Hell of a bow arm

Break - Pat1 Pat2

Pat1 - 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

Break – Pat2

Pat2  
Sis Draper is her daddy's daughter. Plays the fiddle that he bought her  
Plays it like her mama taught her. She's a travelin' Arkansawyer

Break – Pat1 Pat2

Pat1 - 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  
Watched her leave watched her go. Wishin' I was in that wagon

Pat2 -

Sis Draper is her daddy's daughter. Plays the fiddle that he bought her  
Plays it like her mama taught her. She's a travelin' Arkansawyer

Outro - Pat1 Pat2