

Virginia Bluebell

Miranda Lambert

Carrying the weight on the end of a limb
your just waitin for somebody
to pick you up again
shaded by a tree, can't live up to a rose
all you ever wanted
was a silent place to grow Pretty little thing
sometimes you gotta look up
and let the world see
all the beauty that your made of
cause the way you hang you head
nobody can tell
your my Virginia bluebell
my Viginia bluebell
Even through the snow
a flower can bloom
you just need a little push
spring is coming soon
umbrella in the rain
they'll roll off your back
better watcha can realize what you have
Pretty little thing
sometimes you gotta look up
and let the world see
all the beauty that your made of
cause the way you hang you head
nobody can tell
your my Virginia bluebell
my Viginia bluebell
Put a little light in the darkest places
put a little smile on the saddest faces Pretty little thing
sometimes you gotta look up
and let the world see
all the beauty that your made of
cause the way you hang you head
nobody can tell
your my Virginia bluebell
my Viginia bluebell

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