

Evan Westerlund

"Give Me Some Twang"

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I took a bright red pen
And I wrote on all the bills
Said I'm long gone
Gonna find me some thrills
Signed my name
Scribbled return to sender
Then I packed my duffle bag
And my beat up old Fender
Now I'm flyin' down the sixty-five
Coffee's keepin' me alive
In my jet-black Coupe deVille
Custom overdrive
I turned on the radio
All I hear is disco
Jazz, pop, blues, rock
R & B and hip-hop
Need somethin'
Somethin' to blow my mind
Give me some twang

Well, a friend of a friend's
Second cousin's mother's
Got a younger sister
She dates my older brother
We got to talkin' one night
As the story goes
Her daddy's well connected
Down on Music Row
So she gave me the number
And I made the call
He had thick Alabama drawl
Said boy if you got what it takes
I wanna meet y'all
We'll track you on a demo
Down at the studio
Monday mornin' be here
Better play with big ears
Session starts ten
Sound check at nine
Give me some twang

[Chorus]
Give me some twang
Yeah, you better give it all you got
You only get the one shot
Son, you know the deal
You ain't got a thing 'less you got the twang

I met him in the parking lot
He smoked a big cigar
Wore snakeskin boots
Said "that's a fine car!"
Y'all done got yourself
A good place to stay?
I said I'll sleep in a garage
I just wanna play
He said there's 30 thousand
Chicken pickers in this town
And they all think they got the sound
If you do right here son
You might stick around
I stepped into the room
Kick drum made a boom
Bass steady, steel ready
My hands were gettin' sweaty
The big man turned to me
And said play your thing
Give me some twang

[Chorus]
Give me some twang
So I let'm have it full swing
Riffs, licks, bent strings
I just rared - back
And gave'm my own kinda twang

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