

## Blue Denim Soul

Sawyer Brown

He said he was the grandson of Johnny B. Goode  
Some thought he couldn't but I thought he could  
He set his mind talkin' about Elvis lookin' like James Dean  
He said a country boy rockin' ain't all that bad  
You shake your leg or you wear you a hat  
You bring the house down and you make all the pretty girls scre  
am  
He said a complicated rhythm folks don't understand  
Just stomp your feet and clap your hand and play

Blue, blue denim soul  
Blue, blue denim soul  
A country boy rockin' will get on a roll  
Playin' blue, blue denim soul

He poured me out a helping of rhythm and blues  
It was bad to the bone-you see to me it was news  
Spreadin' wood sheddin' in pair of faded overalls  
He said scratch your throat when you start to sing  
You make 'em cry when you bend them strings  
And one more thing I will tell you before I go  
The only thing that you can count on are both of your hands  
And having holes in your britches when the boys in the band are  
playin'

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