

Let The Guitar Do The Talkin'

Anita Cochran

I was in a band, we were scheduled to appear
At a little roadhouse called the Get Down Here
A cinder block building with a hand-painted sign
Hunkered down straddling the county lines

When the crowd rolled in they were a motley mix
There were truckers and bikers and locals from the sticks
Each one meaner than a cougar in a cage
And the biggest one swaggered right up to the stage

He said, "We've heard everybody from David Allen Coe
To Chuck Berry singing "go Johnny go go
Got an autographed picture of Elvis on the shelf
So tell me girl what you got to say for yourself

I let the guitar do the talkin', and the whole place started
rockin'
My fingertips weren't stoppin' and that big dude started bo
ppin'
No need to fuss, stop the squalkin', just let the guitar do t
he talkin'
Now he was over in the corner with a cheshire smile
The best lookin' seventeen miles
Sittin' there makin' my poor heart sweet
I knew my chances were a long shot bet
Because a boy like that he's heard every line
And I've never been the silver-tongue kind
But I figured I had me one chance
Of gettin' that boy to dance
So I cranked up my amp...
I let the guitar do the talkin', and the whole place started
rockin'
My fingertips weren't stoppin' and that big dude started bo
ppin'
No need to fuss, stop the squalkin', just let the guitar do t
he talkin'
In a world of too many words
Sometimes your point is hard to get heard
I think I figured out a little way of getting mine through
I just put it on, tune it up and the whole place started rockin
'
My fingertips weren't stoppin' and that big dude started bo
ppin'
No need to fuss, stop the squalkin', just let the guitar do t
he talkin'