Nothin' But Cowboy Boots

Blue County

It was Indiana, a summer day
And I was three years old
My momma said go out to play
Well, I did what I was toldShe never saw it comin'
When I turned the sprinkler on
She looked up from the dishes
And right there in the front lawnNothing but cowboy boots
Sets your spirit free
That wild, wild western birthday suit
Is the remedy for modesty
It ain't proper, it ain't cool
But folks remember what you do
In nothing, whoa, nothing but cowboy bootsWell, all it takes when you're eighteen
Is your buddy's double dare
It was eight o'clock on a Friday night
In the middle of Town SquareCouldn't hear the sirens
'Cause so many people cheered
When the sheriff showed up
I was grinnin' ear to earIn nothin' but cowboy boots
Sets your spirit free
That wild, wild western birthday suit
Is the remedy for modesty
It ain't proper, it ain't cool
But folks remember what you do
In nothing, whoa, nothing but cowboy bootsI came home late tonight
You just smiled at my surprise
I see ya comin' down the hall
Whoa, in nothing, whoaNothing but cowboy boots
Sets your spirit free
That wild, wild western birthday suit
Is the remedy for modesty
It ain't proper, it ain't cool
But folks remember what you do
In nothing, whoa, nothing, no, no
Nothing but those cowboy bootsOh no, no, nothin', no
Nothing but those cowboy boots

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