

The Boys of Fall

Kenny Chesney

When I feel that chill, smell that fresh cut grass
I'm back in my helmet, cleats, and shoulder pads
Standing in the huddle, listening to the call
Fans going crazy for the boys of fall

They didn't let just anybody in that club
Took every ounce of heart and sweat and blood
To get to wear those game-day jerseys down the hall
The kings of the school, man, we're the boys of fall

Well it's turn to face the stars and stripes
It's fighting back them butterflies
It's call it in the air, alright
Yes sir, we want the ball
And it's knocking heads and talking trash
It's slinging mud and dirt and grass
It's I got your number, I got your back
When your back's against the wall
You mess with one man, you got us all
The boys of fall

In little towns like mine, that's all they've got
Newspaper clippings fill the coffee shops
The old men will always think they know it all
Young girls will dream about the boys of fall

Well it's turn and face the stars and stripes
It's fighting back them butterflies
It's call it in the air, alright
Yes sir, we want the ball
And it's knocking heads and talking trash
It's slinging mud and dirt and grass
It's I got your number, I got your back
When your back's against the wall
You mess with one man, you got us all
The boys of fall

Well it's turn and face the stars and stripes
It's fighting back them butterflies
It's call it in the air, alright

Yes sir, we want the ball
And it's knocking heads and talking trash
It's slinging mud and dirt and grass
It's I got your number, I got your back
When your back's against the wall
You mess with one man, you got us all
The boys of fall

We're the boys of fall
We're the boys of fall

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by BEATHARD, CASEY / TURNBULL, DAVE
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>