

# 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  
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