

Kenny Chesney

"The Boys Of Fall"

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Well I feel that chill, smell that fresh cut grass
I'm back in my helmet, cleats and shoulder pads
Standin' in the huddle, listenin' to the call
Fans going 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 fightin' back them butterflies
It's call it in the air alright
Yes sir, we want the ball
And it's knockin' heads and talkin' trash
It's slingin' 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,
The boys of fall

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

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