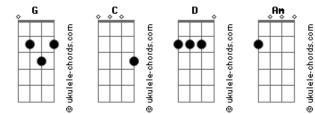
## Kenny Chesney - The Boys Of Fall

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

Refrão:

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

## Acordes



Call it in the air all righty, yes sir we want the ball 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 D G CDG The boys of fall You mess with one man, you've got us all. G In little towns like mine, that's all they got D Newspaper clippings fill the coffee shops С The old men will always think they know it all G The young girls will dream about the boys of fall (Refrão)

(4x)

CDG The boys of fall