

Kenny Chesney - The Boys Of Fall

Tom: **G**
Intro: **G C D G G C D G**

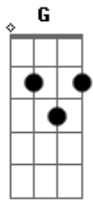
G
When I feel that chill, smell that **C** fresh cut grass,
D
I'm back in my helmet, cleats, and **G** shoulder pads.
G
Standing in the huddle, listening to the call **C**
D
Fans going crazy for, the boys of fall. **G**
G
They didn't let just anybody in that club. **C**
D
It took every ounce of heart and sweat and blood. **G**
G
To get to wear those game day jerseys down the hall. **C**
D
The kings of the school man were the boys of fall. **G**

Refrão:

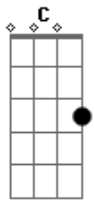
And it's, turn and face the stars and stripes, its **C**
G
Fighting back them butterflies, its

D
Call it in the air all righty, yes sir we want the ball **G**
C
And it's, knocking heads and talking trash, its
G
Slinging mud and dirt and grass, its
D
G
I got your number, I got your back when your, backs against
the wall
C **D** **G** **Am** **D** **G**
You mess with one man, you've got us all. The boys of fall
G
In little towns like mine, that's all they got **C**
D
Newspaper clippings fill the coffee shops **G**
G
The old men will always think they know it all **C**
D
The young girls will dream about the boys of fall **G**
(Refrão)
G **C** **D** **G**
The boys of fall (4x)

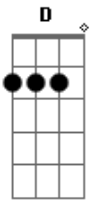
Acordes



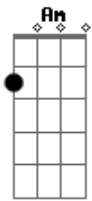
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