

# 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 scream  
He said a complicated rhythm folks don't understand  
Just stomp your feet and clap your hands 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 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

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