

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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