

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 told She never saw it comin'
When I turned the sprinkler on
She looked up from the dishes
And right there in the front lawn Nothing 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 boots Well, 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 Square Couldn't hear the sirens
'Cause so many people cheered
When the sheriff showed up
I was grinnin' ear to ear In 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 boots I came home late tonight
You just smiled at my surprise
I see ya comin' down the hall
Whoa, in nothing, whoa Nothing 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 boots Oh no, no, nothin', no
Nothing but those cowboy boots

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