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 handWhat really makes my heart start doing it's thing
Is when she slides up close and talks that twangShe 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 townShe's sure got her own way of putting things
She talks to my heart when she talks that twangI 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'llEvery 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 twangShe 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 alrightShe hops out of my car and says, "See you sweet thing"
She talks to my heart when she talks that twangI 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'llEvery 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 twangShe can read a phone book, make it sing
She talks to my heart when she talks that twangOh, talk on, girl

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