

# 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'