

Boots On

Randy Houser

Man, I've been working too hard
Ten hour days and I'm tired
Damn this knuckle busting
Back breaking, no paying job
Know where I'm going from here
Hot headed women, cold beer
Kick up my heels for a little while
And do it country style
In my dirty old hat
With my crooked little grin
Granted beady neck
And these calloused hands
In a muddy pair of jeans
With that Copenhagen ring
No need to change a thing
Hey y'all, I'm going out with my boots on
How I keep catching her eye
Man, I keep wondering why
Ain't nothing special 'bout a
Awe shucks country boy
Lord, she's sure looking good
Like something from Hollywood
She's got me thinking that I just might
Leave here with her tonight
In my dirty old hat
With my crooked little grin
Granted beady neck
And these calloused hands
In a muddy pair of jeans
With that Copenhagen ring
No need to change a thing
Hey y'all, I'm going out with my boots on
'Cause I am who I am
That's the man I'm gonna' be, yeah
And when the Lord comes calling
Well, He ain't gonna' have to holla' y'all
There'll be no trouble finding me
In my dirty old hat
With my crooked little grin

Granted beady neck
And these calloused hands
In a muddy pair of jean
With that Copenhagen ring
No need to change a thing
Hey y'all, I'm going out with my boots on
With my boots on
He's gonna' take me home
Oh, with my boots on

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