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 badYou shake your leg or you wear you a hat
You bring the house down and you make all the pretty girls scream
He said a complicated rhythm folks don't understand
Just stomp your feet and clap your hands and playBlue, blue denim soul
Blue, blue denim soul
A country boy rockin' will get on a roll
Playin' blue, blue denim soulHe 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 singYou make them 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'"Blue, blue denim soul
Blue, blue denim soul
A country boy rockin' will get on a roll
Playin' blue, blue denim soul

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/