

Them Boys

Brantley Gilbert

Look at them boys in the back of that truck
Somebody ought to jerk a knot in their butts
Out riding around like they own this town
That racket turned all the way up

It's too early for school to let out
The Pastor's boy just threw a cigarette out
I sure hope there ain't beer in them cups
'Cause our star quarterback's turning them up

Them boys don't know one thing about life
True love and trouble, struggle and strife
They think it's all just fun and games
Like laws and rules and balls and chains

Treating little girls like hearts don't break
Treating old men like hands don't shake
I pray it's just a phase they're going through
Yeah, but what are we gonna do with them boys?

I heard old Franks grandson got caught
With a case full of beer that Smith boy bought
Y'all didn't hear all of this from me
But I heard they got it with a fake ID

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I pray it's just a phase they're going through
Yeah, but what are we gonna do with them boys?
With them boys

Looking back on the times we've shared
From rock 'n roll to these rocking chairs
The same ones our granddads sat in

By this old wood stove in this hardware store
Talking the gossip, the weather and war
And how much trouble we were in
Oh, you can bet they said back then

Yeah, them boys don't know one thing 'bout life
True love and trouble, struggle and strife
They think it's all just fun and games
Like laws and rules or balls and chains

Treating little girls like hearts don't break
Treating old men like hands don't shake
I pray it's just a phase they're going through
Yeah, but what are we gonna do with them boys?

They don't know a thing
About love, about life

Them boys