

# Twang

Neal McCoy

I like the way she orders just one draw  
Sips it all night through a soda straw  
I like the way she smiles when I ask her to dance  
I love the way it feels when she takes my hand  
What really makes my heart start doing it's thing  
Is when she slides up close and talks that twang  
She says, give me some sugar when she wants a kiss  
That country bent accent is hard to resist  
She gets my motor running when she says  
How about we drive out in the country and go to town  
She's sure got her own way of putting things  
She talks to my heart when she talks that twang  
I heard her sweet nothings whispered once or twice  
Lots of pretty words, sounded real nice  
I thought I just about heard it all  
Until I heard, I love you with a drawl, ya'll  
Every word from her sweet lips  
Falls slow and easy like her tender kiss  
She can read a phone book, make it sing  
She talks to my heart when she talks that twang  
She says, it's getting late, could I carry her home?  
Later in her drive way, all alone  
I ask her for one more kiss goodnight  
She reckons and she figures that it be alright  
She hops out of my car and says, "See you sweet thing"  
She talks to my heart when she talks that twang  
I heard her sweet nothings whispered once or twice  
Lots of pretty words sounded real nice  
I thought I just about heard it all  
Until I heard, I love you with a drawl, ya'll  
Every word from her sweet lips  
Falls slow and easy like her tender kiss  
She can read a phone book, make it sing  
She talks to my heart when she talks that twang  
She can read a phone book, make it sing  
She talks to my heart when she talks that twang  
Oh, talk on, girl

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