

# 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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Like laws and rules or balls and chains

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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?  
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