

Kenny Chesney

"Boys Of Fall"

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When I feel that chill, smell that fresh cut grass
I'm back in my helmet, cleats, and shoulderpads
Standin' in the huddle, listenin' to the call
Fans goin' crazy for the boys of fall

They didn't let just anybody in that club
Took every ounce of heart and sweat and blood
To get to wear those game-day jerseys down the hall
Kings of the school, man, we're the boys of fall

Well, it's turn and face the Stars and Stripes, it's
fighting back them butterflies
It's calling in the air, "Alrighty, yes sir, we want the ball"
And it's knockin' heads and talkin' trash, it's slinging
mud and dirt and grass
It's I got your number, I got your back when your back's
against the wall

You mess with one man, you got us all
We're the boys of fall

In little towns like mine that's all they got
Newspaper clippings fill the coffeeshops
The old men will always think they know it all
Young girls will dream about the boys of fall

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