

Twisted

Written and Composed By: Anthony Holloway

Verse

Phone lights up — “You comin’ out?”
Said I’d lay low... yeah, scratch that now.
Cooler’s iced and the tailgate’s down,
That backroad beat is shakin’ the ground.

Pre-Chorus

We ain’t plannin’ on stayin’ long,
But that first song’s comin’ on strong

Chorus

Don’t gotta ask — yeah, we’re all in,
Count to three, let the night begin.
Raise 'em up high, let the good times roll,
First round down and we're losin' control.
We play it off like we never insisted,
Give it time... it’s gonna get twisted

Verse

Smoke rolls up where the firelight drifts,
Red Solo shadows and cigarette flicks.
She’s leanin’ in with a double-dog grin,
Says, “Bet you won’t” — here we go again.

Pre-Chorus

Called me out for another round,
She smiles and says, “Don’t slow it down.”

Chorus

Don't gotta ask — yeah, we're all in,
That three-count's gone, now the heads start to spin.
Raise 'em up high, let the whole crowd roar,
Cooler's runnin' low but we want more.
Go on and grin like we never resisted,
One more round... it's gonna get twisted.

Bridge

Moon's hangin' low like it's keepin' score,
We said "just one" — now it's half past four.
Round after round just persisted —
Funny how fast a night gets twisted.

Chorus

Don't gotta ask — we're still all in,
Sun comes up and the good times win.
Raise 'em up high in the morning light,
Still singin' loud from the backroad night.
Laugh it off, swear we never insisted,
Look at us now... we got twisted.

Outro

Nah — should've known it'd end up twisted.