Blake Shelton "Good Ole Boys"

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Well every time I turn around
I see some dude dressed like a clown
Baggy pants and a cap on sideways
They don't say ma'am or sir no more
They won't even hold a door for a woman
Well it's a cryin' shame

Tell me where did all the good ole boys go Must be workin' on a farm Or out there chasin' rainbows Are they back in Oklahoma Or at a Texas rodeo Tell me where did all the good ole boys go

Are they sittin' on an old bar stool
Tellin' lies and cuttin' the fool
Talkin' about the way it was and wishin'
Or down in Orange Beach, Alabama
Hangin' out at the Flora-Bama
Headed out the pass and goin' fishin'

Tell me where did all the good ole boys go Must be workin' on a farm Or out there chasin' rainbows Are they hidin' down in Georgia Or at a Texas rodeo Tell me where did all the good ole boys go

Are they drivin' cattle and ridin' high Livin' life the cowboy way Or down there on the front line Fightin' off the bad guys Givin' em hell for the good ole USA

Tell me where did all the good ole boys go
Must be workin' on a farm
Or out there chasin' rainbows
Are they back in Oklahoma
Or at a Texas rodeo
Tell me where did all the good ole boys go
Yeah just where the hell did the good ole boys go

[Spoken]
I know where a few of 'em are
Down there in southern Oklahoma
There's even some down in Texas
I even saw one in New York one time
You know what I'm talkin' about ladies
Hell, I'll hold the door for ya
I'll hold your purse for ya
And I'll even go pick up some feminine products for ya
That's what a good ole boy'll do

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