

## **Blue County**

# **"Nothin' But Cowboy Boots"**

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It was Indiana, a summer day  
And I was three years old  
My momma said go out to play  
Well, I did what I was told

She never saw it comin'  
When I turned the sprinkler on  
She looked up from the dishes  
And right there in the front lawn

Nothing but cowboy boots  
Sets your spirit free  
That wild, wild western birthday suit  
Is the remedy for modesty  
It ain't proper, it ain't cool  
But folks remember what you do  
In nothing, whoa, nothing but cowboy boots

Well, all it takes when you're eighteen  
Is your buddy's double dare  
It was eight o'clock on a Friday night  
In the middle of Town Square

Couldn't hear the sirens  
'Cause so many people cheered

When the sheriff showed up  
I was grinnin' ear to ear

In nothin' but cowboy boots  
Sets your spirit free  
That wild, wild western birthday suit  
Is the remedy for modesty  
It ain't proper, it ain't cool  
But folks remember what you do  
In nothing, whoa, nothing but cowboy boots

I came home late tonight  
You just smiled at my surprise  
I see ya comin' down the hall  
Whoa, in nothing, whoa

Nothing but cowboy boots  
Sets your spirit free  
That wild, wild western birthday suit  
Is the remedy for modesty  
It ain't proper, it ain't cool  
But folks remember what you do  
In nothing, whoa, nothing, no, no  
Nothing but those cowboy boots

Oh no, no, nothin', no  
Nothing but those cowboy boots

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