

The Boys of Fall

Kenny Chesney

Well i feel that chill, smell that fresh cut grass
Im 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 school man, we're the boys of fall

Well its turn and face the stars and stripes,
Its fightin back them butterflys
Its call it in the air alright yes sir we want the ball
And its knockin' heads and talkin trash
Its slingin mud and dirt and grass
Its i got your number, i got your back when your backs against
the wall
You mess with one man, you got us all,
The boys of fall.

In little towns like mine, thats 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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