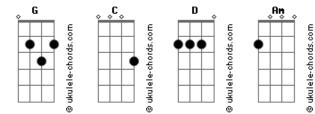
Kenny Chesney - The Boys Of Fall

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