

Boston

Kenny Chesney

She comes from Boston, works at the jewelry store
Down in the harbor, where the ferries come to shore
She never really knew how good it would feel
To finally find herself in a place, so warm and real

She wears a Red Sox cap to hide her baby dreads
The girl she was in New England, is different now and dead
In all the local bars, she flirts and tells the boys
While they're talking, she's from Boston

She comes from Boston, talks to her family, now and then
Through e-mails and post-cards, she tries to explain to them
That education and occupation will have to wait for now
She loves the Rasta Reggae rhythms, her dreams have changed somehow

She wears a Red Sox cap to hide her baby dreads
The girl she was in New England, is different now and dead
In all the local bars, she flirts and tells the boys
While they're talking, she's from Boston

Her toes dig deep and deeper in the sand
She's seduced by the sunsets and her new life at hand

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The girl she was in New England, is different now and dead
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From Boston
She came to this island from Boston