

Anita Cochran, Let The Guitar Do The Talkin'

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 bad dude started boppin'
No need to fuss, stop the squalkin', just let the guitar do the talkin'
Now he was over in the corner with a Chesire smile
The best lookin' thing in seventeen miles
Sittin' there makin' my poor heart sweat
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
I figured I had me one good 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 bad dude started boppin'
No need to fuss, stop the squalkin', just let the guitar do the 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 pull out the chord
Power on, count it on, open up my heart and soul
And let the guitar do the talkin', and the whole place started rockin'
My fingertips aren't stoppin' and that big bad dude keeps a boppin'
No need to fuss, stop the squalkin', just let the guitar do the talkin'
No need to fuss, stop the squalkin', just let the guitar do the talkin'
Let the guitar do the talkin'