

# Honky Tonk

## Various Artists

Stuck it on a slab of ash,  
Sold one to Luther, threw in a pick,  
Sent him out with Johnny Cash.

Now, could Leo Fender and the gang have known  
At the factory in Fullerton?  
That the honky twang of the Telecaster tone  
Would outlast 'em, every one.

[Chorus:]

It's got a plush-lined case,  
It's all up in your face,  
It's your thunderin' lightning rod -  
It was born at the junction of form and function -  
It's the hammer of the honky-tonk gods,  
It's the hammer of the honky-tonk gods!

[Bridge: {Telecaster Break}]

You got Buck and Don, Merle and Roy,  
Muddy and the Iceman, too,  
Bryant, Bert, Roy, Danny, and Redd,  
Why, that's Redd with two 'D's to you.  
Well, there's Waylon and Keith,  
'Bout off th' top of my head,  
Chrissie, Cropper and the Boss,  
Why, if Johnny B Goode had one, he would  
Up in the St. Louis Telecaster, hoss.

[Repeat Chorus: {Variations}]

You've (She's) got your (a) plush-lined case,  
An' all (All) up in your face,  
She's your (ya) thunderin' lightning rod -  
(Well it was) Born at the junction of form and function -  
It's the ('e) hammer of the honky-tonk gods,  
It's the hammer of the honky-tonk gods!

[Repeat Chorus:]

Stuck it on a slab of ash,  
Sold one to Luther, threw in a pick,

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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